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THE

WALDENSES

OR

PROTESTANT VALLEYS OF PIEDMONT, DAUPHINY,

AND

THE BAN DE LA ROCHE.

BY

WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.

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TO

HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY

FREDERICK-WILLIAM KING OF PRUSSIA

Margrave of Brandenburg, Sovereign Duke of Silesia

ETC. ETC. ETC.

THE AUGUST PATRON AND MUNIFICENT BENEFACTOR

OF

THE ANCIENT WALDENSES OF PIEDMONT

AND OF THE MORE RECENTLY DECLARED PROTESTANTS OF THE TYROL

This Work

CONTAINING HISTORICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF THE

PROTESTANT VALLEYS OF PIEDMONT, DAUPHINY, AND THE BAN DE LA ROCHE

Illustrated

IS

WITH HIS MAJESTY'S GRACIOUS PERMISSION

AND WITH SENTIMENTS OF THE MOST PROFOUND RESPECT

Dedicated

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

The Work here presented to the reader, is the fifth of an illustrated series of volumes, which, under the auspices of public favour, the Author has now happily brought to a close. The illustrations consist of seventy-two highly finished steel-plate engravings, from original drawings taken on the spot, as stated in the Introduction. The scenery of the Valleys of Piedmont and Dauphiny, is from the pencil of Mr. Bartlett. The route of Henri Arnaud across the Alps, was successfully explored by Mr. Brockedon in person, for the express object of illustrating that portion of the work which treats of the Expedition; and it is only necessary to add, that the pencils of Stanfield and Harding have also contributed to the undertaking. Thus supported, the Work has gone on prosperously, from its first commencement, eighteen months ago, and will very shortly be translated into the French and German languages.* All, indeed, have admired its pictorial embellishments; many competent judges have commended its impartiality; and if any of our readers beyond the Alps have fancied that, on careful investigation, they detected a party-spirit pervading these sketches of the Protestant Waldenses, the imputation is so very unmerited, that it may be readily overlooked and forgiven.

The Author of the present Work is no controversialist in matters of theology; and, had he been hardy enough to appear in so critical a position, he would undoubtedly have chosen some better vehicle for its display, than the pages of a work so exclusively devoted to the *Picturesque*. Wide and varied intercourse with society abroad; the personal friendship of enlightened Catholics at home; and a becoming deference and respect for all whose religious sentiments may differ from his own, have taught him to be uniformly guarded in his language, averse to the fostering of narrow-minded prejudices, and cautious of drawing *hasty* or harsh conclusions. If, therefore, he has offended any sensitive individual by quoting from long accredited historians—Catholic as well as Protestant—he can only regret that the *truth* should be of such a nature as to give offence to any one. For, if his views or statements be in strict accordance with the great standard authorities on this subject—as they certainly are—they must be *true;* because the truth of these authorities—though often impugned—has never been invalidated.

With respect to the actual condition of the Waldenses, the Author's testimony is fully corroborated by all who, like himself, have visited them in their native Valleys. He has freely sympathized with them in their misfortunes, and expressed a hearty desire to see them invested with the rights and privileges of their fellow-subjects: he has deprecated, in their behalf, all religious persecution, all political intolerance; he has dwelt with admiration on their private virtues, their fervent piety, their exemplary lives, their patriotism, their loyalty, their patient endurance of many privations. But, if he has only done this, he has only done what every enlightened Catholic of the present day will thank him for having done; for there are, he is willing to believe, thousands professing that creed, who would rejoice to see the long persecuted Waldenses finally emancipated from the *ban* of religious distinction, and freely admitted, with themselves, to a full participation in all the rights and privileges of the State. The extinction of ancient prejudices, the abolition of oppressive *edicts*, and the

* The French translation, by M. De Bauchas, will be completed in a few days.

unbiassed recognition of *those rights which all Roman Catholic subjects enjoy under Protestant Governments*, is all to which the Waldenses so ardently aspire; and an edict to this effect would be hailed as a voice from heaven. Of better times there have been recent omens;[1] and the people, still looking to their King with unshaken loyalty and confidence, continue their earnest prayer:—

. . . . Precibus si flecteris ullis
Aspice nos hoc tantum; et, si pietate meremur,
Da deinde auxilium, Pater, atque hæc *omina* firma![2]

His Sardinian Majesty, CHARLES ALBERT—as we have repeatedly shown in the work before us—is very favourably disposed to his Waldensian subjects; and there can be little doubt that, if their emancipation could be accomplished by a mere *fiat* of the Crown, the line of invidious demarcation, which has so long and painfully divided his subjects of the Valleys from those of the Plain, would be speedily thrown down. His encouragement of literature and science—his patronage of the fine arts—his promotion of every measure tending to advance the national glory—his personal notice of meritorious individuals, and many particular instances of favour evinced towards the Waldenses themselves,—all combine to show that he is at heart a wise and enlightened Sovereign, who is desirous that all his faithful subjects should enjoy equal privileges. His ministers, too, are well known to be men of liberal minds—tempering justice with mercy—and warmly participating in the generous views of their royal Master. But, unhappily, all this flow of kindly intentions has been hitherto counteracted—or greatly modified in its effects—by a strong undercurrent of bigoted church policy, studious misrepresentation, and popular prejudice. For this, however, the inferior clergy must not be exclusively blamed: *they* are but the subordinate instruments of a *System*, and no more answerable for what they do, than the soldier, who, in strict obedience to his general's order, is called to perform some painful and revolting service. It is the Hierarchy which has so often defeated the kindly intentions of former Sovereigns—which has had its emissaries in the council, the closet, the confessional—and that has so often placed a sword in the royal hand, which, if left to itself, would have extended towards the unfortunate Waldenses a "sceptre of mercy."

There is, in fact, only one hope left for the Waldenses, but that hope is fixed on a strong basis—it rests on the inflexible justice of their enlightened Sovereign. To him, under Providence, they look for the removal of all their hereditary burdens; for the final abolition of all political distinctions; and from him they implore an act of emancipation. In this they are joined by the prayers of all good men, among whom there is but one wish—namely, that the *future* line of conduct towards the Waldenses may illustrate the force and spirit of this ancient maxim—

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur![3]

WILLIAM BEATTIE.

2, TENTERDEN STREET, HANOVER SQUARE,
December, 1837.

[1] A very recent and most pleasing trait of royal beneficence was evinced by the king in behalf of a Waldensian officer, who died in garrison at Aoste. In this case, his majesty, with a magnanimous disregard of ancient precedent, not only granted to the deceased soldier the privilege of a grave among his Protestant kindred, but settled a pension upon his disconsolate widow. We have this anecdote from the best authority.

[2,3] VIRG. *Æneid*, I. & II.

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*** The Poetry interspersed in this Volume, unless where otherwise marked, is *original*.

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THE WALDENSES;

OR,

VAUDOIS OF PIEDMONT.

"Amatores maximè pacis et tranquillitatis: morum suavitate confirmationeque singulari; operis laboribusque maxime dediti."

CAMERARIUS, *de excidio reliq. Valdensium.*

"Tributa principi, et sua jura dominis sedulò et summa fide pendebant: Dei cultum assiduis precibus, et morum innocentia prose ferebant."—THUANI, *Hist.* lib. vi.

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH.

In the great political divisions of Italy, every district presents some epoch in its history, more prominent than the rest, which the natives refer to with exultation, and strangers peruse with interest or advantage. Every section, however limited in extent, has its annals—every community some emphatic page—in which the strife of faction or struggles for independence have developed, in their course, the passions and energies of the human mind. But of all nations or provinces, where the noblest virtues have been called into action, and where love of country and zeal for religion have alternately endured the most grievous calamities, or led to the most glorious results, these Valleys of Piedmont—a spot scarcely noticed in the maps of Europe—stand forth in brilliant distinction. From the magnanimous traits, heroic sacrifices, and startling incidents which their history presents, it has all the character of an ancient epic, all the materials and variety of a tragic drama, but of a drama stamped with the seal of truth.

As a distinct people, the Waldenses became first known in history at the commencement of the ninth century, during the life of Claudius, bishop of Turin—the Wickliffe of his day, and the strenuous advocate of primitive Christianity. By tradition, however, carefully handed down through a long

line of ancestors, they trace their origin to the first dawn of revelation, and, in the present day, profess the same doctrines which they imbibed from the apostles.* Till this period, however, they had been comprised within the diocese of Turin, and offered few distinctive features in religious discipline which could excite the jealousy of their neighbours, or the suspicion of the universal church. Down to this time, much of the original spirit of Christianity had maintained its sanctifying influence over the minds of men; but this being gradually undermined, innovations crept in. Rival altars were established under papal sanction, and the primitive worship of the Trinity was polluted by the introduction of images, to which oblations were to be offered, and days 'appointed to be kept holy.' Thus, what enriched the church in a temporal view, overthrew its gospel purity: it dispersed the flock in pilgrimages; established fines and penance as peace-offerings for sin; threw down the altar raised by the apostles; and substituted 'many divinities' for the one sole Intercessor between God and man.

During the general tide of corruption, however, the Waldenses stood aloof. Strengthened by the example of their excellent prelate, under whose spiritual jurisdiction they had enjoyed the blessings of a sound faith, they were neither carried away by the force of example, nor ensnared by the seductions of those who advocated the new and imposing ritual. They regarded image worship, or the offerings presented to the relics of saints, as not only diverting the mind from the sacred channel of devotion, but as an insult offered to their reason, degrading to the dignity of christian worship, and in direct opposition to its first principles. Their rules of life and doctrine were drawn from the authority of Scripture; and by this infallible standard their religious opinions were framed and exemplified in practice.

Though sufficiently distinguished by their lives and conversation to be already suspected of disaffection towards the church—the purity of which had been so glaringly profaned by recent abuses—their own peaceable character, and that integrity and moral worth for which they were proverbially distinguished, still screened them from persecution, and even endeared them to those with whom they had social intercourse. Thus practically inculcating peace and good-will, and too obscure to be made the objects of political resentment, they became the faithful depositaries of that sacred truth, which was one day to strike deep root into the soil, and call the nations to partake of its fruit. In the mean time, sanctioned by the innovations of a former Council,† the universal church con-

* St. Paul and St. James are supposed to have been the first messengers of glad tidings in these Valleys.

† Iconolatria, or the worship of images, was first recognised in a council convened by Pope Adrian at Nice, A.D. 792.

tinued to fall away from its evangelical simplicity—*In pejus ruere ac retrò sublapsa referri.* Pomp, and ceremony, and festivals, were multiplied; new saints were added to the calendar; cities, and churches, and communities were called by their names, and formally dedicated to their protection. The simplicity of early worship had degenerated into gorgeous ceremonial; and, in proportion as corruption invaded the sacred province of the sanctuary, the distinctive features of the Waldensian creed became more conspicuous. As a lamp gathers brightness amidst surrounding darkness, the lustre of their example became more and more seen and felt. But this, though evident to all with whom they came in contact, was not yet suffered to destroy their peace; the influence of moral rectitude, and the strict observance of those precepts which had descended to them from the first preachers of Christianity, proved their safeguard; and thus, though not exempted from trials, the Valleys were long the scene of comparative tranquillity. Their *barbes*, or theological teachers, trained up their youth in a knowledge of the Scriptures, and extended their colonies by numerous ramifications in Italy and the adjoining countries. But, at last, the aspect of affairs was changed; and towards the close of the fifteenth century, the storm that had long been gathering over this devoted people, burst upon them in a series of persecutions. Prejudice and superstition, and the grossest calumnies, now singled them out as reprobate schismatics, against whom their fellow-subjects vented their abhorrence, Rome fulminated its anathemas, and heaven manifested its wrath. Their lives and property were at the mercy of inquisitors. Debarred from social intercourse, expelled from the sanctuary, denounced by the priesthood, beset with spies, and burdened with imposts, they had no resources but in the purity of their consciences, no refuge but at the altar of their God.

But the fierceness of persecution seemed only to increase the measure of their fortitude. Although open violence and secret treachery, the soldiers of the state, and the hired assassin, united to exterminate the proscribed race, and eradicate their very name from the Valleys: although marked as the victims of indiscriminate massacre, of lawless plunder, of torture, extortion, and famine; their resolution to persevere in the truth remained unshaken. Every punishment that cruelty could invent, or the sword inflict, had expended its fury in vain; nothing could subvert their faith, or subdue their courage. In defence of their natural rights as men—in support of their insulted creed as members of the primitive church—in resistance to those exterminating edicts which made their homes desolate, and deluged even their altars with blood, the Waldenses exhibited a spectacle of fortitude and endurance that has no parallel in history.

It attracted the sympathy of Christendom, and betrayed even their enemies into expressions of admiration.*

They preferred exile and confiscation to the favours tendered them as the conditional rewards of perfidy. They perished in dungeons, by famine, and by a series of refined cruelties, on which we shudder to reflect.† When, at last, driven from their homes, and exposed to the horrors of an Alpine desert, where many expired, and many sorrowed over their expiring friends, the remnant were still supported by the consoling thought, that they were exiles and martyrs, but not *apostates!* They felt also—for nothing less could have upheld them under such accumulated misery—they felt that, although many had sealed their testimony with their blood, an invisible hand was still leading them onward, and that the time of restoration would yet arrive: 'They were persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.'

Of this expatriated remnant, those who succeeded in effecting their escape were joyfully received by the Protestant states of Switzerland, Germany, and Holland, where the facts of their oppression and wrongs had long preceded them, and awakened that fraternal charity which had no place in the hearts of their countrymen. Here they were received with open arms, respected as men, adopted as citizens, honoured as martyrs, imitated as Christians, and, where the expression of public favour was withheld, cheered and consoled by private sympathy.

But the hospitality and sympathy of strangers could not appease the yearnings after home. Nothing could stifle in the Waldensian exile the remembrance of those Valleys with which were associated all that is holy in the sanctuary, or endearing at the paternal hearth. In his dreams by the Aar, the Rhine, the Neckar, or the Elbe,‡ the waters of his native Pelice or Clusone resounded in his ear; the living and the dead rose up before him, and called upon him to return. By day, his thoughts were absorbed by the past; and wherever two or three were met together, prayers were breathed, and tears mingled, for their native land. Like the disconsolate Hebrews by the rivers of Babel, they wept when they thought of their native Zion, and invoked heaven for her peace. There, it is true, they had suffered ignominy and persecution in its most appalling forms; and here they were at peace—provided with the means of industry,

* For numerous testimonies to this effect, *see* Reynerus contra Valdenses. Thuani Historia, lib. xxvii. Baronius, ad Ann. xii. 127, Camerarius, and numerous others, which will be quoted in the course of these pages.

† "Being destitute, afflicted, tormented . . . they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth . . . They had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings; yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword." Heb. chap. xi.

‡ Rivers, on the banks of which they received the rites of hospitality, and established colonies.

and enjoying the protection of fraternal governments. Still, those scenes which had witnessed their sufferings, had witnessed also their happiest hours. In these Valleys rested the bones of their ancestors; and there, if still one voice survived near their graves, it seemed to implore them to return. They reasoned and felt as exiles only reason and feel; but as men, who have not suffered as they had suffered, can but feebly comprehend. Under the guiding influence of that invisible Power, which was leading them forward, to establish their feet at length on the paternal threshold, they resolved on the fearful chance of a return to their native soil. How this perilous enterprise was conducted; by what miraculous efforts a band of eight hundred exiles—ill provided with every thing that could hold out any rational prospect of success—scaled the Alps, conquered at Salabertrand, and finally achieved the "glorious recovery" of their valleys, will form the subject of the following pages.

The warm interest which England has so often evinced in behalf of her "elder brethren," the Waldenses, is gratefully remembered by their descendants of the present day. Her generous sympathy, expressed by active benevolence, has been attended with results on which every Briton may reflect with honest pride. Of this brotherly spirit—the most unequivocal test of practical religion—we have lately had ocular demonstration, and heard the aspirations of grateful hearts, and the prayers of a long persecuted church, breathed for the prosperity of England. By the bounty of the state, and the collective liberality of individuals, much has been effected; but much still depends for its success on the prospective and continued exercise of christian benevolence. For a time, and so long as the French retained possession of the country, all exclusive religious distinctions were abolished, and the Waldenses freely admitted to every right and privilege enjoyed by their fellow-subjects of Piedmont. But, with the last Peace, a new order of things arose; the recent law in their favour was annulled, and many of the old laws were again put in force. They were subjected to severe restrictions; charged with exclusive taxations; politically disqualified from holding any command in the army; shut out from every avenue in the civil departments, by which integrity and worth might hope to arrive at distinction; and exposed to numerous petty vexations, which showed that, in the mistaken policy of the government, they were still a marked race, suffering—not the punishment awarded to crime, but the penalty attached to their creed.

Under these circumstances, the events which restored the ancient dynasty to the throne, and filled Piedmont with loyalty and rejoicing, proved to the Waldenses the signal of renewed sorrow and degradation. But that religion

which had animated and supported them, under former trials and humiliations, was again their solace and support. They had hoped, indeed, that the recorded proofs of intrepid resistance with which they had opposed the enemy at the first opening of the campaign, and the remembrance of that hereditary loyalty to which even their princes had borne grateful testimony, would now have been allowed to plead in their favour. But in the day of political reckoning, these merits were overlooked. Nevertheless, setting themselves peaceably to their tasks, fearing God and honouring the king, they devoted those energies to the state which had rendered them so formidable to its enemies. In this situation the Waldenses remain to the present day, and in this condition we found them last autumn. It is earnestly hoped, however, that, before long, the Sardinian government, by adopting a more generous and enlightened policy, will remove all odious distinctions, and do justice to itself in doing justice to this industrious portion of its most faithful subjects.

With respect to the scenery of these Valleys, the engravings speak for themselves. They embrace a rich and striking diversity of subjects—such as may be expected on the confines of two countries so different in physical character—and range between the awful solitudes of Fressinière, or Dormeilleuse, and the summer valleys of Luzern* and the Po. But, had nature been less auspicious to the painter—had the scenery been less sublime, or picturesque, or beautiful than it is—the actions alone, of which, for so many centuries, it has been the theatre, would stamp its bleakest rocks with an interest which no mere landscape, however beautiful, could inspire. The scenery, indeed, is well calculated to fascinate the eye and enchant the imagination; but it is only when surrounded by associations that it has power to reach the heart,—addressing us, like an intelligent spirit, through the allurements of a beautiful exterior. The connexion between natural scenes and historical records is here so peculiarly striking, that it would be difficult to fix on any point of Waldensian landscape which, in the almost incredible series of thirty-three wars, has not been the vantage ground of religious freedom, or the sepulchre of its champions.—" Monemur, nescio quo pacto, locis ipsis quibus eorum quos diligimus aut admiramur, adsunt vestigia."†

* In the topographical descriptions incorporated with this work, the English or French orthography has been generally substituted for the Italian. Something like uniformity seemed desirable in this respect, as several English writers appear to have adhered to no particular mode of spelling, but to have used both modes indifferently. If however, it be allowable in English to drop the final vowels in Milano, Turino, and numerous others, the same rule will sanction the spelling here adopted, and may prevent confusion. The natives themselves, it may be added, change the terminations of their proper names according to the language in which they write or converse: for example, Peyran or Peyrani; Pellégrin or Pellegrini.

† Cicero de Legibus.

SITUATION, EXTENT, AND BOUNDARIES.

> " Angustæ Valles ubi cunctis exul ab oris
> Religio stabilem finxerat usque larem."—VERENFELSIUS, 1695.

THE Valleys, so long consecrated as the retreat of this primitive community, and the theatre of events on which the reader still pauses with mingled sympathy and admiration, are situated on the French and Italian frontiers, and combine, to a certain extent, the character and peculiarities of each. They belong to that division of the Alps,* described in ancient geography as the Cottian range, or great barrier between Piedmont and Dauphiny, and occupy the space where these mountains, laying aside their more savage aspect, are softened down into picturesquely wooded hills, green pastures, vine-covered slopes, and those fertile tracts stretching along the rivers, which yield a rich territory for the plough. Their situation has been defined with still greater precision by a native historian, who describes them as situated on the western confines of Piedmont, and included between the French frontier of Briançon and the Italian provinces of Pignerol, Susa, and Saluzzo. Their extent is about twelve Italian miles from east to west, and nearly the same in the direction opposite, thus occupying a square of twenty-four French leagues.† Taking the town of Pignerol as a point of survey, the spectator observes four different valleys diverging before him, namely:—that of Pragela, or Clusone, towards the north, with Perouse, or St. Martin, at its further extremity; on the west, the valley of Luzern, of which Angrogne is only a branch; and on the south, that of Rora, the least considerable, but most elevated of the four which, collectively, form the Vallées Vaudoises, or Protestant Valleys of Piedmont.

Till after the conclusion of the late war, few travellers had penetrated these interesting retreats; for they had little to gratify idle curiosity, and nothing that could allure the fashionable tourist. Their glory was in their history. At various intervals, however, an occasional pilgrim left the beaten tract to visit

* This range extends between Monte Viso and Mont Cenis, along the Mont Genèvre, and is so called from king Cottius, who had his residence at Susa, and was distinguished as the friend of Cæsar and Augustus. Amm. Marcellinus has given a minute sketch of the Cottian Alps in his Rer. Gestar. lib. xv. c. 10; and Silius Italicus has painted them in all their real as well as poetical horrors, lib. iii. v. 479. But as the first of these authorities passed them with the Roman army, his description is graphic and exact.

† " A l'occident du Piémont entre Briançonnais et la province de Pignerol, entre le Marquisat de Suse et celui de Saluces, se trouvent ces Vallées que les Vaudois ont rendues si célèbres. Leur étendue est d'environ douze milles d'Italie d'orient en occident, et autant du sud au nord: ce qui fait à peu près un quarré de vingt-quatre lieues françaises."—Brez. Their position is thus briefly stated by Muston: " Depuis Aoste jusqu'à la mer, du coté du Piémont il y a douze vallées, dont celles des Vaudois occupent précisément le centre."—Liv. i. p. 70.

those scenes of the Waldenses on which history had stamped their achievements; and thus the people, who on every occasion justified the hereditary virtues to which they laid claim, became the objects of enlightened charity, and a new study for the active philanthropist. During the last twenty years these valleys have become better known: the reports furnished by several of our distinguished countrymen* have met with a reception which, independently of their other merits, shows how deeply the people of England feel interested in the research, and with what avidity they listen to every appeal on behalf of the Waldenses.

Animated by a kindred spirit, and already familiar with the Alpine scenery in which they are embedded, the writer had last year the pleasure of carrying into effect a long projected visit to the Waldenses. While there, it was his object to collect such information respecting the place and people as should entitle his observations to some claim of originality, and bring down the chain of events, on which they are founded, to the present day. But an essay of this nature, on which the highest attainments of the fine arts have been so liberally employed, must be expected to differ materially, in its features and treatment, from the many learned and popular works in which the subject has hitherto appeared. The numerous scenes for which this christian "Sparta" has been rendered so remarkable, are here presented, for the first time, in a collective shape, and naturally direct attention to the physical and statistical, as well as to the moral, condition of the country—circumstances which must necessarily influence the literary matter, and demand a larger share of picturesque description than would be necessary in a work embracing the more general topics of history. But although limited in this respect, as well as by the circumscribed nature of the text, nothing, it is hoped, of paramount interest has been omitted. Much theological discussion, indeed, has been intentionally avoided; but no important fact has been suppressed or disguised which could illustrate the character of the people, or afford a faithful picture of their country in its past and present condition. In allusion to the past, however, the author has endeavoured to observe a middle course; neither yielding to the strength of early predilections, nor led away by the force of prejudice. The best writers, ancient and modern—Catholic

* Among these, the Rev. Dr. Gilly is entitled to special honour. His familiar acquaintance with their wants, unwearied solicitude for their relief, his able and learned vindication of their cause, and his personal efforts in forwarding every object connected with their happiness, have associated him in a peculiar manner with all that is most dear to the hearts and hopes of the Waldenses. In the same career of active benevolence, we cannot pass in silence another faithful representative of British philanthrophy, Colonel B——, who, after sharing in the last glorious campaign which reestablished the tranquillity of Europe, found a new field of generous exertion in the Protestant Valleys of Piedmont, where he is emphatically regarded as a friend and a brother.

as well as Protestant—have been consulted; and, without implicitly adopting the opinions of either, he has endeavoured to reconcile their discordant evidence. Where that has failed, as it too often has, the writer has confined his observations to such statements as are grounded on the immutable nature of facts, which no human testimony can invalidate, and to those ancient historical documents of which the authenticity has never been questioned.

As a proper accompaniment to the subject thus briefly introduced, we shall now indulge in a few discursive observations on the countries by which the Valleys are immediately surrounded—but more particularly Piedmont, with which they are physically as well as politically connected. By these means, the reader will form a more clear and correct notion of each locality, and its respective bearings, and be enabled to follow the writer through the different stages of his subject without confusion or obscurity.* This done, we shall proceed to take the Protestant valleys in detail; but, passing over their less important features, fix only on those which have either some striking place in history, or to which the beauty of their natural scenery has given peculiar attractions. The sketch of Savoy will be incorporated with those scenes representing the wild and perilous track by which the Waldenses returned from exile under the intrepid ARNAUD, and were reinstated in their native valleys. The views in Dauphiny and of the Ban-de-la-Roche, in Alsace—localities with which the recent labours of Felix Neff and the Pastor Oberlin are so closely associated—will complete the work, and furnish the writer with some interesting materials respecting men who, in the highest acceptation of that term, were the benefactors of their species.

In its natural features and productions, the territory of Piedmont is one of the most varied within the vast curtain of the Alps; and viewed from those lofty summits that flank the plain of Turin and the Po, never fails to awaken in the spectator's mind a degree of surprise and pleasure which is scarcely to be felt when seen from any other point of the Italian frontier. A vast plain, variegated by innumerable towns, villages, and the summer residences of the nobility, extends at his feet. Behind, and above, the Alps soaring aloft in all their wild sublimity, exhibit their glacier summits, their scathed and shapeless masses of granite—here mantled with dark forests, and there rent into profound chasms, through which the cataract pursues its thundering course to the valley. Isolated summits, stationed like outposts in advance of the colossal group of Alps, relieve the uniformity of the plain; and, crested here and there

* This, however, will be rendered easy by a glance at the newly constructed Map, which forms a valuable accompaniment to this work, and exhibits every feature of the Valleys in its relative position.

with the monuments of religious or feudal domination, serve as landmarks in history, which meet the eye in every direction, and revive the records of their own particular epochs.* Over the wide space which intervenes between the Apennines, and the more advanced bulwarks of the Alps, numerous rivers pour their copious waters, which, after contributing to the beauty and fertility of the landscape, carry their tribute into the Po.

The etymology of Piedmont is self-evident, and describes the natural position of the country as extending along the base of the mountains. But this distinctive appellation is comparatively modern; its ancient name of Liguria included many distinct provinces, of which the Statielli inhabited the eastern portion; the Vagienni, that tract which extends between the Po and the Tanaro; and the Taurini—so called from their warlike ensign of a bull—the fertile space included between the Po and the Doria Riparia. The country between the Doria Baltea and the Sesia, was occupied by the Libeti—the tract now comprised in the districts of Biella and Vercelli. But the only provinces to which, in the recent statistics of Piedmont, the present work has any special reference, are those comprised under the political sections of Turin, Susa, and Pignerol—and to these we limit the present remarks.

Of the three regions into which Italy may be divided, in respect to its climate, soil, and commercial resources, the first is that which opens at Susa, and extends along the valley of the Po—a tract which fully vindicates its characteristic title of "the garden of Italy." It is the country of luxuriant harvests and unfading pastures; where the vine, the olive, the walnut, and the mulberry, amply repay cultivation; and where crop succeeds crop without exhausting the soil or becoming deteriorated in quality. The wine of Piedmont, though abundant in quantity, has not hitherto been brought to such perfection as to render it an important article of commerce; that of Asti, and some others, however, are high in price and reputation.

The rearing of silk-worms is a department in which the inhabitants of Piedmont—with great encouragement on the part of the landed proprietors—have found much lucrative speculation. Their forests of mulberry trees constitute a certain annual revenue; and from the food thus amply supplied, and to which every year makes some fresh contribution, silk-worms are here propagated to an unlimited amount, and a vast quantity of raw silk prepared for the market.†

* With the exception of the Superga, the most remarkable of these rock-built palaces is the Convent of St. Michael, perched, like an eagle's nest, on a rock, nearly precipitous and overhanging the village of Sant. Ambrogio. The Chateau of Rivoli is also, in point of site, a commanding feature.

† One of these raw silk manufactories has been very recently introduced at Latour, which promises to be

Silk, indeed, is the staple commodity of Piedmont, and the principal source of its rural industry. One great advantage resulting from the cultivation of the mulberry is, that it thrives in a soil where hardly any other vegetable would. The cultivation of rice is another branch of rural economy, but confined to localities naturally marshy, or subject to periodical inundations. The rich alluvial soil, of which the plain is chiefly composed, produces excellent crops of wheat, flax, and hemp, and affords luxuriant pasturage for the breeding of cattle, which are annually exported in considerable numbers. Turkey wheat is also raised in great quantities, and of superior quality. On the higher grounds—which assume the shape of longitudinal or transverse ridges—the soil is light, dry, and gravelly; and on that account reserved for the vine, which, if managed with the same skill as in France, might be rendered an important agent in extending the public revenue. But here, as in most parts of Italy, the mysteries of the wine-press are still a sealed book. On the acclivities, where the grape ceases to flourish, and where, as already stated, no other profitable crop could be raised, the mulberry fills up the blank, and luxuriates, seemingly, in proportion to the sterility of the soil. The stem and branches of the tree are not only more vigorous and healthy, but the leaves are infinitely better in quality than those grown in a humid soil—a fact which is known to produce a very sensible difference in the quality of the silk.*

Wedged in between the Pennine, Grecian, and Cottian Alps, and—by its natural position under their very shadow—involving a certain weight of atmospheric influence, the climate of Piedmont must be necessarily variable. But, bounded towards the south, by the waving chain of the Apennines, and traversed by numerous rivers and canals, which drain the soil of its superabundant moisture, the evils which might otherwise result from situation are happily neutralised, or at least greatly modified. The torrents constantly discharged by those inexhaustible reservoirs, the glaciers of the Alps, and which, if only impeded for a day, would transform the magnificent plain, through which they circulate with vivifying influence, into a pestilential marsh, are here concentrated and hurried forward to the Adriatic.† Thus, dried by the influence of a powerful sun, and drained by the great natural aqueduct of the Po, the soil is refreshed without

attended with many advantages to the industrious population; but how it may operate in a moral point of view is a question of no slight importance to the rising generation. This will be noticed under its proper head.

* On the rearing of silk-worms, and other topics connected with this important branch of industry, the reader may peruse with advantage the treatise on that subject by Comte Dandolo.

† It is calculated that one-third more rain falls in Italy than in the middle provinces of France. The proportion as to Piedmont is probably still greater; and yet, at times, the drought is severely felt.

being saturated, and the air purified of those noxious exhalations which, under other circumstances, would accumulate, stagnate, and corrupt every source of health and enjoyment.

The winter of this climate is generally severe; the snow falls early, and often covers the plain for several successive months.* During the *tramontana*, or wind from the Alps, the cold is peculiarly searching. The sudden, and continued, alternations of temperature which attend the vernal equinox, are prejudicial to health, and a source of considerable annoyance to strangers. But, on the very frontier of these gigantic Alps, where the causes of atmospheric phenomena are in constant operation, and of which the angry breath is sufficient to scatter a blight over the fairest vegetation, an equable temperature is the last thing to be expected. If the winter be severe, the summer is generally in the opposite extreme; and it is then that the langour and oppression thereby induced are relieved by the evening breeze from the mountains—a luxury to which all who have made summer rambles in the valley of the Po will bear grateful testimony. To preserve their vines from the effects of this severe cold, the proprietors are in the habit of covering them with earth during winter, and of observing various other precautions respecting the fruit trees, to which the cold would be destructive, in proportion to its sudden access, after long continued heat.

Violent storms of thunder and lightning are the usual announcement of winter—a fact which, as it has often been observed, explains the well-known passage of Horace,† in which, unless convinced of the fact, we should be apt to treat the affirmed connexion between snow and thunder as a 'poetical licence.' The study of meteorology, however, fully exonerates the poet, and confirms the truth of his philosophy. In the month of August last year, the writer was overtaken, by one of those *ouragans*, or premonitory tempests, between Pignerol and Turin. The evening was just closing in, and the effects of the lightning, as it burst from its cloudy tabernacle, truly appalling. Every succeeding flash brought the minutest objects into view, and, by contrast, rendered the darkness which followed intense. The thunder, which broke immediately overhead, and with a commotion that seemed to shake the earth,

* On setting out for Turin, a few years since, the writer left France with all the usual symptoms of an early spring; but on his arrival here, the ground had been covered with snow for many weeks, and continued so. When he visited the Superga, the path, in several places, was cut through a layer of snow several feet thick. In the beginning of March, a few days after his arrival in Piedmont, he set out for Genoa, where again the spring seemed rapidly advancing, and, in its symptoms, formed a striking contrast to what he had witnessed on the Po.

† "At cum tonantis annus hybernus Jovis
Imbres nivesque comparat."

was accompanied with rain which, in a quarter of an hour, had transformed every trickling stream into a torrent. The storm lasted upwards of three hours, and was attended, as we afterwards learnt, with several distressing accidents and loss of life. The adroitness and resolution with which our postillion managed his horses during this difficult passage, were deserving of the highest praise. Though so near the Po, the fall of his ancestor, Phaeton,* seemed never once to have crossed his mind.

Of the magnificent plain of Piedmont—so richly interspersed with objects that powerfully arrest the stranger's attention — the great and commanding feature is the city of Turin. The regularity of its plan, the multiplicity of its public buildings, and the elaborate style of architecture by which they are all more or less distinguished, give it an easy precedence over every other capital in Europe. Its situation, at the confluence of the Doria and the Po, is particularly happy; and the beauty of this natural position has been most liberally seconded by the embellishments of art. Though neither an extensive nor populous city, it is built with admirable regularity; and, in a bird's eye view, exhibits its series of streets and squares—all laid down with mathematical precision, and presenting, in general, the most harmonious proportions.† The two principal architects employed in its construction, were Guarini and Giuvara.

Turin is about a league in circumference, and surrounded by walks and drives which offer a delightful resource for exercise or amusement. Formerly, the city was strongly defended by ramparts and bastions; but these warlike securities have at last given place to the public walks alluded to—a change by which the inhabitants have been gainers in all that relates to health and pleasure. It contains thirteen squares and eighty-four streets—the latter drawn in a straight line, and crossing at right angles, so as to distribute the city into one hundred and forty-five *quartiers*, or compartments. The four gates, namely, those of Susa, the Po, the Palace, and Porta Nova, are all of handsome architecture, particularly that of the Po on the east, and the Porta Nova on the south, which are cased with marble and highly ornamented with statues and pillars. To the stranger, nothing is more striking than the view presented to him as he enters by the gate of Susa. The street is of great length, straight as a line, and in the distance, where it terminates in the Piazza del Castello, seems diminished to a point. The perspective is singularly fine. The buildings

* According to those who explain this fable of the poets, Phaeton was a prince of this country, who studied astronomy, and in whose age the Valley of the Po was parched by excessive heat.

† According to Pliny, Turin—the Augusta Taurinorum—was the most ancient city of Liguria.

which line the street are all of an imposing architecture; and, in many instances, the house of the private citizen would pass for some elegant public edifice. It seems, indeed, a street of palaces; and, although surpassed by the Strada Novissima at Genoa, is unrivalled by any other in Europe. As a characteristic feature in these domestic edifices, every window is defended by projecting jalousies, or Venetian shutters, and crowned with a handsome pediment. The entrance consists of a vestibule ornamented with columns and pilasters; while the extremity of the court, seen from the street, generally exhibits some work of taste—in sculpture or painting—calculated to please the eye. The Strada del Po, flanked on each side by lofty arcades, and opening on the bridge, with the new marble church in front, and a series of hills, sprinkled with villas, is a delightful promenade, and available at all seasons, whether for shade or shelter. On the opposite extremity it terminates in the great square, where the old ducal palace of Savoy is an object of curiosity, if not of taste—for it is the theatre of many dark deeds, and "could a tale unfold" if it could find a historian.

Its immediate but gentle descent towards the Po, and the excellent police regulations to which it is subject, render the streets of Turin remarkably clean. The salubrity of the air, particularly in summer, is improved and insured by the excellent custom of opening the sluices every night, so that for several hours out of the twenty-four, the centre of every street is traversed by a rapid current of water from the Doria, which refreshes the air, sweeps away every kind of refuse, and serves another important purpose, that of affording an abundant supply of water in case of fire.

During the greater part of last summer and autumn, when the cholera at Genoa, Nice, and Coni, was committing such frightful ravages, this and other sanitary regulations were strictly enforced; and to these vigilant measures, under Providence, Turin and other towns, probably, owed their comparative exemption from the visitation of that dreaded pestilence. Although a great many of the inhabitants, naturally fearful of coming into contact with so terrible an enemy, sought a temporary asylum among the Alps of Savoy and Switzerland, it is, nevertheless, highly to the credit of the Turinois, that by far the greater and more influential portion remained at their posts, actively employed in suggesting measures for the public safety, and encouraging the timid by their example. Happily for Turin, the mortality from cholera was limited to a very few cases, the first of which occurred while the writer was there. For the whole day after its announcement, the effect was visible in every countenance; the shops were neglected; the people talked in melancholy groups under the piazzas;

the churches were crowded; processions moved from shrine to shrine; and the town presented much the appearance of a city in which the word has passed that —"the enemy is in the breach."

Of the numerous churches, palaces, theatres, and public institutions with which Turin is so profusely benefited, enlivened, or adorned, no detailed account can be given in the limits of the present work. The same apology must be offered for other omissions respecting the state of society, the progress of science, education, and various other branches of statistics, moral and political, but of which brief notices will be found interspersed in the body of the work. A late census of the population of Turin makes a return of a hundred and ten thousand inhabitants; but, calculating the effect of several buildings now in progress, this estimate will soon be increased. The View here given is taken from the left bank of the Po, at a short distance from the bridge, and at a point where the new marble church—of a rotunda form, like the Pantheon—the Capuchin Monastery on the hill, the Vigna della Regina, the suburb, and a few villas scattered along the *colline*, or acclivities, are seen to great advantage. Several of the market-boats that navigate the Po are drawn up to the quay, and show the half-gondola style of boat-building practised here and along the whole course of the river to the Adriatic. The bridge—or Ponte del Po, by distinction from that on the Doria—is an elegant specimen of art, built entirely of granite and marble, and combining the very difficult qualities of a light and airy span, with perfect solidity of structure. On the right is seen the first house of the Piazza, and the Strada del Po, terminating, as before stated, in the great square. Higher up, on the same bank of the river, are seen the towers belonging to the Valentin palace, built, as the inscription informs us, by Christina of France, and dedicated to the "royal amusement" of her sons.* In the back-ground, the course of the river is seen terminating in the Alps on the south-west, with the isolated summit of Monte Viso on the left. The breadth of the Po at this point is stated at two hundred fathoms; its depth is every where considerable, and its current strong and rapid. This magnificent river—the "Rex Fluviorum Eridanus"—takes its source about ten or twelve leagues from Turin, in the recesses of Monte Viso—the Vesulus of poets, and which Virgil has described as abounding in pine forests, celebrated for the number and fierceness of the wild boars that frequented them.† The Po becomes navigable

* Hic ubi fluviorum Rex, ferocitate deposita placidè quiescit, Christina a Francia Subaudiæ Ducissa, Cypri regina, tranquillum hoc suum delicium regalibus filiorum otiis dedicavit anno pacato 1660.

† ..... "De montibus altis
Actus aper, multos Vesulus quem pinifer annos
Defendit." .... Virg. *Æn.* x. 708.

considerably above Turin; and, in a course of three hundred miles, receives the tribute of thirty rivers; washes the walls of fifty cities and towns;* and communicates fertility and riches to the vast tract of country known as the Regio Circumpadana, or Valley of the Po.

In the environs of Turin, the number of churches, convents, villas, and châteaux, is almost unprecedented; while the prospects they command, and the artificial riches they contain, are topics of general admiration among strangers. But of all these, both in the history of its origin, in the style of its architecture, and in the imposing aspect which it presents from a hundred different points, the church of the Superga is the most remarkable. This gorgeous temple was erected by Victor Amadeus II. in performance of a vow made on the spot, that if the Virgin would prosper his arms and enable him to expel the French, then beleaguering his capital, a church should here perpetuate his gratitude.† The vow was accepted; the French were compelled to raise the siege, and the conditions faithfully complied with on the part of the conqueror. The plan was furnished and superintended in its execution by Don Filippo Giuvara, a native of Messina. The sums expended on this magnificent structure have been immense, and would have built, and endowed, a first rate university. In addition to the vast quantity of precious materials employed, the labour and expense of having them conveyed to their destination on the top of this steep and isolated summit were enormous. The church consists of an octagon dome, supported by eight massy columns, all of different and richly variegated marbles, with chapels of the most elegant design and costly decoration. To give any thing like a detailed account of this sumptuous pile—its cloisters, arcades, frescoed walls, its "jewelled and enamelled altars"‡—all of fine proportions and elaborate finish, would far exceed the prescribed limits of the present work. As a gorgeous monument, showing what may be effected by art when fostered by the superstition of princes, and the mistaken piety of their subjects, the Superga is a lesson for all ages, and resembles in its internal features the celebrated chapel of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Here is

* This, however, is considerably under the estimate given in the following verses; where the cities and rivers are estimated at a hundred each.

. . . . . "Qua
Eridanus *centum fluviis* comitatus in æquor
Centum urbes rigat et placidis interlui undis.—Fracast. *Syph.* p. i.

† Victor Amadeus did not begin to redeem his promise till nine years after; and as it was not a *written* one, ungratefully gave her painted wood and plaster for marble.—Brockedon, *Excursions*, p. 85.

‡ On being shown the painting in this church, in which Victor Amadeus is represented addressing himself to the Virgin, and propitiating her aid by the promise of a splendid temple, Marshall Villars observed, that the Virgin bore an extreme resemblance to the duchess of Burgundy—"La Vierge," dit-il, "ressemble, on ni peut pas davantage, à madame la duchesse de Bourgogne."

the royal sepulchre, where crowned death's heads, and richly emblazoned sarcophagi, announce the precious relics committed to their keeping.

> " Even the storied urn,
> Disguising Death by its magnificence,
> Proclaims its mortal record traced in gems :
> Scroll, scutcheon, jewelled crown, and breathing bust—
> A glittering satire—shrine the royal dust!"

As a station for the painter, and every lover of Nature's magnificence, the situation of this church is unrivalled. From its summit the panoramic effect is of the most richly variegated and comprehensive character. The accompanying View embraces the whole chain of Alps, from Monte Viso on the left, to Monte Rosa on the right. The city of Turin spreads its towers and cupolas in the centre; Rivoli in the distance; under Mont Cenis, the Pass of Susa; and a little nearer and more to the left, the city of Pignerol and the Waldenses. The outline of the Alps is singularly bold and striking —here shooting up into colossal groups, and presenting the illusion of towers and battlements; there dividing into isolated pinnacles, and reposing their glacier crests on the relief of a deep blue evening sky. Immediately beneath are seen the windings of the Po, its confluence with the Doria and Stura, a vast plain covered with the freshest vegetation, and animated by innumerable country houses, whose dazzling whiteness forms a delightful contrast with the luxuriant foliage in which they are embosomed.

This great landmark of the country, and lasting memorial of its founder and the passion of his age, is the first object that meets the traveller as he enters the great plain of Piedmont, and the last that disappears. But the hill of the Superga, as Dr. Gilly has well remarked, " would have commanded the same extensive prospect without the aid of that aspiring dome. Its bold elevation would of itself have reminded posterity that there stood Prince Eugene by the side of the warlike duke of Savoy,* when his great mind comprehended at a glance the blunders of the French army, and formed a plan for their defeat; but the basilica of Victor Amadeus ought never to be seen without raising emotions unfavourable to its founder. It was cemented with the blood, and washed with the tears, of his people. He kept his vow to the Virgin, and thousands must have been wrung from his subjects to enable him to do so; but he knew not how to abide by his promises of protection to his

* Eugene and the duke of Savoy first met in a meadow near Carmagnola: the one had the interview by descending from the Tyrolese Alps, and traversing the plains of Lombardy by his victorious troops, and the other by stealing a march from the recesses at the foot of Monte Viso, where he had been concealed, and protected by the Vaudois. They ascended the heights of the Superga together; and the transport of the royal fugitive was so great at hearing Eugene's plan for the relief of his capital, that when he was asked where he would dine, " At Turin!—at Turin!" was his exulting reply.—*Gilly*, p. 52.

faithful Vaudois, although these promises were drawn from him by services and sacrifices which deserved the amplest recompense."

Taking leave of Turin, for the present, we now approach the Waldensian frontier, through the rich and extensive plain which terminates on the west at Pignerol. The landscape presents nearly the same features as those already noticed. On the right are the snow-clad summits of the Alps; on the left, the Po descends in a copious and fertilizing stream; whilst the interval is filled up with hamlets, richly cultivated farms, fields bright and luxuriant with irrigation, and groves of fruit and mulberry-trees. The road, spacious and well kept, presents a succession of avenues, which generally command some prominent object at the extremity, or open in agreeable vistas to the Alps on one hand, and the hills of Saluzzo on the other. The first view of Pignerol, rising like an amphitheatre in the midst of verdure, and backed by hills that gradually merge into the Alps, is picturesque and striking. The avenue, which terminates in its principal square, is lined for several miles with luxuriant vines, trained from tree to tree, with crops of wheat in the intervals, and in the vintage season bending under the weight of the clustered grape. To the right, crowning a gentle swell of the landscape, a large convent rises through the midst of fig-trees and vineyards, as if to show how sanctity may prosper although surrounded by temptation.*

The chief feature of Pignerol is the Cathedral, the terrace of which commands one of the most varied prospects in Italy. Within the last year it has undergone numerous repairs and decorations, but chiefly at the hands of the painter, who has now generally superseded the sculptor in the embellishment of the sanctuary; and for this good reason, that the operations of the pencil are much more expeditious than those of the chisel, and wood and canvass cheaper than marble. This retrenchment has been considered a robbery of the shrine, and thereby endangering the safety of the state; but hitherto no special proofs of "celestial displeasure" are recorded. The number of "votive tablets" in the church is very great—some of them remarkable specimens of the ludicrous and grotesque, but others of very tolerable finish and expression; and the whole well calculated to illustrate the state of religious, or rather superstitious, feeling in this province.

* "There solemn Capuchin, with cowl and cord,
Doth sorely mortify the stubborn flesh!
In vain for him rich viands press the board—
In vain for him the grape is gushing fresh;
For well he knows what banquet joys beget,
Where wine abounds, sly Satan spreads his net."

" Here crown, heart, crucifix, and costly braid;
Rose knots, and beads—by holy palmer strung
In Calvary's sepulchre, or hallowed shade
Of rich Loretto—on its altar hung;
Tablets that may interpret for the tongue
Hopes fondly cherished, dreams to memory dear,
Known but to heaven and the confessor's ear."

The Citadel, formerly of great strength, is now a mass of ruins, having been demolished in compliance with one of the former articles of treaty concluded between France and Piedmont. In a tower of the extensive barracks constructed by Louis XIV., the "Man in the iron mask"—the object of so much curiosity and speculation—is said to have been imprisoned. Not far from the Cathedral, and a little lower, is a very ancient Nunnery, founded by Adelaide of Savoy in the beginning of the seventh century. The situation is highly picturesque, and commands a full and distant view over the beautiful landscape, but to which its consecrated inmates can never more return. It is a prison from which death alone can emancipate the captive—

" Its threshold, like the gloomy gate of Dis,
Shows other worlds, but shuts the path to this."

The present Nunnery was formerly an abbey of monks, who distinguished the pious zeal of their order by the unrelenting rancour with which they persecuted the Waldenses; but its gentler occupants of the present day, it is hoped, practise the dictates of a milder creed. It is always pleasing to accept the virtues of the daughter as an atonement for the father's intolerance.

It would be difficult to find a scene better calculated to soothe the spirit, to elevate the thoughts, and inspire kindly feelings towards our fellow-creatures, than that which here engages the spectator. But, when he turns from the landscape and opens the page of history, the beauty of Nature appears as if sombred over by the records of human deeds: the stake and the scaffold rise in melancholy contrast before him, and Pignerol, with all its present air of tranquillity, and all its natural beauty, seems transformed into a prison for the oppressed, and a stronghold for the oppressor. It was the priesthood and garrison of this city that had the Waldenses under their more especial surveillance. Here was the fortress from which the government could so readily dispatch troops into the Valleys for the execution of its inhuman manifestoes; and here the ministers of the inquisition could hold a convenient tribunal for disposing of those unhappy prisoners whom the alleged crime of heresy had placed in their hands. Here also, as well as in the capital, an hospital existed —and still exists, although with very restricted privileges—for the reception

of Waldensian children, who had been decoyed from their parents, to be made the innocent converts to the Catholic faith. It was an asylum, only in one sense, for the infant; but to the distracted parents it was the living sepulchre of their fondest hopes—the altar at which their name and creed were to be abjured—the school where their child, on whom they doated, was to be trained in the language of an apostate, and taught to regard its natural ties with abhorrence. No interviews were permitted between parents and children, and the only terms ever proposed for this effect were on condition that the former should renounce their creed; for those wily "shepherds," the priests, naturally inferred, that by capturing the young of the flock the old must follow; and that in a mother's bosom the love of her offspring was stronger than religion. But they were mistaken in their calculations. The system, indeed, produced a sorrow "deeper than the wail above the dead," but it does not appear that it made a single convert among the parents it had thus cruelly bereaved. The edict which authorised this treatment of the Waldenses was repealed in 1794—an epoch at which the government found it expedient to conciliate its Protestant subjects, by granting them permission "to *see* their children," provided "necessary precautions were taken at the interview." It forbade their forcible abduction with the view of obliging them to abjure the religion of their parents; and ordered that girls and boys, who, at the respective ages of ten and twelve, presented themselves voluntarily at the asylum, should be under the direction of the ecclesiastical judges; children who had not arrived at the prescribed ages were to be restored. But this indulgence was the result of political embarrassment, and not the spontaneous dictates of the court or church. The storm was gathering thick on the frontier, and the ties of nature were now to be respected, that the well-tried courage of the Vaudois might be made available in the great collision that was to follow. A regard to personal safety makes us "wondrous kind."

Pignerol is the see of an archbishop, the Comte de Reis, whose installation took place in September, 1824.* During the French occupation, part

* The ceremony is thus graphically sketched by an eye-witness. "The day (5th of September) was exceeding wet. The large square had been levelled and strewed with sand and soft soil, which the rain soon converted into mud, ankle deep." .. "The archbishop arrived about five o'clock, and much of the ceremony was evidently abridged. He was preceded by two dripping trumpeters, and followed by about twenty people on horseback, forming a motley cavalry." . . "At length the rain abated, the processional forces which had been dispersed by its violence reassembled, and in something like order proceeded to the church." . . . "The halt, the lame, and the deformed, headed by the verger dressed in a new suit of tawdry, and with a long sword, which puzzled his legs exceedingly, took the lead. These were followed by half a dozen squalid-looking monks; then the priests of the city and those attached to the cathedral; then the archbishop himself, wearing his mitre, beneath a white canopy, borne by four persons, and riding upon a white horse, caparisoned with white cloth and silver

of the episcopal revenue was appropriated to the maintenance of the Protestant clergy, but was again withdrawn on the re-establishment of the old *régime*.

VALLEYS OF LUZERN AND PELICE.

In our advance westward, the landscape assumes a new and more imposing character. The mountains rise in abrupt masses; here mantled in dense forests, and sprinkled with hamlets, or isolated habitations; and there, soaring up in sterile sublimity, and overlooked in the distance by the glittering pinnacle of Monte Viso. Along the base of the mountain frontier, the usual products of the soil—"corn, wine, and oil"—thrive with undiminished luxuriance. In the interval between the first swell of the mountains and Pignerol, the Clusone descends with its copious tribute to the Po, but often leaves fearful evidence of its power in the disrupture of its bridges and embankments.

"Sternit agros, sternit sata læta."

The nearer we approach those fastnesses in which, for so many centuries, the Waldenses have entrenched their faith and freedom, the more we are struck by the contrast which they offer, compared with the rest of Piedmont; the more we appreciate those heroic virtues that have left in every defile imperishable records of what they have achieved and suffered; and the more we admire that piety and patriotism which counted nothing a sacrifice so long as they were left to serve God in the simplicity of their hearts, and to earn a frugal subsistence by the labour of their hands. Surrounded by powerful nations, in whose state policy they had little participation, and isolated by their religion, no less than their natural position beyond the pale of common sympathy, here they cherished in silent thankfulness that vital flame, first kindled by the apostles—a flame which has survived the shock of revolutions, the fall of empires, and descended with undiminished brightness to the present day.—Europe was shaken by

bullion. This was not in imitation of his Master's humility in entering Jerusalem. The great man's household followed; and the procession was brought up by a large mob of citizens, and the neighbouring peasantry. On entering at the church door, the archbishop sprinkled those nearest to him with holy water—they had just received some purer from heaven. At the porch he went through some ceremonies too long for us to witness, in the midst of a crowd from which we found it difficult to extricate ourselves."—*Brockedon's Excursions*, pp. 89, 90.

convulsions; Italy was overrun by successive hordes of barbarians; the monuments of her ancient glory were trampled under foot; the shrieks of the oppressed were heard in every city, and the march of rival armies resounded from sea to sea; science and art gave place to violence and the sword; mind was every where held in subjection to matter; endowments, which confer dignity on human nature, were brought into degrading contrasts with physical strength; and the whole fabric of society convulsed and degraded during a period which has been justly characterised as the dark ages of history. But here, during the long reign of ignorance and superstition that intervened—like "a vase in which some precious treasure had been hermetically sealed up"—these Valleys enclosed the precious doctrines of revealed truth; and, while the surrounding nations "sat in darkness," continued in the enjoyment of its light. When, at length, the passion for crusades had wasted itself in fruitless expeditions, and the symptoms of a new morn began to cheer the moral horizon of Europe, the "vase" was opened, and from this sequestered corner of the christian vineyard a new race of evangelists disseminated those "glad tidings" of which they had long been the faithful depositaries. To their labours in Bohemia, where their tenets were first promulgated by John Huss and Jerome of Prague, and previously embraced by Wickliffe, England is indebted for the earliest seeds of the Protestant Church.

"Diffused, and fostered thus, the glorious ray
Warmed where it went, and ripened into day.
'Twas theirs to plant in tears the precious shoot,
'Tis ours in peace to reap the promised fruit.
By them the bulwark of our faith was built—
Our church cemented by the blood they spilt;
In Heaven's high cause they gave all man could give.
And died its martyrs, that the Truth might live."

In the Valley of Luzern, the first Waldensian or Protestant village is that of St. John, the residence of the moderator M. Bonjour, a man thoroughly informed on every subject connected with his sacred office; active in the discharge of its important duties, and—happily for the flock, to whom he is endeared by every tie of duty and affection—still in the vigour of life. The Protestant church formerly existing at Chiabas, near Angrogne, and now in ruins, has been substituted by a handsome edifice in this village. It is the best of the Waldensian temples, and, being erected on a considerable eminence, forms an agreeable feature in the landscape. Overlooking the village, and meeting the eye at a distance, it informs the spectator that here is the first line of demarcation which separates the popish and apostolic churches. The interior is of an oval form, simple, but elegant in arrangement, and crowned by a handsome cupola.

It has two small towers, but of an architecture much too superficial to be used as belfries. A paratonnerre, or electric conductor, however, ought to be—and probably now is—employed, in order to prevent the recurrence of that melancholy catastrophe from lightning, which, in the summer of 1833, caused the death of several individuals. The Catholic church only is furnished with bells;* but their peal serves the double purpose of assembling the two congregations. To avoid, however, as much as possible, all risk of contamination from the sounds that issue from the Protestant temple, and to shelter the lambs of their own fold from the "heretic wolves" on the opposite side, the Catholic party have erected a strong barricade in front of their sanctuary. But, in former times, this barricade would have been composed of bayonets; so far, therefore, has the christian spirit of toleration manifested its progress in the Valleys of Piedmont.

The Valley of Luzern, composed of alluvial soil, is by far the richest of those in which the Waldensian Confederacy have any settlements; and of these, the parochial district of St. John—comprising the hamlets of Peyrots, Gonin, Blonat, and An-Fond—may be considered the garden. It consists of a picturesque and fertile plain, bordered towards the south by verdant meadows, dipping gradually into the waters of the Pelice, and in every other direction presenting a rich mélange of fruit-trees, vineyards, and corn-fields. The vineyards are particularly luxuriant, and festooned from tree to tree at such a height from the ground as to leave spacious avenues, under shelter of which the oppressive heat of summer is unfelt, the labours of husbandry are carried on, and reapers gather in the rich wheat harvest. In the season when the mingled foliage of the vine and mulberry has acquired its full expansion—when the grapes descend in drooping clusters from the arched *berceau*—when the husbandman and his steers are seen at intervals through the trees, and the sound of happy voices unites in one universal expression of gladness and gratitude—it is a picture such as poetry itself could hardly exaggerate, and never fails to make a vivid and lasting impression on the stranger. The public road, the footpaths, and fences, are generally lined with fruit-trees of various kinds, but chiefly with mulberries, which, for the reasons already stated, the husbandman prefers to all others. He feeds the silk-worms with the leaves; and by his own and the labour of this wonderful insect, pays the landlord and the heavy taxes of the state.

* The Protestant temple having two towers *without* bells, and the Catholic church one tower *with* bells, the circumstance has given rise to the following pun: "A St. Jean il y a trois clochers et deux sans (deux cents) cloches."—*Muston*, liv. i. p. 45.—An excellent work, the second volume of which is anxiously expected by all readers of Waldensian History.

As we advance towards La Tour, the capital of the Protestant Valleys, the scenery becomes bolder. Richly wooded hills rise in undulating swells to the right and left; in front, the Valley, contracting into a defile, shows at intervals the rapid course of the Pelice, by which it is alternately wasted and fertilized. Luzern, a small Catholic town, is conspicuous on the opposite side of the river, and contributes, by its convent and church, to the picturesque features of the landscape. Its streets, now grass-grown, have been the arena of several tragical deeds, to which we shall advert in a future portion of the work. Between Luzern and the public road, a handsome building has been lately erected, the white walls of which form a pleasing contrast with the dense foliage in which it is embowered. But it is only deserving of notice as the first silk manufactory introduced into the Valleys, and where little short of a hundred individuals are now supplied with the means of a comfortable subsistence. A little further the road crosses the torrent of Angrogne; and La Tour, overhung by the bold rocks of Castelluzzo, opens before us.

La Tour, so called from the ancient fastness which closed the entrance to this defile, and built in an angle formed by the streams of Angrogne and Pelice, is much more remarkable for the station it holds in Waldensian history than for any peculiarity of situation or scenery. It engages the mind, rather than the eye of the spectator, and awakens associations which, for the interest they excite, are entirely independent of external appearance. But, had it been less famous in the history adverted to, its picturesque situation—with the bold rocks of Mount Vandalin in the back-ground, surrounded by vineyards, orchards, and embowered under the loftier shadow of walnut, chestnut, and mulberry trees—would have been sufficient to recommend it as a delightful residence. But when we view it in connexion with the ennobling virtues which have so often distinguished its inhabitants, La Tour may be justly considered as the "Lacedæmon of the Valleys." The tower, by which it was formerly held in subjection, was dismantled by Francis I., destroyed by Lesdiguières, but again rebuilt, and at last so completely razed that its very foundations have almost become a matter of question. The eminence on which it stood is still named the Fort; but every other trace of its military importance has long disappeared under the shade of luxuriant vineyards.

During the pestilence of 1630, La Tour was resorted to by several families of distinction as an asylum during that fearful visitation. Amongst others, that of Solaro retired hither with a daughter, the beautiful Octavia, whose death offers an affecting episode in the history of the time. Equally admired for the virtues of her mind and the graces of her person, she was literally the "Rose

of the Valleys,"* and might have served as an original for the following portrait:—

> "Early in years, and yet more infantine
> In figure, she had something of sublime
> In eyes which sadly shone as seraphs' shine.
> All youth, but with an aspect beyond time,
> Radiant and grave—as pitying man's decline
> Mournful, but mournful of another's crime,
> She looked as if she sat by Eden's door,
> And grieved for those who could return no more."*

La Tour has been the scene of many calamities, to which we shall again advert. In 1593, the Spanish mercenaries laid a great portion of it in ashes, and continued their pillage with a brutality worthy of the cause in which they had embarked.† Previously to this, it was the scene of indiscriminate massacre, under the Count de la Trinité, in 1560, but the horrors of which were far exceeded by that which took place ninety years later, under the atrocious Pianezza.

La Tour is the only place in the Valleys where the inhabitants are allowed the benefit of a classical seminary.‡ For all the higher departments of a liberal education, the youth of the Waldenses have hitherto resorted to Geneva and Lausanne. A more propitious epoch, however, has at length arrived, and the public school of La Tour will henceforth be identified with a college, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and which, we were happy to observe in the

* Amongst other suitors she attracted the admiration of one whose religious sentiments were diametrically opposed to her own. For a long time, it appears, his attentions met with no encouragement; for, however desirable in a temporal point of view; still, at a period when the violence of persecution had suffered little abatement, her union with a Catholic was repugnant to the desire of her family, and could offer but a very faint prospect of happiness to herself, if, on a subject the most essential to domestic happiness, unanimity was to be overlooked. But many personal accomplishments, many proofs of an ardent attachment, and long-continued assiduities, at last prevailed, and she consented—influenced, perhaps, by the hope of being thus enabled to have their confiscated property restored to her parents, and of becoming the gentle mediatrix between Cathnlic and Protestant. It was also an express condition in the marriage, that she should be at full liberty to continue the same religious course in which she had been educated. But that picture of domestic happiness to which her virtues and affection so eminently entitled her, was never realized. She could not listen in silence to the degrading epithets applied to her religion and its professors, and defended both from the gratuitous aspersions of those who laboured for her conversion. Her husband, it is said, was no calm spectator of this, and by continued reproaches directed against her, as an obstinate heretic, succeeded in destroying her health. She drooped for some time, and at length exchanged an embittered existence for a blessed immortality. The historian Gilles has recorded this fact, chap. liv., and Dr. Gilly, chap. vii.

† Ils depouillerent brutalement les nobles damoiselles qu'y étaient, "jusqu'à vouloir couper les doigts à quelques-unes qui ne pouvaient sitôt leur arracher les bagues d'or."—*Gilles*, quoted by *Muston*, liv. i. p. 48.

‡ The Grammar School has been long supported by contributions made in Holland. An excellent boarding-school, under the direction of M. Pellegrint—an able and experienced teacher—at La Tour, presents every facility for acquiring a general and classical education. The terms are exceedingly moderate, and the method pursued in every way calculated to meet the approbation of parents, and to recommend the institution. To this subject we shall revert in the course of the work.

course of last Autumn, was making slow but steady progress.* An institution of this importance has been long a desideratum; and to the liberality of their Protestant brethren, who—having themselves enjoyed such blessings without restriction—can best appreciate their value, the Waldenses look for support. It is unnecessary to state, that, without this support, the united efforts of the population would be quite insufficient to accomplish so noble an end, and we feel assured that their appeal will not be made in vain. It is a structure to which every friend to religious freedom and enlightened science,—every follower of a kindred church, should willingly contribute a stone; and, if so, it will serve at once as a noble monument of fraternal sympathy, and a permanent blessing to those for whom it is expressly founded. May their fondest expectations be crowned with success! and may learning extend her benign influence over those retreats, where, during so many centuries, the pure light of religion has shone with undiminished lustre.†

Beyond this, in a very advantageous position, is the public Hospital, founded by subscriptions collected in the various Protestant states. This benevolent enterprise originated with William Plenderleath, Esq., during his residence in the Valleys in the summer of 1821; who, in the following year, transmitted the sum of two hundred and seventy francs, being part of the sacramental collection of the English congregation at Rome, in furtherance of this important object. Having obtained their sovereign's permission to solicit foreign contributions, the Waldenses were warmly supported by the king of Prussia, who authorised a collection to be made in the churches of his dominions, and contributed one hundred ducats from the privy purse.

In appearance, this hospital is an old manorial mansion, enclosed in a garden, with open balconies, and enjoying a free circulation of air. The establishment is under the direction of Dr. Coucourde, and strongly recommended by the excellent sanitary regulations to which it is subject. The patients at this season were few. By the judicious treatment so happily pursued by the physician and his colleagues in these Valleys, the public health of late years has materially improved, and the present generation seem exempt from several

* The situation for this institution has been well chosen; it stands in a field, between La Tour and the village of Marguerite, and overlooking the Pelice, which flows at a few steps distant under a gentle acclivity, richly trellised with vines. Learning has seldom found a more pleasing asylum.

† While these sheets were in the press, the author has been favoured with a communication from the Rev. Dr. Gilly, in which he mentions,—"I have lately sent off three cases of books for the *College of the Holy Trinity* at La Tour."—Such an example cannot fail to have imitators. Dr. Gilly's devotion to the best interests of the Vaudois churches, is equally gratifying to them, and honourable to himself. We are happy to add, that the same distinguished Writer is now engaged in preparing a History of the Waldenses, drawn from original sources.

of the physical evils to which their predecessors were victims. But in reference to the maladies which chiefly afflicted the inhabitants in past times, the predisposing causes may be traced to circumstances totally different from those of climate. The prevailing maladies are of an inflammatory character.

The apprehension of cholera, which, at the time in question, was very fatal in the neighbouring districts, had put the whole establishment on the alert, whilst the different communes furnished every means for its prevention which science or humanity could suggest. Happily for the Valleys, this formidable epidemic was arrested at the frontier, and the inhabitants left in the enjoyment of their usual health.—We shall revert to this Hospital and its statistics, in a future page.

On entering the consulting room, a fine bust of Alexander, late emperor of Russia, is the first object that arrests the attention, and serves as a grateful memorial of his munificence to the Waldenses.* Having been induced to apply his hand to the good work, the late emperor entrusted Count Waldbourg Truchsess with the sum of twelve thousand francs. A third part of this sum was employed to complete the purchase of a house and premises for the proposed hospital, and the remainder to build the church at Pomareto.†

The day chosen for visiting the Church of La Tour, at Copiès, was on Sunday, which, compared with the observance of that day in other parts of the province, presented a most gratifying contrast. Through the various avenues, intersecting the acclivities, and opening upon this venerable temple, the village population was observed slowly proceeding to the calm celebration of the day of rest. The patriarch with his sons, the matron with her daughters, the master with his household—all with that air of cheerful and unaffected piety which so eminently distinguished the various groups as they passed—met and exchanged salutations, where the present temple, their noblest monument, rises over the graves of the dead—and, with its green enclosure, might have served as an original for the well-known "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

The interior of the church is plain in design and execution, and offers nothing that can divert the attention from the solemn and impressive service to which

* In acknowledging the liberal donation of the imperial bounty, the late Moderator, in his letter of thanks, thus expresses himself: "Le pauvre qui entrera dans notre hôpital, dira avec attendrissement—Si je suis recueilli dans cet asile, je le dois en partie à Alexandre; et accompagnera cet hommage d'un voeu pour votre majesté! Le fidèle, en prière dans le temple de Pomaret, en présentant à Dieu son offrande dira: Si j'ai pu venir dans la maison de l'Eternel, Alexandre m'en a facilité la voie; Seigneur, rends-lui un centuple son bienfait! Ainsi, dans le sanctuaire, comme dans la maison de charité, l'on entendra votre nom prononcé avec gratitude par la génération présente et par celles qui la suivront."

† In speaking of their distinguished benefactors, it is due to the excellent and philanthropic Count Waldbourg Truchsess to record his indefatigable exertions in favour of the Waldenses.

it is devoted. It is a tabernacle of which the fastidious architect, perhaps, would be ashamed, but which the humble piety of the Vaudois has invested with a sanctity which all the vain accessories of art could never bestow. It corresponds with the simplicity of that primitive worship which they profess, and needs not the "foreign aid of ornament" to awaken those feelings which can alone harmonize with the house of prayer.

M. Peyran, the able and zealous pastor of La Tour, in the several divisions of the sermon, evinced a thorough acquaintance with his subject, and that persuasive eloquence in its treatment and exposition, which enlist the hearers on the side of truth, and make curiosity subservient to edification. In a brief allusion to the pestilence with which the Valleys were then threatened, he found an impressive topic for illustrating the frail tenure of existence, and of bringing home to every bosom the necessity of being "also already."

The service of the day was rendered still more interesting by the ceremony of baptism which followed, and the affecting address with which the youthful parents were admonished, on the great responsibilities in which they had solemnly engaged. The young couple, who had thus given their first "pledge to society," were attired in the usual dress of the Valleys;* but the infant was distinguished by a richly coloured mantlet, and other decorative symptoms of affection, which showed that this domestic festival was one for which the mother had made no little preparation—

> "While hope, yet struggling with contending fears,
> Displayed the rainbow of her future years;
> Portrayed her home, her heart, restored to rest,
> And that fair cherub nestling on her breast."

The music which filled up the intervals in the day's service, was little indebted to the science of modern composition; but it was a song in which all present seemed to join with one heart, and in the fine choral swell which followed, showed the vast superiority of the human voice over those instruments which have too generally usurped its place in the sanctuary. The organ, as employed in our own churches, forms a sublime accompaniment to the sacred melodies in use; but where the entire congregation, as in the present instance, unites in one simultaneous act of praise, it forms a symphony to which all other combinations are but feeble substitutes. Such, at least, was the author's impression,

* The dress worn by the Vaudois is very similar to that used by the excellent community in our own country, the society of Friends; in mentioning whom, the name of ALLEN will readily occur to every reader, as a benefactor of the Waldenses in its truest acceptation.

even when he compared the "Miserere" in St. Peter's, or the late festival in Westminster Abbey, with the sabbath-concert in the church of La Tour.

Among the Waldenses, a knowledge and taste for sacred music is diligently inculcated; and thus, being early instructed in vocal harmony, their psalmody is as correct in sound as it is rich in expression. From the strong resemblance between the tunes here in use, and those sung in the Scotch Presbyterian church, it is not improbable that the latter, originating here, were introduced into Geneva with the Reformation, and thence by Knox and others into Scotland.*

Continuing our progress a little beyond the village of Copiès, we observe the two hamlets of Taillaret and Bonet, each occupying one side of the Bigliem, a mountain stream, bordered with lofty precipices, and descending by the village of Ste. Marguerite, into the Pelice. From the summit of the rocks by which it is confined, as the melancholy fact is recorded, a young Vaudois girl, to escape from the brutal hands of her pursuers, threw herself headlong into the abyss. Instances of the same undaunted resolution are but too frequent in the history of those times; but they are worthy of the people to whom life was only dear so long as it could be held with honour.† It was by the same defile that, in February 1561, three bands of assassins rushed down upon the inhabitants. The facts are briefly these:—Having received a reinforcement of fifteen hundred men, the enemy made a charge with such effect that the Vaudois patriots, with the loss of two of their comrades, were constrained to give way and retreat to a higher position. Seeing this, and thinking the day was already their own, the invaders began to celebrate their victory by rejoicings, flourishing of trumpets, rolling of drums, and tumultuous shouts of triumph from the hill to the valley, where the cavalry was waiting to act in concert with the troops. But these rejoicings were premature. After having retired about a stone's cast, the Vaudois, says the historian, "calling upon the Lord their trust, again faced the enemy." Those who had no muskets had recourse to slings, and, supplied by the pebbles at their feet, discharged such a heavy and continued hail-shower upon their adversaries, that three several times they made an assault, and were as often repulsed. In the intervals, and while the enemy were taking breath to renew the assault, the Vaudois "lifted up their voices to God in prayer, which much surprised the enemy; and, when the charge was renewed, all

* Unless the author is much mistaken, the tune to which the psalm was chanted on the present occasion was "The Martyrs," one of the sacred melodies on which time and circumstances have conferred a peculiar sanctity.

† . . . "Quæ, cum pudicitiæ suæ vim parantium militum se manibus extricasset, instantibus iisdem, præcipitem e rupe prærupta se postremo dedit, ut furentium grassatorum libidinem morte generosa clauderet." Such is the testimony of the Catholic historian, Thuani, lib. xxvii. Gilles has also recorded a fact of this nature, p. 127.

simultaneously invoking the Supreme Arbiter of the conflict, performed miracles of valour and resolution." The women and children eagerly supplied pebbles to all who could use the sling, while the others, who felt their own incapacity to share in the conflict, continued to implore with tears and supplications the aid of Heaven in behalf of their brethren, now struggling in the gap of destruction. The prayer of the feeble and the helpless was answered; for scarcely had the last assault been given, when a messenger arrived with the joyful announcement that relief was at hand. 'Courage!—courage!' he exclaimed—'our brethren of Angrogne hasten to our aid!' And all the people shouted with joy, 'Blessed be God, who hath sent us this timely succour!'" Such, briefly, is the simple and pious style of the historian—different indeed from that of the modern bulletin—but simplicity and dignity are as closely allied in history as in art.

Mount Vandelin, so conspicuous in our approach to La Tour, throws its shadow upon the scene under notice. It is renowned in Waldensian history as the natural fortress in which the persecuted found a temporary respite from the fire and sword of their enemies. On its flank, like a vast and rude fortress overhanging the precipice, rises the celebrated rock of Castelluzzo. Within this, a natural grotto—of dimensions sufficient to contain three or four hundred persons, and slightly modified by art—forms the cave of "refuge" to which the Vaudois retired, at various intervals, with their wives, their children, the sick and the aged, during the sanguinary conflict to which they were exposed. It is divided into several compartments, and contains one indispensable requisite of a fort—a good supply of water, but cannot now be visited unless at considerable risk, and by means of a rope-ladder, which an English traveller had recently constructed for the purpose.

During the calamitous period when the Vaudois were hunted from place to place, and "wandered about in dens and caves of the earth," this was their melancholy prison—but the horrors of which were softened by the testimony of a good conscience, and a thorough conviction that, although the sky of outward prosperity was darkened, the favour of Heaven was not withdrawn. They beheld "the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night," that led them, like the Hebrews in the wilderness.

> "Here, pent as in a grave, the morning shed
> No welcome light around the sick-man's bed—
> The barren rock; and here, in vain caressed,
> The babe drooped withering on its mother's breast.
> Faint with long watching—famished with long want—
> And bloodhounds prowling round that dismal haunt;
> Each shot that rang prophetic from the vale,
> Came like the herald of some fearful tale."

VILLAR, the entrance to which the artist has here represented in a striking vignette, is one of the most picturesque localities in the Valley. The grotesque character of its architecture, the singular position on which it is built, the vineyards by which it is encircled, the terraced gardens piled in successive stages behind, its two churches, Protestant and Catholic, now rising to the sky in apparent concord, the solemn air of antiquity, and the venerable aspect—even the dilapidation—of its houses, and that air of penury which marks its inhabitants, all combine to arrest the stranger's attention, and recall those historical events of which it has been the fertile arena.*

The convent of monks, which formerly existed in this place, was destroyed at the commencement of the last century, but has acquired a place in the history of these Valleys from the following circumstance. In an assembly of the Waldenses, held at Brouïsse in 1653, it was resolved, at the instigation of a traitor to their cause, to commit the building to the flames, expel the monks, and thereby give sufficient cause for the government to direct its vengeance upon the inhabitants. The traitor was in the pay of the Propaganda, and, having sufficient artifice to engage the wife of a certain pastor in the conspiracy, gained over her husband also. But when the latter, assisted by two others named Pellene, called an assembly, where the subject was discussed, it was highly censured. His infatuated accomplice, however—resolved to support the traitor in his diabolical purpose—made a feigned report to the two Pellenes, who, the same night expelled the monks, and set fire to the convent. This outrage was instantly resented by the officers of the Propaganda, and the fact represented to the duchess regent in the blackest colours. Vengeance was denounced against the whole community; and the Count Tedesco, at the head of five or six thousand men, directed his march upon Villar. The consequences which must have inevitably ensued to the devoted population of Villar, were happily prevented by the strenuous efforts of the pastor Leger, who fully vindicated his brethren from any participation in the outrage, and traced it to its proper source. But, although this interposition was effectual, for the time, in checking the open vengeance of the Propaganda, the act was considered a sufficient apology for the infliction of those calamities which shortly followed. The

* Muston, with a fervour but fidelity of description which renders him at once the poet and historian of his native Valleys, describes it thus:—"De toutes les communautés Vaudoises, Villar est peut-être la plus pittoresque. Il se présente, d'abord, timidement à travers les arbres sur la cime d'un terrain éboulé, qui montre à nud ses déchirures jaunes et grisâtres: mais si on le prend en face, depuis les prairies de Lanvers," (the name given to all that part of the Valley situated on the right bank of the Pelice)—"alors il se montre blanc et chaud des couleurs, comme une petite ville d'Espagne ou d'Italie, sous leur ciel prodigue de lumière." *Hist. des Vaudois*, par ALEXIS MUSTON, T.D., 1835.

injurer rarely forgives—the injured often; and here the truth of the adage received further confirmation.

But the pious inmates of the convent, which had thus suffered by an isolated act of violence, had long manifested the hostility by which they were actuated towards the Protestant inhabitants; and the following trait, as recorded in the traditions of the place,* will serve to illustrate the fact. Taking advantage of their juxta-position to the offensive object, the monks, it appears, had diligently employed themselves for some time in making a subterraneous passage from the cells of the convent to the foundations of the Protestant temple. Their object in this secret enterprise, was to construct a mine, introduce a few casks of powder, and thus—as the most summary method of ridding themselves of a church and people so obnoxious to their own order—blow the whole house and heretics into the air during the time of service. The miners, that there might be no apprehension of discovery, were only allowed to work during the night; but, in the midst of this security, and in the prospect of shortly completing their diabolical purpose, the progress of the pious brotherhood received an unexpected check. A woman, happening to pass near the convent at day-break, and hearing a deep, intermitting, noise under her feet, as if from successive concussions, was struck with apprehension of some inexplicable danger threatening the town, and hastened to inform the syndic. The magistrate, attended by a few others, repaired to the suspected quarter, and there, placing a small piece of money upon a tense drum-head, saw, to their surprise, the coin shift and quiver at every short interval, corresponding with the repeated strokes of the pickaxes under ground. By this simple but effectual contrivance, the mine was discovered, and that dreadful disaster prevented which it was so well calculated to effect. The remains of this monastic tunnel, it is said, are still visible.

Continuing our progress westward through the villages of Vignes, Cassarots, Garnier, and Piauta, "All," says Muston, "baptized with blood and witnesses of heroic combats," we come to the torrent and bridge of the Subiasque, which serve as the eastern limits to the commune of Bobi—the Bobiaca Vallis of De Thou.† This part of the Valley which, on entering Villar, appears as if almost shut out from the eye, gradually expands into a wide and fertile basin, covered with meadows, watered by the river Pelice and its tributaries, and bordered all round by a girdle of forests which constitute the natural riches of the commune. Hewn in the mountains, and brought down to depôts near the

* Muston, *Hist.* p. 55.

† Augrunia Vallis . . . . quæ, reflexo meridiem versus per Bobiacam Vallem sinu..connectitur, lib. xxvii.

W. H. Bartlett.

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH AT BOBBI, VAL LUCERNA.

road, the timber is there exposed for sale, and offers a ready supply for domestic purposes, of which the hearths and homely architecture of the valley are the principal sources of demand. The small town and territory of Bobi form the combined arena of many important events in the history of the Waldenses. The picturesque, and even sublime scenery which the environs present, is justly admired by all strangers who have penetrated its recesses; and few portions of the Valleys can furnish more striking subjects for the pencil, or more fascinating episodes for the poet and historian. The affecting lines, here extracted from a manuscript poem, were lately written by one of its most talented sons—and now an exile, because talented and devoted to the cause of truth.*

In the upper extremity of this Valley, and immediately overlooking the village of Bobi, is an abrupt gigantic point of rock, which, when closely inspected, seems of almost incalculable proportions. It divides the two Combes du Pra and Ferrière, and the Col-Julien, at the confluence of the Pelice and Cruël, both of which take their rise at this point. At the summit of this rock, the result of some remarkable convulsion in remote ages, is a long cleft, or fissure, through which the light is freely admitted, and in that portion which overhangs Malpretus. By cautiously approaching on our hands and knees towards the edge of this opening, and looking down, we discover the Valley at a great depth —the river winding through it—men and cattle passing and repassing—the inhabitants at their work in the field, but without hearing a voice or sound—so completely removed is the spectator at this elevation from all that meets the ear in the common intercourse and occupations of life. In midway air, and lightly poised on wings that in their deep glossy colour resemble arches of jet, ravens sail past from time to time between the earth and the spectator—showing him that his position is within the territory of the eagle.

This remarkable rock, so well described by Muston, formed one of the strong-posts of the Vaudois in the "Rentrée" of 1689, as we shall have occasion to notice in a future page of this work. It commands the entire horizon from the extremity of the Valley to the banks of the Po. In the evening, when the approach of night has gradually softened the last rays of the sun, as he descends

* "Calme abris de nos douces Vallées
Ciel d'Italie, où je reçus le jour!
Roes, à la fois autels et mausolées,
De nos martyrs magnifiques séjour!
Monts éscarpés, et campagne fleurie,
Adieu! mon cœur qui s'éloigne accablé
Va pleurer dans une autre patrie—
N'oubliez pas votre fils *érilé!*"—*MS.*

May his rentrée be as speedy and honourable as his exile was sudden and oppressive

behind this lofty out-post, subdued in his strength and brilliancy, and surrounded by a thousand cloud-tints of scarlet and purple, that encircle him like a vast coronet of glowing rose-leaves—it is then that this colossal rock, suffused with the gorgeous light, appears like a victor in the midst of his triumph. But this magic colouring, like the victor's glory, is transient; the shades of twilight gradually climb the mountain, and at length settle on their summits; the fire-flies, kindling their lamps, are seen twinkling on every branch—alternately opening and shutting their phosphoric lustre; the stars come forth, the "poetry of heaven," and the scene is enriched with all the phenomena of a transalpine twilight.

"....Night's shadows span the vale; and beaming
With all its host of stars, the tranquil blue
Of ether slumbers. Field and flower are teeming
With summer's balm, and bright with falling dew.
Streams warble melody; the air is gleaming
With winged and fiery spangles—strange to view!
From every leaf electric sparks are glancing
Where, swift, the fire-flies' twinkling troop are dancing....
And faithful to the hour—as stars that muster
In nightly phalanx round heaven's shining camp—
Beneath yon palm, bright with unborrowed lustre,
The glow-worm kindles her connubial lamp—
Love's mimic cynosure!"*

After a survey of its scenery, and the associations to which this district of the Valleys gives immediate rise, it is thus that the native historian, already quoted, concludes the picture: "Voilà quel est Bobi; riche de grandes et profondes pensées que la nature formale sous ces masses sauvages, de tendres et pieux sentimens que respirent ces bois fleuris, ces retraites parfumées, ces riantes tentures de prairies suspendues entre les hauteurs. Tel est le livre que l'Eternel ouvre sans cesse à nos regards, et dans lequel se faisait si bien la simple éducation de nos aïeux! En effet, tout dans le monde est harmonie, et tout chez eux était fraternité. Ces bois, ces fleuves, ces montagnes, la moindre feuille et le plus petit caillou sont autant de symboles sous lesquels se cachent, pour nous, un sens profond que le langage n'exprime pas, mais que l'âme peut saisir. Malheur à ceux pour qui la nature, comme l'Evangile, n'est qu'une lettre morte! Ce que nous voyons du monde physique, nous révèlerait

* From the circumstance of the male being a winged insect and the female not, it was necessary that some means should be had recourse to for directing the rambler to his sedentary mate. What more beautiful, and at the same time more efficient guide could possibly have been imagined than this self-lighted hymeneal torch!—*See* a descriptive poem by the author, entitled "The *Heliotrope*; or Pilgrim in pursuit of Health."

ce que nous sommes dans l'univers des intelligences. L'âme tient à l'Etre suprême, comme la fleur tient au soleil—elle en reçoit la vie!"

Among other celebrated and beautiful localities in this neighbourhood, is the Grove, or " Bosquet des Courtils." At the entrance to this classic spot rises the " Grotte-des-fantines"—so called from its being the favourite haunt of those playful spirits with which the poetry and superstition of past ages have peopled these romantic solitudes. The grotto consists of an immense rock, split through the middle, covered with ivy, vines mantling its summit, and a row of small fields rising by gentle stages above one another in front. Taking the name of Belsille, the wood of Courtils extends as far as Gorgia—a gloomy and romantic ravine, through which the impetuous Subiasque directs its foaming course. Bteween Courtils to the village of Bobi, the interval is filled with a succession of rich meadows—waving like a sea of emerald, and only divided from one another by long stripes of willows. On the other side, an undulating soil rises in the midst of chestnut-trees, old as those of Sicily, and masses of dark, whitish, or moss-covered rocks, on the level tops of which the peasant spreads his thrashing-floor, like an eagle's nest on its native cliff. Others again, standing, or strewn around in every possible shape and variety, recall " the days of the Druids," when such were chosen for their altars. A little higher up, long patches of vines are seen scaling the rocks, like troops mounting to the assault of some ancient fortress. Above these, the mountain scenery terminates—or, at least, presents nothing but a chaos of rocky escarpments, indicating the violent commotion by which they have been shaken and dislodged, in the subsiding struggles to which our earth has been exposed. In some places the rocks project forward, as if ready to slip from their base; in others they rise like towers flanking the embattled walls of some feudal castle, with here and there an open space—occasioned by falling rocks, or land-slip—like a wide breach in its ramparts.

But we return from this digression, and shall now confine our observations to one or more of those particular facts in history with which the commune is identified. In 1561, having received intelligence that Francis I. had died on the 5th of December preceding, the Waldenses dispatched deputies by way of Bobi to meet those of the Val-Clusone, then belonging to France, in order to renew the ancient league of mutual support which had been so long perpetuated from father to son, between the Valleys of Piedmont and Dauphiny.*

* " De se secourir les uns les autres mutuellement et de tout leur pouvoir, en toute occasion de persécution pour la religion, afin de la maintenir pure et entière parmi eux avec toutes ses dépendences, selon l'écriture sainte et l'usage de la vraie Eglise ancienne apostolique, sans préjudice de la fidélité que chacun devoit respectivement à ses légitimes supérieurs."—*Gilles*, chap. xxii. *Muston*, liv. i. p. 58.

On the 21st of January, the deputation, with that of Clusone, having returned in the midst of frightful snow-storms across the Col-Julien, arrived the same evening at Puy, three quarters of a league from Bobi. But scarcely was their return announced, when they were surrounded by an anxious and excited crowd, and informed that an edict had just been published, by which all the heads of families were commanded to appear next morning before a council of war, in order that the government might ascertain "Whether they would, or would not, attend mass." They were further certified, that all who refused to apostatize, and embrace Catholicism, should be sent to expiate their offence in the galleys, or burnt at the stake; and that now they had only the interval of one night left to choose the alternative. Such was the appalling tidings that met the deputies as they approached their devoted homes and kindred.

The moment was one that demanded great fortitude and prompt decision; and their first step was to implore the Divine direction by an act of public devotion. This done, they declared that—To abjure the religion of their fathers was impossible; that to provide for their security by flight, was impracticable at so inclement a season; and that they had no means of protecting so many families without openly resisting the government. Under these circumstances, they resolved to stand on their defence, and, if need should be, to die in support of their religion. This magnanimous resolution was seconded by every individual present. Raising their hands to heaven, they solemnly engaged to continue in the exercise of their religious duties, and—instead of appearing the following day at mass, as they had been commanded—to assemble, as heretofore, in their own place of worship. This they carried into effect, and the next morning found them at their accustomed devotions in the temple of Bobi. After service, they proceeded to face the enemy, whom this public act of disobedience to a despotic edict, had armed with additional vengeance. Doubly strong in the justice of their cause, they met, and drove them back to the citadel of Villar, which, after a siege of ten days, was forced to capitulate.

Above Puy, where this act of mingled piety and heroism was achieved, is the ruined Castle of Sibaüd, planted on an immense rock, covered with rich pastures, on the verge of which trees and shrubs mask with thick foliage the deep chasm that yawns between. It was here that the troops, sent against the persecuted natives, but unacquainted with the perilous footpaths which led to the station, were precipitated over the rocks, and perished in their expedition. It was here, too, that, in 1690, the expatriated remnant who had returned under the intrepid Arnaud, entered into a solemn vow to be true to one another—

never to surrender—and to expend their last drop of blood in defence of their religion and liberty! This solemn engagement pronounced, they ratified the deed by uniting in prayer; and then descending the heights, prepared for battle.

On this side of the mountain is the too famous locality, named La Sarcena, where the persecution of the Waldenses, as narrated by the historian Leger, was marked by cruelties* the mere narration of which strikes horror into the heart. It was one of the chief posts of defence belonging to the Waldenses. Here, as recorded by Arnaud, was found the journal kept by Peter Reynaudin during the expedition, and to which that of Arnaud is indebted for several interesting particulars. Leaving his academic studies at Bâle to share in the perilous enterprise, in which the band of exiles had embarked, Reynaudin had the happiness to witness their restoration, and was afterwards pastor of Bobi, his native village.

The breakwater, built here to check those fearful inundations from the Pelice, which have so often deluged the village hearths, destroyed human life, and carried the seeds of famine and disease into the valley, is still a noble monument of the foreign sympathy expressed towards the Waldenses, while under the pressure of great physical, as well as political sufferings. On the other side of the torrent, at the end of the meadows of Lanvers, the village of Laûs displays its hill covered with cytisus and blossomed broom. The village is remarkable for the salubrity of its climate, and the consequent longevity of its inhabitants.† It is surrounded by magnificent chestnut trees, older than the oldest inhabitants, and producing, in their season, no inconsiderable return to them in wholesome fruit:—

Castaneasque nuces, mea quas Amaryllis amabat.

On the opposite bank of the river, and nearly facing this hill, rise others of a more rugged and precipitous aspect, on the top of which are the traces of some ancient place of strength, called by the inhabitants Lou Castel. This valley, leading to Ferrière, presents a succession of grotesque rocks, here and there mantled over with moss, shivered by lightning, or scattered around in blocks of immense size—the "fragments of an earlier world."‡

* . . . Des femmes éventrées et convulsives furent laissées agonisantes sur les neiges, et leurs enfans jetés en vie par les rochers!—*Muston*, liv. i. p. 62.—*Leger*, Persécution de 1655.

† Ten years ago two matrons died in the course of the same week, one at the age of ninety-three, and the other at one hundred and four. "Thus," says M. Muston, "poor as the village is, the inhabitants live longer and perhaps happier than those who spend their days in palaces." They enjoy, as the spontaneous gifts of nature, and as the reward of their temperance, what wealth cannot purchase—health of body, and peace of mind.

‡ The upper part of the Val Pelice is very wild. The torrent exhibits itself in true character, and offers many striking points of view, especially at a romantic spot called *La Pause des Morts*, where funerals are

Continuing our steps in the same direction, we reach the ruined Fort of Mirabouc. Built by Castrocaro, and reduced, in 1593, by Lesdiguieres, it was retaken, three years after, by the Duke of Savoy, who, on his return from the expedition, received a deputation of Vaudois in the square at Villar, and, in the presence of his whole court, promised to watch over them, "not only as a good king, but as a father." The position of this fort is dreary, but picturesque —a subject which Salvator might have chosen for his pencil, or Schiller for the scene of his wildest poem. But neither the mountains of Abruzzi, nor the recesses of the Black Forest, present any single feature to be compared with Mirabouc, which seems as if it stood in gloomy solitude, barring the passage to another world. Holding a key which no amount of numerical strength could force—impregnable by nature—commanding every avenue of approach —but itself uncommanded, save by inaccessible heights; it could frown defiance at every foe, and sweep destruction upon him from its battlements. But the strength of a fortress is in the hearts that guard it; where treason is within the walls, no fortress is tenable.

In the early part of the revolutionary war, a French detachment having passed the Col-de-la-Croix, descended by this narrow defile, which is almost entirely occupied by a brawling torrent, and a steep, dangerous path. At the mouth of this gorge, a huge insulated rock, three hundred feet perpendicular, blocks up the path, and on its impregnable apex stood the watch-tower of Mirabouc. The guns, bristling over its battlements, completely enfiladed the pass; and, as the only means of scaling the rock was by a succession of stair-traverses hewn in the precipice, the garrison might have smiled at the summons sent them to surrender, had its principles been staunch. The guns, however, were mute; the commander, either struck with sudden and groundless terror, or, what is more probable, corrupted by French gold, pretended that the place was untenable, and surrendered without striking a blow. Of the soldiers under his command, one—the only Vaudois in the fort—protested against this cowardly betrayal of his country's honour. When brought before a court-martial, the evidence of this gallant individual was conclusive, and the officer found guilty and condemned. In acknowledgment of his meritorious

accustomed to halt. Near this is the cascade of Mirabouc, and a few steps farther on, another, called the Madalena, overhangs the road, and closes the basin of Pra, in which are the last habitations of the Valley. In the bottom of this immense basin lies concealed the lake of Marconseil, one of the sources of the Pelice. On the right are the Col-de-la-Croix and the Col-de-la-Vitouna, which communicate with France; and on the left the Col-Baraud, from which may be seen the most horror-striking precipices within the circuit of the Alps. The road leads into the Val-Guichard, passing to the Alp-de-la-Roussa, and thence to the Col-du-Pis and the Sei-Bianca, at the foot of Mount Almanzor.

conduct, the Vaudois soldier was complimented by the court, and instantly promoted. Popular prejudice, however, still ran so high, that, when the surrender of this important post was announced, the fact was instantly construed into an act of treachery on the part of the Vaudois, although, as it was proved on the trial, only one of that community was in the fort at the time, whose single voice protested against its surrender. The argument, however, adduced, was that of "the wolf and the lamb:"—if it was not he, or some Vaudois, it was some one else; and this was a sufficient reason why another "St. Bartholomew" should be enacted in the Valleys. This fact is a melancholy instance of modern fanaticism, in which the grossest injustice was masked under an air of sanctity; where reason was completely blinded by prejudice, and even murder itself made to assume the garb of merit.

Having purposely omitted the fact in our brief notice of La Tour, we shall here introduce it under its proper head, as originating in the surrender of Fort Mirabouc. The villages marked for destruction, were those of La Tour and St. John, the effective population of which had been drained away to protect the frontier. Thus, unconscious of danger—and, even had they known, defenceless where danger threatened—the aged and infirm, women and children, presented a fitting occasion for the exercise of one of the most cold-blooded plots ever devised by demons for the destruction of innocence.

The fifteenth of May was the night fixed for the celebration of the dreadful orgies. For two days previously, strangers were observed arriving from various points, and concentrating their strength in the vicinity of those places on which their atrocious design was to fall with exterminating violence. The convent of Recollets, and many of the houses in Luzern, were the chief points of rendezvous; and here the conspirators assembled to the amount of seven hundred or upwards. On the morning of the fifteenth, their design was avowed; the watchword passed, and already they exulted in the completion of their atrocious purpose. But, in the midst of their anticipated crime, the report reached the ear of the Roman Catholic curé of Luzern, M. Brianza, at the confessional. Horror-struck at the enormity of the guilt to which these fanatics—the professors of his own faith—had devoted themselves, this good man, with a zeal and intrepidity which would have done honour to a Leger, hastened to warn the unsuspecting victims, and thereby defeat, by timely alarm, what he could not check by any personal efforts. Messengers arrived at nearly the same instant at Latour, and the village of St. John. A conference was instantly held, in which Capt. Odetti, also a Roman Catholic, and equally zealous as Brianza to foil the assassins, took a part. This gallant soldier had been solicited to join in the conspiracy,

but shrunk back from the revolting proposal with that indignation which all must feel, to whom the dictates of religion, and the laws of humanity and honour are dear. "No!" said he, "the sword I have hitherto carried, is for the defence, not for the destruction of my fellow-citizens; and, if it *must* be drawn, its edge shall be turned against the assassin. The blood of the innocent shall never stain its blade. But this is not a moment for quiet deliberation—we must act; the mine is ready to explode; and those who should defend their own families, are protecting ours on the frontier. Shame to my infatuated countrymen! maniacs, who repay their intrepid defenders, by devoting their families to destruction—wolves, that ravage the fold while the shepherd is absent!—It must not be. I will lay my body in the gap ere my country's annals be blackened with this indelible stigma upon its honour. But we must hasten to apprize the commandant: pray for instant succour—barricade the streets and doors—retire the women and children—and be prepared, few and feeble as ye are, to stem the first wave as ye best may. If speedy succour arrive, all may be well—and yet, who will believe such tidings?—but, if otherwise, nothing but a miracle can deliver you."

In this state of suspense, messengers followed one another in rapid succession to General Godin, who commanded the district. But these expresses pleaded in vain. Himself a generous Swiss soldier, he lent only an incredulous ear to their supplication:—"A mere panic," he said; "because, forsooth, a few women and children have been frightened into fits by some phantom called up by the force of their own imaginations, they must needs have their fathers, and husbands, and brothers to desert their post, and conjure the ghost. No! soldiers on a frontier have other duties; if it be a case for exorcism, send for the priest." "Nay, general," said the messenger, with great solemnity of manner, "it *is* a case for exorcism, but one in which physical strength, not spiritual incantation, must be employed. As surely as you hold command in this camp, so surely will the Protestant subjects of His Majesty fall victims to a sanguinary plot, unless your immediate interposition, or a direct miracle from Heaven, obviate the catastrophe." "Impossible!" said the general. "Human nature is not so utterly depraved!"

"So it was thought on the eve of the Sicilian Vespers—on the eve of St. Bartholomew—on the eve when Castrocaro—when Pianezza—when De la Trinité"—— "Stop," said the general sternly; "these are matters which I will not hear; it is not your business to question, much less to criticise, the actions of great men." "True," said the messenger, firmly—"true; but it is my business to warn great men from following pernicious examples. In a word,

at this moment the lives of thousands await in trembling suspense the decision of General Godin. Nay," continued the messenger, "does the history of that Confederacy—of which you yourself are a free citizen—do the annals of Switzerland furnish no instance of similar plots? What had befallen the unsuspecting advocates of Helvetian liberty, if—on that dark night when the band of assassins were ready to sally forth from their lurking-place by the lake of Lucern—the magistrate had turned a deaf ear to the voice that told him of 'danger?' If on the night of Entlibuch—of Brug—of Rheinfelden—but I need not multiply instances; I only repeat that the danger is imminent, and cannot be averted unless by the strong arm of government."

Godin fixed his eyes steadily on the speaker, as if to detect some sinister design; but the Vaudois, meeting his glance with an unflinching look, the general turned aside, as if staggered in his resolution, yet unwilling to betray the fact. His humanity, his honour as a soldier, his duty to the sovereign, and those doubts of which he could not entirely divest himself, were all struggling for the mastery. But how was he to march without the sanction, or even knowledge of the government—and that, too, against subjects of whose *illegal* assembling he had no authentic information? There was no time, neither, for reconnoitring; the hour was already at hand; and, before even its existence could be *proved*, the mine might explode.

At this critical moment the sixteenth courier arrived. The same story of conspiracy and massacre was laid before the general, but in terms still more emphatic than the last. The day was fast waning, and a night of unfeigned terror descending upon the Valleys.

A storm, also, which had been collecting for several hours, now burst forth with great violence; and, as if to abet the destruction meditated by the hand of man, struck additional terrors into the hearts of the distracted inhabitants. "Now," they said, "no assistance can reach us; no troops can march under the accumulated impediments of storm and darkness!—but these are both favourable to those who seek our lives, and the hour is at hand when these hearths must be stained with the blood of our children. Hark, the signal!—the vesper bell from the convent of Recollets! O that our husbands—our sons—our brothers were here!" Such were the frantic ejaculations that passed from lip to lip.

In every thunder-crash that burst over their heads—in every gust that groaned through the lofty chestnuts—they heard the precipitate steps of the murderers, and, in the checquered lightnings, saw the glance of the assassins' steel! When

strongly excited, the mind invested every object in the hues of its own complexion; and now that no tidings arrived from the frontier, the severe conflict which hope had maintained against terror was fast subsiding into despair. The hour, too, at which the assassins were to cross the river had arrived—the signal had passed—and the next might see them on the threshold of their victims. This fearful apprehension, too, was strengthened by those who kept watch. The grouping of women and children around the sick and aged—those whom they could not remove, and would not desert—that torpor into which the certainty of death had plunged their previously excited spirits—their inarticulate words, vacant looks, and that inexpressible sense of impending destruction which crushed the power of speech in some, while it gave violent expression to it in others—are circumstances on which we need not dwell; they are only to be understood by those—and those, it is hoped, are few—who have passed so dreadful an ordeal.

Through this terrible storm, however, which the diabolical machinations of man had armed with tenfold terror, unexpected light burst upon the devoted inhabitants. A messenger, in breathless haste, announced that troops were hastening to their aid. Godin, though still incredulous of the fact, and aware of the responsibilities attached to his office, yet overcome by the supplications of the Vaudois, had reluctantly consented. A detachment was ordered out, and, in a forced march, followed in the track of the last courier. In a few minutes the Vaudois portion was far ahead of their comrades, and rushed on to the defence of all that was dearest to them. Their efforts were redoubled by the continued dread of reaching the scene too late, while voices of supplication and encouragement met them in the darkness. The roads, rendered impassable by the torrents, offered the greatest obstacles to their advance; but, with an ardour that smiled at impossibilities, they plunged into the stream, scaled precipices, descended ravines, and, bounding from rock to rock, struggled forward with a speed and determination which nothing could abate. The darkness, unless when relieved by the frequent lightnings that flashed around, was intense; but in the fitful glare they discovered the familiar landmarks of home, and thus, guided in their progress by that very element which gave a more terrific character to the storm, reached the doomed Valley before daybreak. As they neared that spot where all had left some ties to hallow the domestic hearth, their hearts beat quick, and each looked wildly around him as if he expected to find some proof that the massacre had taken place. But all was still: neither the stir of feet, nor the murmur of voices struck the ear. In this stillness they seemed to read the tidings of death—the consummation of their worst fears; and

the arms that were already lifted for the defence of their dearest ties, sank helplessly by their side. This may be easily explained; for having been expected at a different point, thither all who could, had directed their steps; and thus their intrepid, and now almost exhausted deliverers were exposed to a most painful trial. But the news "They are come! they are come!" spread in an instant; and a tumultuous welcome from wives and children, who encumbered them with caresses, told them that all was yet safe!

On the scene that followed we need not here dilate. The band of conspirators who had started on their expedition at the sound of the vesper bell—a sound sufficiently ominous in history—were impeded by two causes:—the fury of the tempest, and the report of advancing troops. Overtaken by the first of these, many of their accomplices had been unable to reach their destination. On that account the general muster fell short of the number expected, while those who were already on the spot, intimidated by the dreadful aspect of the night, and their own probable rencontre with the troops, hesitated; and, at length, struck with a guilty panic, abandoned the horrid enterprise, and fled in every direction.

Much to the honour of the Vaudois, not an arm was lifted against those who had meditated their destruction—although many were now in their power. To the laws of their country alone they looked for redress. The names of the conspirators being ascertained, a list, amounting to eight hundred, with the necessary evidence, was placed in the hands of the government, but no legal proceedings were ever instituted. General Godin, though not publicly censured for the part he had taken, was privately superseded in his command, and shortly after dismissed from the service—facts which clearly demonstrate the unfortunate policy by which the existing authorities were actuated in their investigation of a plot, to which it is impossible to advert without feelings of disgust and abhorrence.

VALLEYS OF RORA AND ANGROGNE.

"Un prestige indéfinissable arrête le voyageur en face de ses vieilles montagnes, que tant de persécutions ont ensanglantées—où chaque rocher vit périr quelque victime."
MUSTON.

BEFORE taking leave of the Val-Pelice, and crossing the mountain to Rora, we shall here introduce an anecdote highly illustrative of those practical virtues which form the distinguishing features in the Waldensian character.

While the late revolutionary war spread terror and desolation in the Valleys, the wounded on both sides were treated with the most exemplary humanity by the Vaudois. When the French, after an ineffectual struggle to maintain their newly acquired ascendency, were compelled to retire before the combined forces of Russia and Austria, three hundred of their sick and disabled were left in Bobi and the neighbourhood. To minister to the necessities of such a body of men, even under the most favourable circumstances, would have been ruinous to so small a community; but, when rendered helpless by wounds, or exhausted by sickness, the burden was doubly oppressive to the inhabitants, whose active humanity far exceeded their humble means. For a time, the wounded were assiduously attended, fed, and consoled by the very people whom their expedition was calculated to oppress. Many were incapable of exertion from the nature of their injuries; others, though recovering, had only a distant prospect of being enabled to quit the hospitable roof and join the army. The reverses of the last campaign had crippled the resources to which, under more favourable circumstances, they would have looked for aid; but still, for this wreck of a great army, an asylum was thrown open in the midst of those who, lately formidable as enemies, were now their only friends.

But the exercise of this charity became every day more difficult, in proportion as it involved privations which the already impoverished natives had no means to obviate. It took "the children's bread and gave it to strangers;" and thus the horrors of a long winter, rendered doubly unwelcome by the prospect of scarcity, if not actual famine, became the subject of daily conversation. But how to better their circumstances—how to extricate themselves from the increasing demands upon their slender resources; how to reconcile the dictates of humanity towards the unfortunate, with the imperative calls of duty towards

their own families, was a question that weighed heavily on their hearts. Without a miracle, the "cruise of oil and the barrel of meal" must soon fail, and the host and his guest prepare to see the gaunt spectre of famine cross the threshold.

The question, though often agitated, remained unanswered. None could suggest an expedient by which the unhappy prisoners might be supplied, without sacrificing the little that remained for themselves. "Providence," said they, "has committed these unfortunate men to our care; and, while we discharge the duty of good Samaritans, and pour the oil of consolation into their wounds, will not suffer the exercise of a christian virtue to become the source of distress to us and our families. Our fathers were strangers in foreign lands, and by strangers were consoled and cherished; let it not appear that we have degenerated from them, by neglecting to evince our gratitude at a time when our gratitude cannot be better evinced than in ministering, as we do, to those whom the fate of war—nay, rather the fiat of Heaven—has committed to our care. That we should deviate in aught from the line of conduct prescribed to us as Christians, God forbid! But," continued the speaker, "our resources are forestalled; we have liberally stretched out our hands so long as we had wherewith to satisfy the demands of necessity; and now, that our own slender store is exhausted, to whose garner can we apply for reinforcement? When we say, 'A stranger has arrived, and I have nothing to set before him,' who will arise to give us a 'loaf of bread?' It is not a question of profit or loss, but a question of life or death. That which, even in our richest harvest, affords but a scanty provision to ourselves, can suffice but a short time for three hundred guests; and without friends to aid, or money to purchase the necessary supplies, what are our prospects?"

"Our prospects," said an aged Vaudois, "have been worse. Our fathers—under circumstances to which our own seem prosperous—had to fight many hard battles while their shelter was the cave—their food the winter berry—the fallen chestnuts—or the scattered ears of corn which they gathered from a deep layer of snow. Yet all these—hunger, and thirst, and fatigue, and cold, and continued watchings—they endured with a full and entire confidence that what they had undertaken as a commanded duty, the supreme Director of events would enable them to support. An entire confidence in God casteth out fear. Let us faithfully perform what is incumbent upon us, as humble believers in his overruling providence, and calmly abide the result. Let us 'remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; and them which suffer adversity, as being ourselves also in the body.'"

" The burden of which we complain," said a third, " is not to be thrown off but with dishonour, and a dereliction of those sacred duties of which, in our daily prayers, we all confess the obligation. To know more fully the course we ought to pursue, let us for a moment exchange situations with the brave men who claim our sympathy, and then consider, whether our conduct has been such as we should have expected from them, under like circumstances."

" No," said another individual present, " we will not alter our line of conduct; the friendless shall ever find us friends, and the voice of humanity an easy avenue to our hearts. We who have suffered afflictions, have learned, at least, to sympathize with the afflicted. Our scanty means, indeed, may be reduced, or even exhausted; but, even with this fearful prospect before us, the memory of a good action will soften the rigour of famine, and the bread now given to the stranger within our gates, bring us a recompense from heaven."

" But, in another month, when the means of support will have failed, and we ourselves must look to distant provinces for relief, how," inquired a former speaker, with very pardonable apprehension,—" how shall we provide for the helpless of our own community? The wild chestnut—and of that only a scanty supply—is our only resource!"

" I admit," said Rostaing, " that it is fully incumbent upon us to minister in all things to the relief of the wounded; but it will be no diminution of our charity if we employ it in a different channel.—Why not restore the whole detachment to their native country? The charity of so doing would be still greater than that of retaining them here; and by adopting the former expedient, we should serve these brave men without incurring ruin to ourselves." All eyes were turned to the speaker, who, in look and manner, evinced the hearty interest he felt in the concern; he was one of those who might have served under the glorious Arnaud.

" Restore them!" they exclaimed; " but how? Without any means of conveyance?—without horse, or mule, or wagon? How transport three hundred men over inhospitable mountains—deep snows—imminent dangers?"... " Yes," resumed the pastor, " we can—we *must* restore them to their own frontier. True, we have not for this purpose the means that attend upon a great army; but we have resolution, and, once resolved, expedients will offer. Summon to the good cause the strength of the Valley; employ every hand in the construction of litters: on these lay the sick and disabled, well protected from the cold, and our own fortitude will accomplish the rest. Those already convalescent, will offer little impediment to the march. The *col*, though terrible at this season to the timid, has nothing to appal us in so sacred a duty. Remember that the God who carried our ancestors across the dreadful Alps, and again

brought them back, will still be the watchful guardian of their children. His arm is not weakened that he cannot help. Resolve, my brethren! There is but one alternative—and on the manner in which we decide, the lives of many will this night depend." A murmur of approbation passed upward to the speaker, and then, in one simultaneous voice, they answered, "We are resolved!"

Every one now hastened to forward the enterprise. The languishing were informed that they should very shortly behold their native France, and be received in the forts of Briançon; but when they perceived no visible means for the accomplishment, they relapsed into despondence, thinking that this was only another of the many efforts, by which their kind-hearted entertainers sought to distract their minds from the depressing circumstances in which they were placed. But, at length, when the whole effective population was assembled, when litters were brought to every door, with willing hands to bear, and warm covering to protect them, they were moved to tears, and commenced their journey by invoking blessings upon the place and people, among whom they had experienced more than fraternal sympathy. Some were borne in litters by two men, and others carried on the shoulders of individuals; while those less incapacitated, by their wounds or weakness, to support the fatigues of the first stages of the dreary road, walked between their generous guides, who took every method to cheer their hearts, and alleviate the fatigues of the march.

The tranquil valley where Bobi—long consecrated as the abode of good men—slept in its sweet seclusion, at length disappeared; and the sick and wounded, taking a last look of its hospitable asylum, turned their faces to those everlasting snows which even a Roman army, in the pride of its conquests, viewed with dismay.

Well assured of the difficulties they must encounter, the hardships they must endure, the Waldenses were prepared for the enterprise. Neither the frowning rock, nor the foaming cataract—frozen at this moment into an icy precipice—arrested their steps, or drew their looks from the business in hand. But as these awful features of Nature flashed at intervals upon the prisoner's eyes, a sleepy horror crept through his blood, and a death, more dreadful than that which had spared him on the field of battle, now sounded his requiem at every step. The very silence of Nature, as occurring in the region of storms, was appalling; the fitful breeze, which at intervals shook from the pine its thick crust of snow, the clang of huge icicles dropping from the rocks, and the murmur of the distant thunder, scarcely audible, were the only sounds that met his ear. But silence in the Alps has usually its prospective terrors; it is like the silence that attends the mustering of troops for battle. Every rock

seemed to conceal its ambuscade; and the sky, into which the snowy pinnacles of the Cottian range shot up their ridgy crests, shed its freezing influence around the travellers. It was with the greatest difficulty that the wounded were enabled to shake off that treacherous slumber, the indulgence of which is death. That feeling which overpowered the victorious Vaudois in their ascent of the mountain of Sci, was strongly manifested in the Col-de-la-Croix. The rugged path, by its frequent doublings along the verge of precipices, under the shadow of impending rocks, and in many places admitting the travellers only one by one, presented difficulties to surmount, and dangers to encounter, which only those who have pursued the same track from Piedmont to Dauphiny, can imagine.

As the long file of wearied peasants—each supporting some war-broken guest in the manner described—wound across the western flank, and through a dense mass of pines that bristled over an ice-clad precipice, the first glimpse of the frontier brought animation to their hearts, and a shout of welcome and congratulation passed along the file. The sick looked up to bless the sight—the wounded waved his mutilated limb—and the feeble moved his lips in unison with the shout of "Vive la France! Vive ma Patrie!"—and they halted for several minutes, as if unable to proceed. There was a charm in the sound—a fascination in the first sight of home. For, although they had not returned as conquerors, they bore honourable wounds, and with the rekindling ardour of soldiers, talked of those victories that were yet in the lap of futurity!

The scene was of a description that will never again be seen on the Col-de-la-Croix. At length, when the bugles, answering each other from the forts of Briançon, brought the well-known air and its martial associations to his ear, the disabled soldier, starting like a war-horse at the sound, stood erect, and forgetting the cruel fate that had curtailed him of his fair proportions, caught the note, and in concord sang the "Glory of war." All appeared more or less inspired; and the word of mutual encouragement passed rapidly from van to rear. Those who, till now, had remained as if unconscious of all but the pain they endured, and the dreary scene through which they were passing, caught the infection, and gave free vent to those feelings known only to him who has been pining in hopeless exile. Wives, and children, and parents, and brothers, and sisters, and old companions in arms, advanced to meet the wounded. But the changed looks, the emaciated features, and mutilated limbs, made recognition often painful; while many, to their anxious inquiries after kinsmen, found none to reply!—Their bones "lay bleaching in the fields of Piedmont."

The soldiers, pointing to their deliverers, were liberal in their encomiums upon the Vaudois, who they affirmed had not only given them shelter and

succour in the hour of greatest need, but had undertaken on their behalf a journey from which the boldest might have shrunk back appalled. Those, then, were the people whom prejudice had branded as heretics, anathematized as "a progeny of Satan," and lo, their works of charity! "If there be," said some, "any merit in good works, here it is in the highest degree." "But what a pity that such men should obstinately renounce those catholic principles by which alone our admiration should be regulated!" This was the language of fanaticism; yet the general acclamation in which it was drowned made ample amends. But the most flattering testimony in their favour was, that Suchet, struck with admiration of such daring and disinterested conduct in behalf of his disabled troops, made it the subject of an "order of the day," in which he did justice to their intrepid deliverers.*

The Waldenses, having now accomplished this most meritorious work, turned their faces once more to the snows; but, as they slowly retraced their way, the apprehension that even this act of benevolence might bring destruction upon their families, weighed heavily upon their hearts. The remembrance of a good deed, however, was balm to their spirits, and braced them for every consequence that might ensue: the proof was at hand.

The government, instead of applauding this almost unparalleled act of humanity, prepared to visit the authors with unmerited severity. Such an act, they affirmed, could not be the spontaneous result of mere charity. No; it was a convincing proof of disaffection to their natural liege, and of partiality to the enemy; and the Vaudois must be punished. Their loyalty, however, was based on a foundation which could not be shaken by any thing short of facts; and as loyal subjects, they had the royal testimony recorded in their favour.† Prejudice, nevertheless, was strong, and in proportion to this strength, reason was weak, and, for a time, the Vaudois were branded as the avowed enemies of the state. But, under the protection of Heaven, and by representations on their own part, and continued intercession on that of their friends, proceedings were at length suspended, and the Vaudois absolved from a charge of which not a shadow of probability existed.

The commune of Rora, to which we now direct our steps, is justly entitled to the notice of every reflecting stranger. So long the asylum of a virtuous people, the theatre of their heroic achievements and calamities, and the scene on which Nature has lavished the most opposite gifts, it addresses itself in a particular manner to the readers of Waldensian history. Shut out from the more fertile districts of the Pô and the Pelice, and embosomed in alps, whose

* The order is dated Christmas-Eve, December 24, 1799.

† *See* the notice on Rora.

everlasting ramparts seem to deny all means of ingress, we might suppose it had never suffered an interruption to that internal tranquillity with which virtue, industry, and seclusion, reward their possessors. But, peaceful as the scene now appears—serenely as the day glides away, and is succeeded by another as bright—the time has been when every rock over which the broad chestnut throws its fruit and foliage, has echoed to the shouts of a brutal soldiery, and the unavailing shrieks of a helpless population :—

> "But these are past: and now the zephyr brings
> Health in its breath, and gladness on its wings."

The Valley of Rora is the smallest of its confederates, and though far from fertile by nature, is rendered comparatively so by the labour of its inhabitants. Rocks, projecting in isolated masses, or strewn in fragments along the surface, give it, at first sight, an aspect of unconquerable sterility; but, on a nearer approach, every crevice—every interval, where a sprinkling of earth is to be had, bears evidence of assiduous cultivation, and produces something to requite its frugal possessor. Chestnut-trees of luxuriant growth shade the inferior acclivities; and from these, in seasons of scarcity, a wholesome bread is prepared, which, with the luxury of new milk, furnishes a repast which the daintiest appetite might partake of with relish. Over the higher grounds, Nature has spread a rich carpet of vegetation; and thither, as the pastoral season arrives, the inhabitants repair with their families and cattle. After spending their summer on the hills in a life of patriarchal simplicity, they again descend to the valley as symptoms of winter set in, and there prosecute those branches of industry by which they may best satisfy the state, and minister to their own mutual necessities. Monte Viso, the Scea Bianca, and Mount Frioland,* add their sublime features to those of the minor Alps, and, overlooking the valley, stamp its scenery with unchanging magnificence. The village-capital, and its dependent hamlets, are all more or less picturesque—a character which is heightened by the grotesque log-buildings, the rocks, and trees, and torrents, through which they emerge, and with the last of which they have often to dispute existence in the storms that visit these alpine solitudes.

At that critical period of his reign, when his territory was overrun by French troops, his capital enduring a siege, and his other resources exhausted, Victor

* "La montagne de Friéland s'élève dans le fond du bassin : c'est une des plus hautes de nos Alpes. Dans le mois d'octobre, sur les trois heures de l'après-midi, on peut y voir, depuis la plaine de St. Jean, le soleil que se refracte à son sommet sur une surface inclinée, l'illuminant jusqu'à un certain point de sa lumière : on dirait un phare en plein jour, ou la pointe dorée d'un immense paratonnerre."—*Muston*, liv. i. p. 44.

Amadeus found his only asylum in the fastness of Rora. Here he had ocular demonstration of the loyalty of his Waldensian subjects, who now formed his body-guard, and by their devotion to his person fully disproved the calumnies so industriously circulated against them. The family of Durand-Canton, to whose dutiful service the sovereign was more expressly indebted, still preserve the silver goblet, or drinking cup, presented to their ancestor as a memorial of the great satisfaction the duke had experienced while under the protection of Rora. As a still "more convincing proof of a thorough good will to this family," his highness confirmed to them the privilege of using their "garden as a burial-ground"—a favour which, at that time, must have been regarded as no mean concession.*

During the terrible persecution which, in 1655, carried fire and sword into the Valleys, Rora had its full proportion of calamity; but it called forth one of those ardent spirits which from time to time relieve, like meteors, the darkness of a troubled night, and exhibit those virtues which are seldom brought into action but in moments of great emergency. The individual to whom we allude was a native of Rora, named Janavel, whose genius and intrepidity are the subject of unqualified admiration. After the calamities to which La Tour, Villar, and St. John, had been subjected, under the exterminating violence of Pianessa, a similar doom was intended for Rora, and Count Christovel charged with its execution. Janavel, however, had narrowly watched their secret movements, and, seconded by a small determined band, whom he had trained for the purpose, threw himself into the defile by which the enemy was already advancing upon Rora. Posting himself on a rock, and distributing his comrades so as to act at a moment's notice, he calmly waited the approach of Christovel and his myrmidons. The latter, persuaded that their ruthless proceedings on the other side of the Pelice had paralyzed all further resistance, and ensured them an easy entrance to Rora, advanced with little attention to order. "These *barbets*,"† said they, "have been taught such a lesson within these few days, that we shall have not a sword to draw, nor a shot to fire; so we may take it leisurely, and keep our strength for the chase." "For myself," said another, "I dislike your bloodless victories—sharp swords and round volleys for me; your quiet shepherd-like expedition is death to a soldier of spirit!" . . .

* "They asked for freedom—but the monarch gave
Freedom of conscience, only in the grave;
For there alone the heretic transgressor
Might hope to find a refuge from the oppressor."

† The usual term of reproach by which the Protestants of these Valleys were distinguished by their Catholic neighbours; and such as, in the East, is employed by good Mussulmen of the present day to express their contempt of the Nazarenes, or "Christian *dogs*," to which the epithet *barbet* is equivalent.

"Stop there," said a *moustache*, who caught the last words, "the expedition is not over; and before it is, there is *one*, at least, who may wish he had still been a shepherd." . . . "Coward!" retorted the other, fiercely drawing his *spada*, "my silence has spared thee a more ignominious end. Defend thyself; and know, ere thou diest, that I saw the deed!—saw thee perpetrate!" . . . "Well," interrupted the other, calmly, "I suppose thou sawest me deal a few hearty blows, which, perchance, were fatal in the late affray—what then?" "I did," replied the other, "but these blows fell only on women and children!" "And *thine*, Signor Cavalliero, on the aged and defenceless!" . . . "A gallant pair!" exclaimed the first speaker. "Women and children are safe indeed when such magnanimous heroes bear the duke's commission!" "What," inquired another, "have we not full absolution for whatever we are forced to do in the way of duty? Are we not bound by religion as well as loyalty to extirpate this race of *barbets?* And what does it signify, if, at times, our zeal do overstep moderation? Their destruction is *decreed*, and he performs his duty best who despatches most. What say you, Signor Caporello?" "Nothing," replied the corporal; "soldiers have no business to think—that department belongs to their superiors—but," he added, in a whisper, "to-day's march will hardly mend our rations! A day under Pianessa is worth fifty *scudi*. In the late affair, every man has secured pay for a twelvemonth." "And why may not we to-day?" inquired the other. "Every house in Rora is given up to pillage, and these barbets have generally something to compensate one for the trouble of taking it." . . . "True, their gold is better than their creed; and if,"—he added, with mock solemnity—"if it cost a little blood in the gaining, we soon forget that in the spending. But, indeed, I become tender-hearted to the cause—it pays so well! Now, thanks to the Propaganda and the obstinacy of heretics, a soldier may live by his profession. And why not? if swords be made to slay, and heretics to be slain, Giuseppe's the man." . . . "It were ill policy, however, to extirpate the breed; we must not root up the tree while we require its shelter; and as this sort of warfare is *gainful* as well as glorious, why, we must act like the provident chamois-hunter—allow two or three of the flock to escape so as to secure sport for the next season." "But," interposed a former speaker, "our orders are explicit—'Take, burn, slay, and destroy!'—and as for this Rora, his excellency has sworn not to be outdone in loyalty, even by Pianessa himself, and will this very day, by its destruction, give a splendid example of attachment to his sovereign. Well, well—provided we soldiers enjoy the plunder, Christovel may have the praise—that fills no pockets."

Thus pleasantly discoursing on the business before them, Christovel and his battalion—three hundred strong—had now reached a point of the ascent where a rocky outpost, covered with dense chestnut-trees, runs seemingly across the pass, closing the view to the south, and commanding the approach from both flanks, as well as from the centre. "What an admirable post of defence!" said Moustache, looking up to the wooded rocks that hung half suspended over the road; "so well guarded by nature, these barbets might render their fastness impregnable at very small expense. . . A score of musqueteers—men like ourselves—planted on these rocks, might keep an army at bay. But, abandoned to destruction, all thoughts of defence have been given up, and they only wait to bid us welcome." . . . "We do!" exclaimed a voice of thunder, suddenly interrupting the colloquy; and, before the speaker could finish his sentence, a volley of musketry from right and left carried death into the advancing column. No enemy was visible; but the volume of curling smoke that rolled down the rocks, told the direction of the shot, and furnished indubitable evidence that Christovel and his vanguard were caught between two fires. Thrown into utter confusion by this unexpected salutation, the battalion retraced their steps in terror and precipitation—the rear, who had not yet come up, overthrown by the van—and all hastening towards Villar. But having in their retreat to cross a dense forest, where their haste was necessarily impeded, the same invisible agents were again upon them, and every tree seemed to discharge a bullet. The havoc thus renewed put Christovel and his band completely to the rout, and saved Rora from meditated destruction; while Janavel and his eight co-patriots hastened to concert further measures for its defence.

The disgrace which attached to this enterprize Pianessa resolved to retrieve by a fresh attempt, and with this view ordered another detachment of five hundred men to cross the mountain. Fully aware that such would be the case, Janavel had employed the interval in devising means for its defeat. All the force he could muster, however, amounted to only seventeen men—eleven of whom were good marksmen, and the others expert slingers; and with these he resolved to intercept the enemy's progress. The nature of the ground over which the latter had to pass being well suited for ambuscade, Janavel once more adopted this expedient, and when the enemy had advanced to a certain point, so as to expose their front, his diminutive band opened so galling a fire upon them, that they were again driven back to their quarters with great loss, and full of astonishment at the invisible army which had so unaccountably interrupted their march.

The news of a second defeat was the signal for vengeance. To insure this, Pianessa ordered in detachments from all the neighbouring stations, and having completed his muster, sent them once more on the pass to Rora. The service, however, had become unpopular; two successive defeats had inspired a degree of superstitious terror among the troops, which they took little pains to conceal. Under this impression, they were boldly met by Janavel and his band, and after a brief and irresolute struggle, again dispersed with shame and discomfiture. The champion and his comrades now began to feel that Heaven was indeed on their side, and that their beloved Rora should yet be spared the dreadful visitation to which its unhappy neighbours had been doomed. But the oftener the danger was repulsed, the more formidable it became, and, one detachment routed, another was sent in its track. Enraged by so many failures, and piqued for his own military character, Pianessa renewed the expedition under more favourable circumstances, and with a new and much stronger force. It happened, however, that the point of rendezvous was misunderstood by several of the detachments, so that only a part of the intended force marched upon Rora. This battalion, however, was so much encumbered with plunder, that it could offer no effective resistance to the determined courage of men who fought only for the sanctity of their altars and hearths. The arm of the mercenary was feeble, when opposed to that which derived its strength from the justice of its cause. The rencontre was brief, and soon left Janavel and his band in possession of the field. Panic-struck, and abandoning the plunder of which, during the preceding days, they had robbed the inhabitants, the whole detachment was routed and driven upon precipices that flanked an impetuous torrent, where the only chance left of escape was to lower themselves from the rocks by means of cords fastened to the trees which overhung the abyss. This forlorn hope they caught with the eagerness of despair, and, in some instances, with success; but of those who reached the bottom safely, the greater part were either swept down by the roaring torrent that filled the chasm, or, unable to ford it or swim across, were reserved for a more protracted and miserable fate. Others, in their haste and consternation, dropped at once from the precipices, and were dashed to pieces on the rocks.

This victory was followed by another on the same day; for the patriots having met a fresh detachment on its march from Villar, an immediate engagement took place, and terminated in favour of Rora and its champions. With this, however, the brilliant career of Janavel and his companions approached its term; and the arm that had been so undauntedly interposed between Rora and its enemy, was destined to be withdrawn.

Pianessa was now exasperated almost to frenzy by a series of actions in which his forces had contracted the imputation of cowardice, or incapacity; and in which a handful of peasants had foiled the tactics of a disciplined army. Calling his officers together, he held a council of war, in which it was resolved to concentrate the whole army, and then, by dividing it into separate corps, block up every pass, and by a simultaneous movement from every accessible avenue, secure the destruction of Rora. "In this manner," said they, "we shall cause a diversion in our favour; pressed by our several divisions, the barbets must distribute their band into parties, where their defence can only be momentary; their resistance at one point will admit our troops at another; and a slight skirmish at most afford us ample and speedy revenge." This scheme was loudly applauded, and it was those only who retained a vivid recollection of the late disasters that gave their reluctant consent to the measure. The dread of Janavel and his ambuscade operated powerfully on their imaginations; rocks, and precipices, and torrents, and the shrieks of their perishing comrades, sobered the demonstration of joy with which the less experienced hailed their general's proposal. But the ardent desire of revenge, and the unrestricted license to slay and plunder, gave ascendency to the viler passions, and secured unanimity. Thus excited, the divisions again crossed the Pelice, and filling every avenue through the forests, made a general movement upon the devoted Rora.

To meet this overwhelming force, Janavel, as Pianessa had rightly surmised, was compelled to take up his position in that part of the mountains which was most accessible; and while gallantly defending the weaker part of the frontier, the enemy succeeded in forcing a passage in the opposite direction. This effected, the enraged soldiery rushed headlong upon the village, and meeting little resistance, abandoned themselves to the work of destruction. The inhabitants, whose only effective members were now expending their last patriotic efforts on the frontier, consisted of old men, women, and children; and on these the infuriated troops fell with the impetuosity of wolves rushing upon a fold. A general massacre—such as in our own country stained the valley of Glenco, and such as had already fallen upon La Tour—followed the assault. Atrocities, to which we cannot give utterance, and for which it might be difficult in the present day to obtain belief, were not only sanctioned by the word, but encouraged by the example, of those whose glory it should have been to spare the aged, and respect the claims of innocence and beauty. But, deaf to the voice of Nature, and dead to every feeling that could elevate the conqueror above the beast of prey, supplication was only answered by the sabre;

every soldier took upon himself the office of an executioner, till the devoted hamlet presented the spectacle of a vast scaffold strewn with victims, and streaming with blood.

In a few hours, their dreadful commission executed, the soldiers gave themselves up to riot and plunder, and over the smoking ruins and blood-stained hearths of Rora, celebrated their horrible triumph. A few of the inhabitants, who were spared from motives of avarice, reserved as evidence, or destined for the public scaffold, were transported to the prisons of Turin.* When the morning sun rose upon the village, not a voice was heard, nor a hearth left standing; but a mass of smouldering ashes, through which protruded at intervals the ghastly features of the slain, carried its appeal to the gates of heaven. But we spare the reader's feelings, and forbear to prosecute a picture which, unhappily for the honour of human nature, is only such as, even in our own day, may be found too closely imitated in the provinces of a neighbouring kingdom.

At this epoch of a disastrous history, it will be naturally inquired what became of Janavel? Having witnessed the destruction of his home and kindred, the enemy in possession of every approach, and nothing more to defend in the solitudes of Rora, he transferred his strength to a fresh point of attack, and joining another undaunted patriot, named Bartholomew Jayer, took up a position among the natural fastnesses of Angrogne. Here, engaging in a sort of guerilla warfare, which kept the enemy in constant apprehension, he drove in their outposts, cut off their detachments, seized their convoys, and blockading them in their strongholds, became in every sense the avenger of his murdered kinsmen. Supported by Jayer, their united efforts held the licentious troops in check, till at length, the sanguinary edict being withdrawn, they obtained the peace of 1655.

It is recorded of this intrepid individual, that, when Pianessa threatened to burn his wife and children at the stake, unless he surrendered himself a prisoner and abjured his religion, he nobly replied: "As to the first condition, my wife and children are in his hands, and if such be God's will he may accomplish his

* Janavel's "sister, Marguerita, the wife of Giuseppe Garniero, possessed a spirit worthy of her undaunted brother. When Rora was attacked, and while she was exhorting her husband to assist in defending the place to the last, she received a shot in her bosom. 'Do not be shaken by this,' she exclaimed to her husband, 'but endure the cross with patience, and hold out to the end.' Such might almost ennoble guilt, but it hallows the victim of persecution."—GILLY.

Among those whose names occupy an affecting page in the "Martyrology" of this secluded commune, Giovanni Pallias, and Paolo Clementi, have transmitted to their descendants bright examples of that christian fortitude which could blunt the fiercest pangs of corporeal suffering, and transform even the terrors of the scaffold into a triumph.

threat; but this barbarous act can only affect their bodies, for which their religion teaches them not to be over solicitous. If brought to the stake, they will be supported in the hour of trial. Their faith is proof against terror, and enables the innocent to look with complacent eye upon what is terrible only to the guilty. What was once said to Pilate, I now say to Pianessa:—'Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above.' As to the question of *apostasy;* shall I abjure those principles I have so long defended with my blood?—principles unchangeable as the word of God? Shall I desert *his* cause for the hopes of a renegade? No!—in that cause which I have thus feebly espoused, I am ready to perish. The terrors of the Inquisition are mild, compared with the upbraidings of conscience; and I shall never incur the one, by shrinking from the other."

He kept his word, and shortly afterwards died, as he had lived, the uncompromising champion of religious freedom. To such a man the ancients would have raised statues; and the reader will not think it too much that we have inscribed his name on a more perishable tablet.

"Non ille pro caris amicis
Aut patria timidus perire."

Reserving, for the present, what further observations we had to make on Rora, we recross the Pelice, and leaving La Tour on the left, enter the romantic scenery of Angrogne. This mountain defile, with its richly variegated features of hanging woods, rustic hamlets, and rushing streams, holds a distinguished place among the historical scenes of the Waldenses. In all the calamitous epochs of their existence as a persecuted people, its recesses have both witnessed their triumphs and sufferings. Intrenched among its natural fastnesses, they could watch the hostile movements directed against them, and not unfrequently roll back the tide upon their oppressors.

The first object that awakens particular interest on entering the defile, is the old Protestant Church of Angrogne, which has been superseded by the new structure at St. John's, already mentioned. Its situation is lonely and picturesque; but its serene and tranquil solitude acquires a tenfold interest when viewed in connexion with those times when the pastor and his oppressed flock met within its walls; when they expounded together that word on which their faith was built, and on which they grounded the justice of their cause. If the fragments of a heathen temple have power to draw the curious traveller aside for the mere indulgence of some classical speculation, the holier influence

which still clings to this deserted shrine, cemented by the blood of martyrs, cannot fail to actuate the stranger with feelings of a higher order. It seems as if a voice still addressed him from its sanctuary; as if the sepulchral tablets with which its walls are here and there encrusted, brought back the dead. Every name recals some feature in the history of those struggles, out of which, like gold from the furnace, the Waldenses rose with brighter and more abiding lustre. At this altar they met in holy communion; left it to sustain various trials, in which life and property were sacrificed; and here again, when the storm subsided, they returned to the exercise of that worship for which they had suffered so much. Here, too, mingling his ashes with the obscure members of a kindred worship, the Protestant exile of northern countries rests with his "elder brethren of the south." It requires little effort of imagination to picture to ourselves the scenes which this humble temple must have presented when filled by its primitive congregation. There stood the pastor, exhorting them to fortitude, patience, and forgiveness; and illustrating in his own life and conversation the beauty of his precepts. Here, refreshed by his discourse, and confirmed by his example, the persecuted flock stood eagerly listening to those divine maxims by which alone the weight of oppression could be lightened, and the drooping heart strengthened for new trials. But, when the speaker touched upon the immediate dangers which threatened them—the necessity which impelled every member of his flock to preserve the worship of God immaculate; to ward off from that altar, where they stood, the profane hands leagued for its destruction—his voice became more emphatic, his eye kindled, and his manner, rising with the elevation of his feelings, showed that he who thus exhorted them from the pulpit would not desert them in the field. With the conscientious discharge of his pastoral duties, he united those of a zealous and disinterested patriot; and with the mild forbearance of a saint, the skill and intrepidity of a soldier. Such were the pastors who once ministered within these walls.

On the right, a portion of the disjointed floor, hollowed by the steps of those who have long passed away, indicates the spot where the marriage and baptismal vows have so often given a deeper interest to the day's solemnity. There stood the Vaudois bride, in her simple attire, and singleness of heart, consecrating her days to him whose name, perhaps, was already registered in the black roll of the Inquisition! Here the young mother presented her babe for that sacred rite, which was to add one more name to the heirs of redemption. But where was he who should have shared in this solemnity, and whose name was here transferred to the child? Like hundreds of his brethren, he had perished in

resisting the band of military executioners who had wasted the fairest portion of Angrogne with fire and sword. The scenes, however, that have transpired within these walls, and bequeathed to them a lasting sanctity, will readily suggest themselves to all who are familiar with the history of the place and people. But what confers a peculiar interest on this Vaudois temple is, that, from the time of its erection till it was superseded by the new church, freedom of conscience was strictly prohibited, and the pastor and his hearers exposed to every mark of degradation and violence. Here they took pious counsel on the eve of fresh calamities; and here, when the night of terror had passed away, they renewed their vows, and invoked the protection of Heaven.

An object of still deeper interest in the district, is the Pra-del-Tor.* Here, during the darkness which overshadowed the states of Christendom, the light of pure religion was kept burning, in illustration of its own motto—"Lux lucet in tenebris." Here the ancient BARBES, or pastors of the Valleys, had their school of divinity, where the youth were instructed in the sacred duties of the ministry, and sent forth into distant countries and provinces to preach those doctrines by which the principles of the Reformation were gradually matured. This ancient sanctuary occupies a deep secluded hollow in the mountains, encircled by lofty rocks, which appear to shut out the world, and to secure for their inhabitants a life of holy study and contemplation. But of the original college not a vestige remains; its professors were scattered, its scanty revenue confiscated, and not "one stone left upon another." Thinking, perhaps, that, by introducing their own form of worship into a place so sacred in the eyes of every Vaudois, they might weaken their attachment, and draw over some portion of the Protestant community to the Catholic church, the benevolent priests have had a chapel erected on the spot, and consecrated by the bishop of Pignerol. The measure, however, has not been followed by the success anticipated. Had they raised a temple to Jupiter Ammon in the same place, and called upon the inhabitants to abandon their faith and burn incense upon his altar, their chance of making proselytes would have been nearly the same. But the reign of intolerance is now happily past; and, in the eyes of the sincere Christian, it is of little importance who are the founders, or the altars, so long as they ascribe glory to the same GOD, and cease to persecute a dissenting brother.

* "C'est là, que durant les plus épaisses ténèbres, et les plus grandes persécutions, les anciens Barbes ont encore toujours librement presché et conservé le collége, où ils instruisaient ceux qu'ils preparaient au saint ministère; d'où, jusqu'au temps de la Réformation, ils tiraient la plupart des pasteurs qu'ils envoyaient precher l'Evangile ès pays éloignés—et d'où, aussi, l'on envoyait des jeunes gens étudier dans les Vallées."—LEGER, P. I. chap. i.

" Périsse à jamais l'affreuse politique
Qui prétend sur les cœurs un pouvoir despotique;
Qui veut, le fer en main, convertir les mortels;
Qui du sang hérétique arrose les autels!
Et, suivant un faux zèle, ou l'intérêt pour guides,
Ne sert un DIEU de paix, que par des homicides!"

To return to the Barbes, or pastors of the Waldensian church. It is related in one of the manuscripts preserved at Cambridge, that they once assembled at a synod held in this neighbourhood to the amount of one hundred and forty. But the apparent extravagance of this number is readily explained, when we are informed, on the same authority, that they were sent, by turns, as missionaries into every part of Europe, to visit their scattered brethren, and preach the gospel. The countries to which these pious labourers in the vineyard directed a more particular attention, were Bohemia, the states of Germany, and England; in all of which the purity of their faith and practice brought over many proselytes. They paved the way for Wickliffe, John Huss, Jerome of Prague, and many others, who eagerly embraced their evangelical tenets, and sealed the testimony with their blood. If the documents to which we refer may be relied on—and their authority has never been questioned—" we must admit," says an able and judicious writer, " the existence of a body of men, who not only preserved, but actively diffused, the true light of the gospel during those very ages in which we are too apt to consider it as having been extinguished. Nor was this," he continues, " the casual work of detached individuals, but the constant object of succeeding generations, acting in concert, and acknowledging the same ecclesiastical authority. Sublime, indeed, is the picture of these venerable Christians, assembled in conclave among Alpine snows to protect a doctrine as superior in glorious simplicity to that opposed by them, as their own native mountains to the gorgeous cupola of St. Peter's."*

The synod, composed of the different pastors and elders, chosen by their parishes, and presided over by the moderator, always possessed the chief authority in the Waldensian church. It took cognizance, not only of all ecclesiastical matters, but even of temporal differences and disputes; which, in the first instance, were referred to the elders, and from the elders to the parish consistory,† who appointed arbitrators for their final adjustment. Seldom could a dispute outlive this process; or if it did, it then became a question for the synod. Much of the same admirable practice is kept up in the present day.

* Acland, Compend. p. 80.

† The Consistory was composed of all the elders, and the deacon; the elders were only chosen after a rigid examination; and out of their number the deacon was elected, whose office was to take charge of, and distribute the alms, and account for them to the pastor. But lest this admirable discipline, of which we

These slight misunderstandings, which in other countries would swell into grievous law-suits, are here adjusted by the interposition of friends, and restored to harmony by the mild exhortation of the pastor.

A short distance from Prassuyt, is a singular chaos of rocks, grotesquely piled together, and shaded by luxuriant chestnut-trees. It seems to have been the result of some remote *éboulement*, or land-slip—a common phenomenon in the Alps; but what gives it a particular claim to the stranger's notice, is a spacious cavern which it contains, in which, according to tradition, the ancient inhabitants of these Valleys found refuge in times of persecution, and a tranquil spot for administering the sacrament, from which they were debarred by the spies of the Inquisition. With respect to the unsullied morals for which the Waldenses have been so justly celebrated by Catholic as well as Protestant writers, the annexed is a noble testimony. Often, whilst the armies of their persecutors were pouring in upon them, and they were compelled to seek refuge in "dens, and caves of the earth," their Catholic neighbours, in order to place their daughters beyond the reach of a brutal soldiery, intrusted them to the guardianship of the Waldenses. De Thou, himself a Catholic writer, and therefore less likely to be misled by partiality to the Waldenses, offers the same frank and emphatic record in their behalf.*

The parochial commune of Prarustin is situated on the ridge of hills extending in front of Pignerol, and behind which, on the west, lies the secluded valley of Turina. The church is built on a rising ground, called St. Barthélemy—a name which can awaken no pleasing associations; and about half a league distant, is Rocheplate, a chapel of ease belonging to the parish. The acclivities here, affording a fine aspect, and a soil favourable to the grape, present a succession of vineyards all managed with great care, and yielding a wine of superior flavour and quality. The view which the rising ground commands is eminently beautiful, and, extending over the adjoining plain of Piedmont, comprises an infinite variety of striking features, among which are the villages of Bricheras, St. Second, Garsiliana, and Mombron—the latter supposed to have formed part of Prarustin at that period of their history when the Waldenses had colonies in almost every district of Piedmont. Besides the great concourse

can here present only an imperfect outline, should be affected by the caprices or passions incidental to human nature, its rules were accurately defined and drawn up in the form of *canons*, a copy of which is preserved in the MSS. already quoted, and is thus headed: "The Discipline by means of which the Barbes, or Pastors, of the Vaudois have preserved the true doctrine, and have prevented and corrected disorderly living."—*See* ACKLAND'S *Compendium of the History of the Vaudois.*

* "Præcipua Castitatis cura et honos inter Valdenses; adeo ut vicini, qui alioqui ab eorum religione alieni erant, ut filiarum suarum pudicitiæ consulerent, vim a licentioso milite veriti, eas Valdensium curæ ac fidei committerent."—*Thuani*, lib. xxvii. t. ii. p. 19.

of people who resorted hither — particularly to the churches of the Val-Luzern, as lying more in convenience with lower Piedmont—and who required the frequent preaching of the gospel, the pastors were also obliged to minister in various other places where the Protestants were numerous. They went about from place to place baptising infants, consoling the afflicted, instructing the ignorant, and all who were in need. They had stated times at which they repaired to the castles and other residences of the chief nobility, where the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered from time to time. For a field of labour so extensive, the number of preachers was insufficient; and of the apostolic barbes who still survived, some, enfeebled by age, had earned an honourable retirement from the laborious duties of life, while others were engaged as missionaries in Calabria, Apulia, and other provinces of Italy.*

This passage is remarkable under more than one consideration; it shows how much Italy was disposed at the time in favour of the doctrines thus promulgated; and those visits of the poor barbes† to the castles and manors of the nobility—there to preach and inculcate the Word of God—is not the least interesting feature in their character. Much has been said of the troubadours, who went about from castle, to castle singing the exploits of heroes, or the charms of a mistress: is it less interesting to behold those messengers of peace engaged in a much more adventurous enterprise, presiding at the solemn rites of a proscribed religion—or prosecuting the more distant objects of their sacred missions in a pilgrimage which could not be performed without personal risk and habitual privations?

In the month of October, 1560, the Comte de la Trinité made preparations to invade this frontier with a powerful army, and force the Waldenses to capitulate on his own terms. As soon as the latter were certified of the hostile measures adopted, and of the numerous levies ordered for the service, they resolved to meet the danger with becoming firmness, and to avail themselves of those slender resources still left at their disposal. Various meetings were accordingly held, in which it was anxiously debated what expedients were to be used in order to defeat an expedition which threatened their very existence.

* *Gilles*, chap. viii. *Muston*, liv. i.—This fact is supported by the following testimony from another source. "In nonnullis Italiæ partibus, tam Spoletanæ provinciæ, quam etiam aliarum circumjacentium regionum nonnullos ecclesiasticos et mundanos religiosos et seculares utriusque sexus versari, qui *novum ritum* introducere moliantur."—Bull of Innocent VIII. *Muston*, p. 183.

† The term *barbe*, that by which the Waldensian pastors were commonly distinguished, is a Piedmontese word, signifying *uncle*; and was given in order to conceal their quality in times and places where its open avowal would have drawn upon them persecution and death, while at the same time it served as a *pass-word*, or term of recognition among the scattered members of their own community, to whom the barbes were sent in frequent pilgrimages.—*Muston*.

The result was—To accept no conditions derogatory to the honour of God and his revealed word; to give themselves seriously to prayer and supplication, that He would avert the impending calamity; that every individual should provide himself with such necessaries as the case demanded; and that all their movable property and provisions, their aged and invalids, women and children, should be carried up into the mountains, and there deposited in some place of security till the approaching struggle should decide their fate. About the end of the month the enemy's columns were put in motion, and the Waldenses prepared for their reception by observing a day of solemn fast. The devout performance of their religious duties inspired them with a courage which nothing else could supply; and, instead of lamenting their fate as victims, they already prepared themselves for battle with the confidence of victors. In every family the praise of God was expressed in psalms and spiritual hymns; and in this manner they mutually soothed and encouraged one another. Several, however, were of opinion that they should not take up arms till the last extremity, in order to evince their respect for their sovereign, and their great reluctance to shed blood. But reflecting that sooner or later it must come to this, and that, if the enemy were suffered to ravage their possessions, and plunder without restriction, they might be reduced to famine, it was resolved to stand on the defensive, and trusting in God, the witness and protector of innocence, to resist the first hostile inroad to the utmost of their power. But, said they, should it happen that we lift the sword in vain, and that God, in his inscrutable providence, has reserved us for still greater humiliation and suffering, then will we bear the chastisement, not only without a murmur, but with a full conviction that, although deferred, the day of our deliverance will yet arrive. The simple and affecting picture which the historian Gilles has given of this scene, is highly dramatic; and Muston, in allusion to the same episode in his country's annals, closes his observations with the annexed comment.*

Boyer, who was intimately acquainted with the character of the people, and whose admiration increased in proportion to that acquaintance, exclaims:—"Of all the nations that have existed from the earliest ages down to our own time, there is none, that of the Jews excepted, whose history presents such a mass of extraordinary occurrences as that of the Waldenses." But on this passage

* "Que j'aime ce style simple et naïf, comme celui d'un évangéliste qui écrivait ses douleurs. Je n'ai jamais pu lire ce feuillet sans une émotion qui s'est rarement renouvelée. Ces hymnes de proscrits se retirant avec leurs familles dans les montagnes; ces touchantes et solennelles cérémonies; cette sainte joie de souffrir pour le Seigneur; et, en même temps, ce courage si plein de noblesse et de dignité, dans des simples campagnards. N'est-ce pas un tableau unique, admirable? Jamais Walter Scott, ou Byron, jamais un Homère, eut-il conçu des scènes plus sublimes que celle d'un peuple entier se préparant à des persécutions comme à une solennité!"

Muston rightly observes, that the Jewish nation had miracles wrought in its favour, whereas the Waldenses have no pretension to any thing preternatural—nothing beyond a series of daring exploits, accomplished by the happiest union of hearts, and a fearless devotion to the duties of their religion.

In the month of February, the Waldenses were suddenly attacked in their position at the Pra-del-tor by three divisions of the enemy. The first advanced upon them by the opening from the valley, the second by the mountains of Pramol, and the third by the heights of Val-St. Martin.* The first division advanced slowly, in the midst of conflagrations; the second was repulsed at the first shock. While Louis de Monteil, who commanded the third, taking advantage of the pause occasioned by the defeat of the others, was advancing rapidly across the snow, a Vaudois youth overtook and slew him at the head of his battalion. All the troops would have fallen into the hands of the Waldenses, had not their minister ordered them to fall upon their knees, and return thanks to Him who had given them the victory. In this manner he checked the spirit of revenge by awakening that of gratitude. He then exhorted them to spare the flying, and to shed no blood, unless where their own preservation rendered it unavoidable. In the mean time, whilst all this was passing on the surrounding heights, the old men, women, and children, left at the Pra-del-tor, were in a state of agonizing suspense. During the day, they had heard the sounds of battle every where around them, and knew not what might be the result. In a short time, however, they beheld their fathers, husbands, and brothers, returning with the trophies of victory; and the same evening the voice of public thanksgiving resounded from every vale and hill. "Lift your voices on high; let your hearts be lifted up in thankfulness to Him who hath given us the victory. A mighty army was set in array against us; they counted the spoil, they spake of their triumph; they said in their hearts, 'We will root them out for ever;' we will give their houses to the flame—their wives and their children to the sword; that no remnant may be left. The earth trembled at their approach; the brightness of their armour—the trampling of their steeds—the shouts of the troops as they hastened to shed blood; and the

* During four successive days, charge followed charge, with no other intermission than the time occupied in relieving the defeated columns by fresh troops from the rear. Having lost four hundred privates, eight captains, and two colonels, left on the field, in addition to the wounded, and those who had been interred, the Count was forced back upon La Tour. His second attempt to reduce this fastness was still more disastrous than the preceding. The force now brought against it consisted of Spaniards, who, after witnessing and suffering a repetition of the catastrophe, broke out into open mutiny, and refused to continue their operations against a post which they firmly believed was under the defence of supernatural agency! A complete rout was the consequence, in which the precipices and torrents of Angrogne were still more fatal than the swords of their pursuers.—*Leger*, p. 33.—*Morland*, p. 235.—*Hist. Univ.* c. ix.

devastation that marked their course, were terrible to behold. They rushed upon us from the valley; they burst down from the mountains; they scaled the snowy precipices; they hemmed us in on all sides. The thunder of battle opened its mouth; but the God of our fathers was on our side. Lift, then, your hearts to Him who hath given us the victory!"

Their position is seen in the Barricade* of the Pra-del-Tor, which served the twofold purpose of a college and a citadel. It was the sacred spot in which they imbibed the doctrines of their religion, and the natural ramparts on which they had so often assembled for its defence. It was here, says Muston, that, shortly before the attack, a Catholic matron thus prophetically addressed the Comte de la Trinité: "Sir," said she, "if *our* religion be better than the religion of those people, your arms will be victorious; but, if *their* religion be better than ours, then you will sustain a defeat." In his retreat, the comte was obliged to pass close to the gulf of Saquet, where, in 1488, a captain of that name resolved much in the same way to carry this ancient post of the Vaudois by storm; but having entirely failed, and seeing his army routed, he terminated his career by throwing himself, with several of his followers, into the gulf which still records the disaster. The associations likely to arise in such circumstances could have had nothing to console the comte for such a result—more particularly as he had that very morning declared his resolution to exterminate the heretics.

The central church of Angrogne stands in the hamlet of St. Lawrence, at the lower extremity of the valley, and, like that of Serres, a mile higher up, was constructed about the middle of the sixteenth century. Down to that epoch, it was only in the pastors' houses, or in those of private individuals, that religious meetings were tolerated. In this primitive sanctuary the people have, on more than one occasion, assembled to take upon themselves the vows of union and fraternal concord by which alone they could hope to maintain a precarious existence. Here also, in 1532, was held the memorable assembly of Waldensian pastors, who were called upon to decide respecting certain questions of doctrine to which the Reformation had given fresh importance. Prassuyt, the hamlet already named, is remarkable as the place where, at the close of the fifteenth century, the duke of Savoy sent a bishop to hold a conference with the

* La Barricade—to which the accompanying view, drawn by Mr. Brockedon, presents a close resemblance—is a narrow defile upon the side of the torrent: it is fenced in by steep rocks; and at the spot where the rocks were supposed to leave too wide a passage, a strong wall of flints was thrown up to add to the natural strength of the position, and so contrived that one opening only was left by which the retreating party might escape to the fastnesses behind it.—See *Gilly's Excursions.*

Waldenses, respecting the peace which had been so glaringly violated by the sanguinary proceedings of Aquapendente, and other agents of the Inquisition.

Of the rich and romantic scenery of Angrogne, our limits will not permit us to enter into any detail; but when we describe it as a picture in miniature of Switzerland, the reader will form a just conception of its general features. All the ingredients of Alpine landscape, torrents, rocks, precipices, gloomy ravines, and gushing fountains—forests, that at once afford shelter and sustenance—verdant meadows, to which the meandering streams carry freshness and fertility—fields and gardens, containing the produce of different climates, clinging to the very precipices, and evincing that unwearied industry on the part of the inhabitants which has purchased the means of life under the most unfavourable circumstances. But this department has been ably sketched by Dr. Gilly, and to his work we have pleasure in referring our readers.

Descending into the Val-Clusone, by the Vachera—not the Alp celebrated in the history of the Waldenses, but a hill much less elevated, and nearly enveloped in forests—we enter the commune of Pramol. Until the year 1573, the inhabitants of this place formed no part of the Protestant community, but were converted from the Catholic faith in a very remarkable manner, by the pastor of St. Germain, and at the very time that Bivague, on the other hand, was employing every possible agent for the conversion or destruction of the Waldenses. It was in this village, also, that, in 1630, the pastors of the Valleys assembled during the plague, which at that time was committing fearful ravages in Piedmont. The object of this meeting was to concert measures for arresting, or at least modifying, the virulence of the scourge; but in their humane efforts and unwearied vigilance to save others, the greater number among themselves fell victims to the disease. So great was the blank thus occasioned in the different parishes, that they had to be supplied by others from among the pastors of Geneva and Lausanne.

THE VALLEY OF ST. MARTIN;

INCLUDING THOSE OF CLUSONE, PEROUSE, AND PRAGELAS.

THE village of St. Germain, as seen in the accompanying plate,* occupies a slight undulation on the right bank of the Clusone, which here descends in a copious flood, and in the present day forms the "Rubicon" between the Waldenses and their Catholic neighbours. In former times, however, the Protestants had settlements along the whole valley of Pragelas; and it is well known, that, if left to the freedom of conscience, a great portion of their successors would now adopt the primitive doctrines of the Waldensian church. But, on this point, the legislative enactments are too explicit to be misunderstood, too strong to be slighted, and too terrible in their denunciations to be openly braved. But of this we have already spoken, and may again advert to it in another place. St. Germain is advantageously situated in point of soil and climate. Along the base of the hills by which it is flanked on the west, corn, wine, and fruit are produced in abundance. The same spirit of industry which distinguishes the communes through which we have just passed, is here evinced under the like pleasing forms; but the village presents nothing of sufficient interest to call for particular description. Its humble temple, however, will repay the stranger for a visit; and when he quits its threshold, the records of other days will rise upon his memory in renovated freshness.

St. Germain occupies no inconsiderable portion in the history of those wars, the violence of which was excused by a pretended zeal for religion—a zeal which too often impelled its blinded votaries to the perpetration of cruelties to which the readers of a more enlightened age attach reluctant credence. One instance we may here introduce in illustration of the fact:—In the year 1560, the venerable fathers belonging to the adjacent monastery of Pignerol were exceedingly desirous of getting into their power the worthy pastor of St. Germain. But to do so by force would have been attended with some risk; they resorted, therefore, to stratagem, and succeeded in bribing a person of his acquaintance to betray him into their hands. True to his engagement,

* The drawing is taken from the Pignerol side of the river, including the picturesque wooden bridge, shortly to be replaced by another of stone, preparations for which were making last autumn. Excellent quarries of granite in immediate contact, afford abundant materials for this purpose.

this unprincipled individual called one morning upon the pastor, and with his story ready concocted, stated that his assistance was immediately wanted by some person in distress. At this appeal to his christian charity, the good man came instantly forward; but the moment he did so, and met the eyes of his guest, the embarrassment of the latter betrayed his guilty purpose. The truth flashed upon the pastor; but, seeing the snare into which he had been drawn, he still preserved his self-command, till the traitor, thinking his plan quite successful, and unwilling to betray himself by any act of unusual vigilance, entered on the pretended subject of his visit. The ambuscade, however, came unexpectedly in sight; and with such a prospect before him, the pastor had good reason to fear the worst. Seizing, therefore, a momentary pause in the conversation, he betook himself to flight, but the same instant a shower of bullets whistled round his head. The report of muskets brought a crowd suddenly to the scene; but when they gathered round their beloved pastor, they found him already bleeding, and severely wounded. Thus circumstanced, the troops employed in so base a service, and headed by their Judas, had little difficulty in binding their prisoner. Some attempt being made for his rescue, several persons of the village, men and women, were also captured, and conducted to the fortress of Pignerol. Their houses were pillaged, the inhabitants maltreated, and the fruits of the expedition, says the narrator—prisoners and plunder—conveyed to the monastery. Here, kept in strict confinement, the pastor was exhorted to renounce his heresy forthwith, or abide the worst consequences. The exhortation was followed by a command—the command with the threat of an ignominious death; but still the pastor remained unshaken. The monks were mortified by his rejection of their offers; his fortitude they termed obstinacy; the dispassionate statement of his faith, a tissue of rebellious sentiments against the church of Rome, and his whole conduct in direct defiance of its authority. Under such circumstances, a speedy method presented itself of at least imposing silence on the man they could not convert. They caused a funeral pile to be erected in the square; but, to give the scene greater effect, and to spare their own dependents the duty of so degrading an office, they compelled the miserable individuals who were carried off along with their pastor, to bear the faggots that were to consume him. This done, the minister was led from his dungeon to the stake, and bound in the midst of the combustibles; the fire rose fiercely around him, and he died glorying in that he was accounted worthy to suffer for the religion of Christ. In the evening, when the monks passed the pile of ashes for the performance of vespers, the embers, it is said, became suddenly red, as if again fanned into flame by their presence.

Was this the accusing witness that spoke from the glowing ashes, and addressed to each the awful inquiry—" Where is thy brother?"

Nearly opposite the village of St. Germain, is the famous granite quarry, from which materials are drawn for all the chief public buildings in the country, and often transported for that purpose to a great distance. It gives employment to many hands, and at the time we passed, exhibited a picture of great activity. Several immense blocks and columns lay ready to be transported to their several destinations—numerous chisels were employed upon others—while the steep face of the rock, " black with the miner's blast," and excavated into a variety of chambers, showed the busy groups employed on the work—here separating the colossal pillar from its native mass—there rending that mass asunder by the power of art, and lowering the huge fragments thus dislodged to the base. There is hardly, perhaps, a more interesting or convincing proof of the powers with which man has been invested by modern invention, than the manner in which these powers are here exercised, and the facility with which he subdues to his purpose one of the most untractable substances in nature. The solid rock is rent at his touch—split into fragments—and his art made to exhibit those phenomena which the ancients would have regarded as the terrible effects of lightning and thunder, such as they themselves could only accomplish by the tedious process of manual labour.

From this point to the village of Perouse, we proceed along the spacious military road communicating between France and Piedmont, by the fort of Fenestrelle. This route became the great medium of intercourse between the two frontiers during the time Pignerol remained in possession of Louis XIV., and the line of march by which the troops under Catinat and Lesdiguières made their descent into Piedmont. By this defile Cæsar is supposed to have effected his expedition into ancient Gaul. At the present moment, it is almost exclusively used in the upper Valley as a mere line to connect the fort with Pignerol. The scenery along the river is bold and rugged, particularly on the right bank, but variegated with patches of cultivation, crowned with straggling forests, and enlivened with cottages, which appear as if mere projections of the natural rocks, which, for so many ages, have been the refuge of their inhabitants. These heights form the modern frontier of the Waldenses to the east, and, rising from the river's channel in beautiful gradation, fade away at last into the Cottian Alps. Numerous traces of recent inundations, embankments broken down, bridges swept away, corn fields destroyed, and damage done to the road, showed with what impetuosity the lateral torrents rush at times into their principal channel, the Clusone. In situations like this, territory is held on a very uncer-

tain tenure. Surrounded by so many destructive agents, it requires to be watched like a city exposed to the constant danger of an assault; for—

> ——— "While the peasant sleeps—
> Dreaming of golden harvests—in a night,
> Down from the hills a rushing tempest sweeps
> His ripened field; there leaves the dismal blight
> Of barren sand—ploughed up, and piled in heaps
> Upon the scene!"

On the right of the road, occupying a gentle swell in the acclivity, is a handsome villa, the summer residence of a family of distinction. Its lofty cupola, rising above the building like that of a consecrated edifice, renders it conspicuous in the landscape. The village of Perouse is announced by its church and tower, built on an abrupt, elevated ridge, and commanding the approach, like a military post of observation. The sound of its bells, as we advanced, was a sorrowful attempt at the science of *tintinnabulism*—nothing could have been less inviting—a satire upon all "sacred melodies." But the cause was soon explained; the metal had been cracked by over-exertion in some former festival; and now, instead of the fine full-toned bell of other days, had degenerated, if we may use so homely a comparison, into that of a "pestle-and-mortar harmony."

In former times a strong castle defended this pass, and kept a jealous eye upon the adjacent Valleys. This has been long superseded by other means of security, and the pass more effectually watched by the garrison of Fenestrelle. This vast fortress closes the extremity of Val-Pragelas, and serves the double purpose of a military stronghold, and a state prison. It is considered impregnable; and, while well calculated to arrest the progress of a hostile army, takes cognizance of the most humble pedestrian. The fear of having its fortifications committed to paper by any rash peripatetic of the Arts, occasions strict vigilance. A crayon and portfolio in hand are almost as fatal to the bearer as if he had arrived to plant a mortar-battery in its face. But to Fenestrelle and Val-Pragelas we may again advert; and in the mean time the reader will observe a perfect resemblance to that alpine citadel in the accompanying drawing by Mr. Bartlett, whose crayon had the good fortune to escape the cannon of the fort.*

Speaking of the primitive simplicity which characterises the inhabitants of the romantic valley of St. Martin, a native writer† has the following passage:—"The

* He was challenged, however, by the sentinel, and conducted into the presence of the officer, but, after a strict scrutiny and certain costs paid to the veteran who conducted him, allowed to resume his journey.

† J. Bresse, Hist. des Vaudois.

authors of poems and romances, in giving their enchanting descriptions of pastoral life, have excited a feeling of deep regret in sensitive minds that the *originals* of their pictures are no where to be found. But I can solace those friends of innocence and virtue by showing them where they may really find what they have vainly sought after in other parts of the world; and that asylum of innocence is no other than the Valley of St. Martin. There may be seen shepherdesses, in every sense of the word, as amiable and interesting as the heroines of romance. If the delightful author of Estelle and Galatée," he continues, " had lived among them as I have done, he might have added many a lively tint to his portraits—and these the more charming as being real transcripts from nature and truth." . . . " Imagine," he adds, " virtue without vanity or pretension—grace without frivolity—and amiability without coquetry, and these set off by that true modesty which their simple habits inspire—and you have a genuine picture of our Vaudois heroines. Had I been born a poet," he concludes, " these should have formed my theme."

Having spoken in a preceding page of the system of proselytism as sanctioned by the laws of the country, we annex the following anecdote as illustrative of the fact.* A little girl, the daughter of Vaudois parents in this Valley, and brought up under their eye till seven years old, had been allowed to associate familiarly with the children of their Catholic neighbours. She was tempted, however, says our authority, even at this early age, by various allurements, to renounce her baptism; and, occasionally, serious arguments took place on the subject between the priest and those engaged to make converts of Vaudois children. The child was clever, and having been well grounded by her pastor in the principles of the Vaudois creed, resisted for a long time the solicitations employed to entrap her infant mind, and concealed from her mother the promise which had been extorted from her, " not to divulge any thing that had been said to her by the priest and her playmates." But, at length, terrified by the threats of eternal punishment by which they endeavoured to accelerate her conversion, she revealed the whole to her mother. A quarrel between the opposite parents was the consequence, and the girl was removed to the house of a pastor at some distance, who was a relation, and here she remained for some time in apparent security. At the end of the vintage, however, a supper was given in the field, and the child permitted to enjoy herself with the rest of the family. But when the rural merriment was about to terminate, and the party to disperse, twenty or thirty armed men suddenly rushed into the circle, and forcibly carried her off. The only explanation ever given

* Histor. Details, p. 73.

was, that the girl had voluntarily embraced the Catholic faith, and therefore belonged to other guardians. This armed force, as it afterwards appeared, acted under the sanction of the bishop of Pignerol.

Petitions were presented by the bereaved parents, but in vain; they remained unread or disregarded, and it was not till seven years afterwards that the father was at last informed that his daughter was in a convent at Novara. When old enough, she became a novitiate, subsequently a nun, and was then permitted to write to her mother; her letters, however, evinced sufficient evidence that they were not of her own dictation. In 1805, when she must have been upwards of twenty years of age, the abbess wrote to say that she had been carried off by fever. But it was suspected she was only removed at that time to some other convent, lest she should have been restored by means of the French, who were then masters of the country, and the avowed friends of the Waldenses. The mother was so overcome by the bereavement that she could never speak of it without tears. It continued to prey upon her mind, till her health being gradually undermined, she dropt into a consumption, and died soon after her daughter's untimely fate was announced. The unhappy girl, it is stated by the same authority, had an advantageous offer of marriage during her novitiate, from a young Catholic nobleman of good fortune, but on her refusing to accept him for her husband, no alternative was left but to take the veil.

It is remarkable, that while this system of violence is resorted to by the Catholic clergy, the Vaudois pastors are liable to the most severe penalties for making a convert, while the convert himself may, by the existing laws, (1825,) be brought to the stake.* But, in the midst of dangers and sacrifices which both pastor and proselyte might shrink to encounter, it is pleasing to record such acts of christian intrepidity as the following. A pastor on the right bank of the Clusone having made some healthy impression on the mind of a Catholic subject on the opposite side, and finding him sensibly touched by his exhortations from the pulpit, resolved to profit by the circumstance, and bring his half converted hearer to a thorough conviction. For this purpose they met for some time by concert; but on the evening, or rather midnight—their usual hour of interview—when the good intention was expected to reach its full accomplishment, and the pastor to add one more name to his flock, a sudden storm in the Alps had swollen the torrent of the Clusone to such magnitude that all possibility of intercourse was apparently cut off, and the river, leaving its channel, deluged the neighbouring fields. The pastor, however, had promised to keep the meeting, and must redeem his pledge at every risk.

* Gilly.

To have shrunk back at this critical moment, would have belied his confidence in that Being, who, it might be supposed, had sent this storm for the trial of his faith, and could deliver his servant who did not sacrifice the sense of duty to that of personal safety.

Hastening to the spot, he plunged resolutely into the torrent, and for some time was borne downward with a force which no skill or effort could counteract. But, with a strength sufficient for the struggle, and a courage upheld by a good conscience, he stemmed the surge, and at length landed on the forbidden shore. This heroic act, as it may be imagined, contributed not a little to exalt him in the estimation of his convert. "He could not be otherwise than sincere," said he, "who had encountered so much personal hazard to evince that sincerity; nor could he be otherwise than under the special protection of Heaven, who had thus cheerfully exposed his life in its service, and escaped destruction." Before dawn, the confirmation of his neophyte was complete; and the pastor, again commending his convert to God, and committing himself to the stream, reached his own hearth by sunrise. *

POMARET, the first Protestant settlement in the Val-St. Martin, and so named, probably, from its orchards, is picturesquely situated at the entrance of the defile. It is washed by the torrent of the Germanasca, and flanked by rocky precipices and vineyards, which confer a Rhenish character upon the scene. The rugged escarpments which defend it on the north resemble, on various points, the remains of ruined battlements, mantled with vines, sprinkled with patches of cultivation, and thus presenting an aspect of mixed fertility and desolation. The village, distinctly considered, offers little to interest the inquisitive stranger; but, to the readers of Waldensian controversy, is chiefly remarkable in modern times as the parochial residence of Jean Rodolph Peyran, late moderator of the Valleys, whose tomb, in the newly enclosed cemetery, is a never-failing object of attraction. †

* The adventure recorded, however, was scarcely more formidable than what is uniformly encountered during the winter months by several of the Waldensian pastors in the discharge of their ministerial functions. Take for example the communication between Prali and Rodoret, which the worthy pastor has to keep up during the whole winter in preaching to his congregations in both places. But of this hereafter.

† The character of this learned and pious minister is thus expressed on the marble slab, within the porch of the church, which commemorates his worth and labours.

S. M.

JOHANNIS RODOLPHI L. S. PEYRANI, QUI POST VITAM ALIORUM, NON SUI, OMNINO STUDIOSAM, OBIIT ANNO SALUTIS MDCCCXXIII. ÆTAT. SUÆ. LXXII, ECCLESIÆ VALLENSIS PRESBYTER ET MODERATOR; LITERIS HUMANIS ET SACRIS APPRIMÈ DOCTUS; NEQUAQUAM GLORIANS NISI IN CRUCE DOM. NOST. J. C.; IN PATRIAM ET RELIGIONEM INTEMERATA FIDE NOTUS; ANIMO ERGA OMNES BENEVOLUS; OPERIBUS INGENII, NON AUTEM PRÆMIIS, FELIX. NE BENEMERENTI, CUI VIVO DEERANT FERE OMNIA, DEESSET ETIAM MORTUO TUMULUS, HOC TANDEM POSITO MARMORE CURAVIT ALIENIGENA.

"'Stablished in faith, the interpreter of Heaven,
The intrepid advocate of christian truth:
His days, his nights, to holy vigils given,
His age fulfilled the promise of his youth.

"Learned, like Paul, but like the apostle, poor;
Pining in health, with many cares perplexed;
But, weaned from *this* dark world's corrupting store,
The Pastor's wealth was treasured in the next."

Peyran was a native of the Valleys of Piedmont, where, with honour to themselves and advantage to the church, both his father and grandfather had filled the same important office. After completing his studies at the university of Geneva, he returned home and took upon him the duties of pastor in this retired village. In addition to these, his literary labours were prosecuted with unwearied assiduity, in all of which he discovered a fund of information and diligence of research which were not surpassed by any writer of his day. The extent and variety of profound topics thus embraced, and in every instance illustrated by a mass of erudition,* are subjects of astonishment to all who reflect that the author pursued his studies in this alpine solitude, with none of those advantages which intercourse with society, extensive libraries, or enlightened conversation so readily supply.

The worth and abilities of M. Peyran, whilst honourable to the pastors and people with whom he was immediately connected, did not escape the notice of the late governor of the province. His firm attachment to the ancient line of princes of the house of Savoy, evinced his loyalty as a subject; while his zeal as a learned and pious divine rendered him a model for imitation. On one occasion, when passing through the north of Italy, Napoleon, so distinguished for his acute perception of character, proposed several questions to Peyran on the antiquity and exploits of the Waldenses—questions to which the Moderator was eminently qualified to reply.

* The work, edited by the Rev. Thomas Sims*—consisting of the Nouvelles Lettres sur les Vaudois, by Peyran, or Historical Defence of the Waldenses—affords ample proof of the indefatigable research, impartial examination, and conclusive evidence with which the learned Moderator has illustrated his subject. These letters, which present so ample a fund of information, were written on the following occasion:—During the time that Napoleon usurped dominion over Italy, Cardinal Pacca having excited his displeasure, that prelate was confined as a state prisoner in the fortress of Fenestrelle, already mentioned, and within a few miles of the Moderator's residence at Pomaret. Anxious, during his imprisonment, to obtain correct information respecting the tenets of so remarkable a body of Christians as the Waldenses, a short correspondence seems to have taken place between himself and M. Peyran, and led to the Letters, in which the author undertakes a regular historical defence of the ancient body of Christians over whom he presided.—*Sims.*

* M. Sims, Editeur d'une partie de ses ouvrages, et généreux bienfaiteur de nos Vallées, qui lui a fait élever un tombeau.—*Muston*, liv. i.

After an illness endured with exemplary patience, he closed his earthly career at the age of seventy-two, and was attended to the grave, not only by his own flock, but by a great number of his Roman Catholic neighbours, to whom he was endeared by a spirit of christian philanthropy which recent circumstances had often called into exercise. When a hostile army, on its march through the valley, threatened to burn the town of Perouse, Peyran, by prompt and earnest intercession with the French general, obtained his protection for the place, and thus secured from its Catholic inhabitants a well-merited tribute of respect and gratitude.* Speaking of Peyran—"Son caractère," says Muston, "se rapprochait beaucoup de celui du célèbre Paul-Louis Courier. L'un et l'autre écrivains pleins de verve et d'originalité, auteurs des pamphlets admirables, et des pages couvertes de science, ils amaient à se qualifier des titres les plus simples. On sait que Courier ne se donnait jamais que celui de *Vigneron*. Peyran avait, comme lui, cet esprit mordant et caustique, joint à une bonté d'âme peu commune."†

Peyran has been succeeded in the pastoral office of Pomaret by M. Jalla, whose parish comprises the hamlets of Vivian, Aimar Cerissières, Faure, About, Amfou, and Clots. The church is new, and erected, as already mentioned, by foreign contributions, among which was that of the Emperor Alexander.

Continuing to ascend the valley, the next commune deserving of particular observation is Ville Sèche, the birth-place of the historian Leger. The village occupies an acclivity on the left bank of the Germanasca, surrounded by Alpine scenery, and participating but sparingly in the productive qualities of the neighbouring valley. The vineyards of Pomaret are here succeeded by corn and potatoe fields, which, with the track of mountain pastures adjoining, constitute the principal resources of the inhabitants. Of the LEGER family several descendants still inhabit the paternal soil. The historian himself thus records the circumstances which made the hour of his birth a presage of the storms and persecutions which assailed him in after life. "I was born at Ville Seiche,"

* See the work already named.

† The Count Crotti, intendant of the province, was very fond of his conversation, and once took him in his carriage to Pignerol, and having introduced him to the episcopal palace, provoked a theological discussion between the Moderator of the Vaudois, and the Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese. . . A military officer of high rank and accomplishments, who prided himself upon the address with which he could discuss most topics, heard of Peyran's renown as a controversialist, and sought an opportunity of entering the lists with him. The aged pastor was victor at every tilt. At last, the general, determining to try his strength on ground which he considered entirely his own, introduced the principles and science of gunnery. But here, also, he found Peyran equally upon his guard, and confessed with great candour that he was more than a match for him.—Gilly's "Waldensian Researches," and "Excursions," in which the reader will find a rich fund of anecdote, personal and historical, to which the limited nature of our present work will not allow us to advert more fully. See also, "Authentic Details of the Waldenses."

says he, " on the second of February, 1615,* during one of the most tremendous hurricanes ever remembered, and which unroofed the houses and uprooted the trees. To me that storm was a presage of the furious shocks and tempests which ' the prince of the powers of the air'† was preparing for my destruction; and under which I had certainly sunk, had not my house been built and my hopes firmly established on the Rock of Ages, which neither the winds can shake nor the torrents undermine." On perusing this passage of Leger, the reader will observe an evident allusion to the repeated attempts made to assassinate him. Near the Pont-de-la-Tour,—a wild pass in our ascent from Pomaret,—his enemies, on more than one occasion, lay in ambush to accomplish the diabolical design. But, by the mercy of an overruling Providence, Leger was delivered from their hands, and reserved as a recording witness of that exterminating violence to which his unhappy countrymen were afterwards exposed.

The Church of Ville Sèche, under the pastoral care of M. Rostaing, sen., includes the population of nine or ten adjoining hamlets—namely, the communes of St. Martin, Bovil, and Traverse, on one hand, and those of Faët, Serres, and Rioclaret, on the other. During the troubles of 1560, the hamlet of Rioclaret was much harassed by its feudal lords, Charles and Boniface de Truchet, whose hostility to the Waldenses was evinced by secret machinations and open violence. On one occasion, while the latter were assembled at worship, Charles Truchet, heading a strong detachment of armed accomplices, directed his steps towards the church, in hopes of surprising the congregation, and obtaining violent possession of the pastor. To prevent suspicion, however, he sent on before him certain renegades, who pretended to resort thither from motives of piety, but whose instructions were to surround the preacher as closely as possible, so as to prevent the possibility of escape. This being accomplished, and while the service of the day was going forward, Truchet arrived in front of the church. At a given signal, one of the traitors, a powerful man, threw himself upon the pastor, M. François, with the intention of securing him as his prisoner: but the latter, who was also of robust frame, made a sudden effort, and disengaged his arm from the traitor's grasp. Roused to indignation by the insult—doubly aggravated by the circumstances of time and place—and seeing the danger which thus menaced the sacred person of their minister, the congregation, though totally unarmed, rushed upon the offenders. Laying hold of whatever fell in their way, they made such head against those violators of the sanctuary, that the pastor was speedily rescued, and Truchet and his troops driven in shame and discomfiture from the scene of their unhallowed enterprise.

* Leger, P. II. c. 26. p. 359.—id. 368-9. † Ephesians, ii. 2.

The leader himself, Charles Truchet,* had nearly fallen a victim to the plot he had so artfully devised. He was an experienced soldier, tall, of athletic proportions, and completely armed; but, in the violence with which he pushed his adventure, a villager, regardless of the death which seemed to await him, sprang upon the desperate noble, and, pinning him against the trunk of a tree, might there have strangled him. But, for the respect due to his quality as *seigneur* of the place, he was, by an act of ill-merited courtesy, suffered to depart. Far, however, from acknowledging this generous treatment, his hatred of the Waldenses was evinced by renewed persecutions, which were only suspended by the payment of sixteen hundred† crowns—an immense sum to the oppressed and already impoverished families. But no sooner was the money received, than, in open violation of the conditions solemnly ratified, Truchet resumed his former course of unmitigated oppression. On the second of April, the same year, he arrived with an army, which he had obtained permission to levy at Nice, and began the work of devastation at the first houses in his route. The inhabitants, stripped of all their property, could only save their lives by flying to the mountains, where many of them, without clothing, had only the dreadful alternative left of falling by the sword, if they returned, or, if they remained, of perishing among the snows. They were pursued through the mountain forests, and wherever seen were fired upon. The band of plunderers, when fatigued with the exercise of their sanguinary orders, returned to the deserted homes of the fugitives, and there divided the spoil and indulged in riotous excess. Hunted from every hospitable corner of the Valley, and exposed to the extremes of cold and hunger—hardships which were rendered doubly poignant by agony of mind, and the exhausting effects of that sleepless terror which followed them into every recess—their sufferings were such as words cannot give utterance to.

A minister, and another individual belonging to the village of St. Martin, having been taken prisoners during this lawless inroad, were conducted before the monks of the abbey of Pignerol, and there burnt at the stake. Moved with the most lively sympathy for the wretched fate of the survivors, who were still in hiding among the mountains, and exhorted by the pastors to espouse their cause, about four hundred of their friends and relations from Val-Clusone set out for that purpose. This detachment was headed by the pastor Martin, who,

* "Charles Truchet, or Truchet, lord of a certain town called Ricclaret, a man of great strength, most daring, and not only exercised in arms from his very childhood, but one generally reputed most stout in action."—See *Lentul. Neapolitan. Cambridge MSS.*

† Muston, i. 25; but, according to others, sixteen *thousand* crowns. Scipio Lentulus. Gilly, Append. vii.

like "Moses leading his army of Hebrews in the desert," halted at intervals, and falling on his knees in front of his troop, invoked the blessing of Heaven on their fraternal enterprise. Continuing their march, they came at length in sight of the depredators. The conflict commenced. The force under Truchet, although strongly posted, and prepared for the attack, were completely routed,* and the wretched inhabitants restored to their desolate hearths.†

Maneille, like the hamlet of Ville Sèche, is situated on a mountain slope, and embosomed in scenery still more alpine in character and productions than the tract through which we have already proceeded. The chain of mountains behind divides it from the Val-Pragelas. Nearly opposite is the Rocca-Bianca, or white rock, a mountain so named from its fine white marble, conspicuous at a great distance. This country abounds in excellent marble, most of which, in closeness of grain and brilliancy of colour, will bear comparison with that of Paros, or Carrara; but the great difficulty of transport precludes almost the possibility of working the quarries to advantage. Within the last two years, however, the attempt to make these treasures available, has been resumed in the Valleys,‡ and with the prospect of rendering the enterprise successful. In the same locality is a quarry of talc, *pierre douce*, so called on account of its oleaginous feel, and friable consistence. It furnishes, nevertheless, blocks, extremely compact and durable, out of which the inhabitants form excellent kitchen utensils.§

* Gilles, ch. xiii. pp. 88–90. Thuani Hist. tom. ii. Muston, liv. i.

† Truchet, leading two regiments, consisting of about six hundred men, on that side of the mountain where it was little imagined any enemy would come, advanced with his men to the top of a mountain where he overlooked the small body of Waldenses. This observed, the latter, pouring out prayers before the Lord—for they had always a minister of the gospel along with them—marched courageously towards the enemy, who, in full anticipation of an easy victory, came down with much apparent mirth to receive them. As soon, however, as the main body was engaged, six Vaudois slingers, by a passage known only to themselves, gained immediate possession of the crest of the mountain, which the enemy, believing it to be inaccessible from any other point, had just abandoned. Thus, taking the invaders on the rear, and rushing down upon them with irresistible impetuosity, their strength was broken and paralysed, while that of the Waldenses became invincible. At this critical moment, the auxiliary force appearing in full march towards the scene of conflict, the enemy instantly fled; but the snow at this time being nearly two feet deep, and the defiles intricate and deceitful, part of the fugitives fell headlong over the rocks, and part were slaughtered by the pursuers. With respect to Truchet, having had his leg broken in the *mêlée* by a stone, he was led in this disabled state between two of his soldiers; but the victors pressing hard upon them, and having received a second wound from a sling, he was deserted by his soldiers, and finally despatched with his own sword by a peasant.—*See* the work above quoted; also, Append. vii. *Gilly.* Cambridge MSS. Vol. P.

‡ "Si nous avons encore le bonheur que vous honoriez notre pays d'une visite, et comme vous vous intéressez aux particularités d'histoire naturelle, nous pourrions visiter ensemble *les carrières de marbre nouvellement mises en œuvre, dans la vallée de St. Martin*, et comme notre climat participe par sa nature aux climats chauds, tempérés, et froids, on pourrait dans les mêmes courses, trouver des plantes appartenantes à ces differents climats," &c. &c.—*Extract from a Letter addressed to the Author. Aug.* 1826.

§ "Ayant pris un jour quelques fragmens d'un pareil vase qui avait subi l'action du feu, je les trouvai remplis de cristallisations pentaédriques, noires et brunes, comme le pyroxène et la tourmaline. Je ne sais pas si

In a survey of these Valleys, however, no object calls forth so many stirring recollections in the stranger's mind as the Balsille—a rock towering up in the narrow valley of Macel, and immortalized by the sufferings and triumphs of the Waldensian exiles. The approach to this natural fortress is rugged and picturesque. After descending into the valley by a wild alpine track, we enter a gorge, where there is hardly space left by nature for constructing a path. For some distance, indeed, it is formed chiefly by planks of timber, similar to those employed, for the like purpose, in various parts of Switzerland. To this portion of the way succeeds a deep wooded defile, where a handful of men stationed among the rocks might arrest the progress of an army. Emerging from this pass, the valley opens on a mountain hamlet—Macel, another Protestant settlement; soon after which the unusual feature of a large handsome house presents itself as a contrast in this alpine region. This is the residence of a gentleman whose hospitality to strangers, who make annual pilgrimages through this pass, merits every acknowledgment. Beyond this, the Balsille takes possession of the scene, and fills the mind with those marvellous incidents in its history on which it is impossible for the reader of Waldensian heroism to reflect without emotion. It consists of a conical mass of rocks, rising at the angle where two valleys unite—namely, that of the Germanasca, terminating in the Col-du-Pis; and another, traversed by a torrent which descends from Mount Guignevert. Thus situated, it is of difficult access from all but one point, which is that just above the small village of Balsille, where a school has been lately erected—another gratifying monument to the philanthropic exertions of Colonel Beckwith, and other friends of the Waldenses. The approach from this village is very steep, and when protected by strong barricades, must have presented difficulties of the most formidable character. The mountain has something very remarkable in its general appearance, and such as readily distinguishes it from all others. It consists of several precipices, rising successively above each other, and fringed with straggling pine-trees. The vestiges of its intrenchments, however, are either very imperfect, or such as can only be detected by minute inspection. The "barricades," and every thing in this form that could arrest a common observer, have disappeared; but their memory, like that of their defenders, is imperishable. The rock called the château, or castle of the Balsille, is occupied by only two or three huts, and commands the narrow Valley of the Germanasca. From the village, the Col-du-Pis is seen to advantage; and

ce phénomène," adds M. Muston, "se fait remarquer dans toutes les pierres semblables, qui ont été soumises à une grande chaleur."—Liv. i. p. 23. *Talc* nearly resembles *mica* in appearance; the plates are flexible, but not elastic. It is much softer than *mica*, and *not* fusible; hence its use in the manner described.

on the side of the distant mountain, a beautiful cascade throws an animated feature into the landscape.*

After a casual survey of this celebrated Rock, the space appears so confined, and disproportionate to the great number of troops, French and Piedmontese, brought together for its reduction, that some degree of scepticism is apt to arise in the spectator's mind as to the actual amount of that force. But the records on this subject are supported by authorities which it would be rash to impugn, and impossible to controvert. That so small a body of men, ill-provided with all that could be considered indispensable for successful resistance, should so long have held at bay the combined forces of France and Piedmont, has been treated by some as an extravagant fiction. But that they did so—that a band of exiles, entrenched behind barricades on these rugged escarpments, not only maintained their post like an impregnable citadel, but often repulsed the besiegers at the point of the sword, are facts too well established, by the existing records of those who shared in the struggles, to be shaken by any discordant testimony. Here, during a whole winter, these exiles prolonged their existence in a manner which approaches the very extreme of human suffering and privation. Sheltered in huts excavated in the rocks—mounting guard—labouring at the fortifications—they were supported by the scanty supply of wheat gathered with great difficulty from under deep snow, which was thus preserved for their support, the unharvested products of the field. This was often their only storehouse, and, as they felt and believed, a special interposition of Divine Providence in their favour. For, had not winter interrupted the regular process of reaping, the exiles could not have maintained their position in the Balsille, but must have fallen victims to famine, disease, or the sword. But He who provided manna in the desert for the Hebrews, provided a harvest in winter for the persecuted Waldenses.

In digging the ground around this hardly contested spot, broken implements of war are often discovered—relics of that disastrous conflict in which they were so unhappily employed. But, as we shall have to notice the Balsille more fully in a future portion of the work, we now proceed to other features intimately connected with the subject.

Here, as in Switzerland, the mountain districts, which are exclusively used for pasture, are termed *alps;* and here the breeding of cattle and the produce of the dairy are the principal sources of rural wealth. The Alp of

* Bresse compares it to the Pizevache in the Vallais, (See *Switzerland Illustrated;*) but the latter precipitates itself in greater volume. That in the Valley of Macel is particularly striking, from its closing the vista towards the Col-du-Pis.

Guignevert, which immediately borders the gorge of the Balsille, is of this description. Hither, as in other parts of the Valleys, the flocks and herds are conducted as soon as the summer verdure replaces the snow, and pastured till the symptoms of winter again usurp the scene, and compel them to descend by degrees to those sheltered spots which enjoy a longer summer. During this period of the year, the scene presented on these elevated pasture-lands is highly interesting, and exhibits a picture of human life which an inhabitant of the city can hardly imagine.

> " Far o'er the steep the chalet glances dim,
> Through clouds that gather on the glacier's rim ·
> And here the cataract—in maniac wrath,
> And share of foam—ploughs up its furious path
> But, drained from fountains of eternal snow,
> Converts to flowers the verdant vale below."

Rodoret, like Macel, both of which formerly belonged to the parochial district of Maneille, has now its own pastor,* and enjoys, in common with its neighbours, all those spiritual means of instruction for which the Waldenses have made so many and severe sacrifices. The village is situated in the centre of a small valley, closed by Fontaine, another hamlet; and in the opposite direction are those of Arnauds, Belassa, and a fine cascade, which M. Muston observes, resembles that of Tourtemagne, in the road to Brigg, in the Vallais. In the intervening space between the Balsille and Rodoret, several villages give an air of cheerfulness to this alpine landscape—each with some tradition of former times: but of these, the limits of our present work preclude any detailed account.

The scenery of the Val-St. Martin changes frequently and rapidly from the most harsh and rugged aspect to that of the most attractive beauty. Stupendous cliffs and terrific precipices give place to verdant and flowery spots; and a turn of the mountain path by the torrent side would bring us out of a deep cleft of rock, where our feet were bruised by the stones, to a bank of lavender, or a green *plateau* of herby grass, soft as a carpet; or to a sunny nook, where the little property of corn land is cultivated, like the patriarchal inheritances of the ancient tribes of Israel, by father and son from generation to generation. The Germanasca, whose waters we have followed, was of the same changing character. The deafening roar of its flood almost stunned us in some places; and soon afterwards we came to a deep, still pool, of azure blue, where it seemed

* At this time, however, the church of Rodoret was vacant; that of Macel was under the pastoral charge of M. Jaila, jun.

to rest for a while before it resumed its impetuous course, and where we felt as if we could be tempted to sit for hours with Izaak Walton's Angler, or Sir Humphrey Davy's Salmonia, in our hands, and there enjoy the repose of the scene.*

The town of Prali, which borders on the French territory, is the only remaining settlement in the Val-St. Martin which demands particular notice. The country through which the traveller reaches this from Rodoret, presents a succession of pine-clad hills, the timber of which is of gigantic proportions, and, with better means of transport, would yield a noble revenue to the country.†

The district around Prali is little favourable to the labours of agriculture. Its climate is keen in proportion to its elevation; the produce, consequently, is limited to a little corn—chiefly rye—potatoes, and the more ordinary garden vegetables; but milk and honey, the poetical symbols of plenty, are abundant.‡

> "Here, in those flowery pastures where the bee
> Alights with every breeze, and banquets free;
> And summer, in her brief profusion, throws
> On rock and dell the perfume of the rose."

The commune of Prali has had its full share in those disasters by which, in former times, the spirit of persecution manifested itself in every district of the Valleys. Early in the summer of 1488, with the view of taking the inhabitants by surprise, and avoiding the risk of open rencontre, about seven hundred Catholics descended, says Gilles, like a torrent from the north-west frontier, and swept on towards the small town of Pommiers. Here, however, the inhabitants, having narrowly watched their movements, were prepared to give them a warm reception; and falling upon them sword in hand, left only one man to record their enterprise. This individual, the standard-bearer of his party, having escaped during the *mêlée*, threw himself into a torrent, the channel of which he followed under a mass of snow, not yet melted, and there remained concealed, till cold and hunger forcing him from his miserable retreat, he threw himself on the mercy of the people. This obtained, he was

* *Gilly*, Waldens. Research. pp. 496-7.

† "Ses mêlèzes, du côté du Julien, offrent sur leur tronc de petites mousses, en bouquets, d'un jaune d'or admirable. Il y en a d'autres, plus développées, qui pendent à leurs branches, en longues *barbes de capucin*, noires, grises, et verdâtres; lorsqu'elles sont mouillées, elles prennent toute cette dernière couleur."—*Muston*, p. 19. On the descent from the Col-de-Balme towards the Vallais in Switzerland, the gigantic pines, with which the precipices are there lined, exhibit similar phenomena. These pendulous mossy tufts are eagerly sought after by the chamois, in the depth of winter, as the only vegetable product within their reach. The *beard-like* resemblance of this excrescence is very close, and hence its name of "Barbe de Capucin."

‡ Gardioles is the village which, by reputation, has the most bees, and the best flavoured honey in the Valleys.

suffered to quit the place without molestation, and conveyed the important lesson to his countrymen, that those who promote violence against others, are not unfrequently its victims, or—

> . . . "Left, but as a very prey to time,
> Having no more but thought of what they *were*
> To torture them the more, being what they *are*"—
> . . . "So just is God to right the innocent."

Among the heights south of Prali, are the twelve small lakes formed by the melting of the snows in the surrounding Col-St.-Julien. Prali was the first halt made by the exiles in 1689, on their triumphant entry into their native mountains. In the church of Guigou they met for the first time to render united thanks to Him who had brought them through innumerable trials and sufferings, and at last planted their feet on that sacred threshold from which they had been expelled by the edge of the sword. During their exile, the church had been converted into a Catholic chapel, and the simple forms of the Waldensian worship replaced by the show and ceremony of the Romish church. The images of saints, and the symbols announcing the change which had defaced their ancient temple, met the exiles at the porch. Another race of worshippers had filled their sanctuary, where the Waldensian faith was now denounced, and its adherents formally proclaimed outlaws to the state, and outcasts from the church of Christ. Entering the venerated temple—that primitive altar before which their fathers had so long worshipped at the peril of their lives—the exiles employed some minutes in removing from its place every object that belonged to the forms and ceremonies of Catholic worship. Having thus, as they believed, purified the place for the solemn act of thanksgiving about to commence, the service began by singing the seventy-fourth psalm, so well adapted to their circumstances. After this, Arnaud, placing a plank on the threshold, so as to be heard distinctly by those within and without, there took his station, and, in a sermon well suited to the occasion, addressed the heroic band who had obeyed him as their captain, and now listened to his glowing words, as their pastor, with feelings to which no language could give utterance. In the whole course of this daring expedition, during which Arnaud and his followers were thrown into such varied and dangerous positions, there is no epoch so affecting—no circumstance that presents materials for so striking a picture, as this.

Previously to the time in question, the pastoral duties of Guigou had been discharged by M. Leidet,* till, having been detected in the act of private

* "He was taken by an armed band, and conducted before the marquess of Angrogne, near Luzern—where the duke of Savoy was residing at the time—and there shut up in a tower of the palace. . . . Here

devotion—in raising his voice to the praise of God under a solitary rock near his house, for the singing of psalms was an infallible proof of heresy—he was apprehended and carried before the inquisitors to answer for his offence. Questioned on the subject, he avowed the fact; and, on refusing to abjure his religion, was condemned and executed at the fort of St. Michael, near Luzern, in 1686, as an obstinate heretic. His death was a noble lesson of christian fortitude.

> "In his calm look, where heaven's pure light was shed,
> They saw no fear—no recreant symptoms read—
> Nor passing trait of sordid earth could trace:
> But, in the pale repose that lit his face,
> There shone that placid light, those tints that lie
> Like Hope entranced on summer's evening sky;
> That softened radiance which the sunset flings
> O'er the fair frame-work of terrestrial things;
> That glory—which, withdrawn from human eyes,
> Sets with the *promise* of a brighter rise!
> Nor papal curse, nor torture could control,
> His mind's deep majesty: Faith on his soul
> Spread forth her shadowless—her sunny wing,
> And from the spoiler plucked the dreaded sting."

Leger, the celebrated historian above mentioned, was also pastor of the church of Prali, with its *annexe*, Rodoret, and first entered on the arduous duties of his office in September 1639, with an injunction to preach four times a week. One Sunday, in the month of February, while on his way to preach at Rodoret, he was caught in a *tourmente*, or snow-storm, and suffered so dreadfully from the effects of cold, that the most serious apprehensions were entertained for his recovery. His own account of the accident, and its attendant circumstances, is curious, and expressed in the following terms.*

he continued for several months, existing on bread and water, so heavily loaded with fetters that he could not lie down. The monks, who incessantly attacked him on the subject of his religion, determined that he should either renounce its doctrines, or die as an example to others.... Their arguments and threatened vengeance, as usual, entirely failed, and the sentence of execution was passed.... The auditor Salvay pronounced the fatal words, which Leidet heard with marked composure of resignation.... On quitting his prison,—'This day,' said he, 'brings me double deliverance: it releases my body from captivity, and my soul from its corporeal prison; it breaks my earthly bands, and gives me an inheritance with the saints in light—those who, through much tribulation, inherit the kingdom of heaven.' He mounted the scaffold with a holy joy and invincible resolution, despising alike the pardon offered him on condition of apostasy, and that death which his enemies had surrounded with additional terrors. At the foot of the scaffold, he prayed with such fervour, says the same authority, and with such an expression of calm resignation in his features, that even those most familiar with such spectacles were deeply affected by his language and manner. His last words were, 'Into thy hands, O God, I commit my spirit.' Even the monks, who had never left him from the day of his imprisonment, and were now witnesses of his martyrdom, confessed that he had died like a saint."—*Manuscript* Biography of "DAVID MOUDON, *capitaine vaudois*."

* "Partant tout seul des Prals un dimanche au point du jour pour aller faire le I. prêche au Rodoret, à une lieue d'Allemagne de là, comme je traversais la colline qu'on appelle la Tracenea, je fus accueilli d'un

The pastoral duties of Prali are now discharged with great zeal and ability by M. Peyran, nephew of the late Moderator, to whose invaluable labours we have already adverted. The parish comprises the population of thirteen hamlets, widely scattered; but, in this country, neither distance nor danger can deter the inhabitants from regular attendance on the ordinances of religion—a religion doubly endeared to them by the recollection of past sacrifices. The present church, which replaced that of Guigou, and in which service is still performed, is a building of very humble exterior, much dilapidated, and requiring considerable outlay to afford even a temporary accommodation. But the means at their disposal are far too limited to enable the worthy pastor and his congregation to substitute a more durable structure; and if such is to be done, it must be the work of foreign contributions. It is exposed to all those dangers which climate and situation render so formidable in Alpine countries.

The following account of a melancholy catastrophe, as related to the author, shows with what imminent danger the communication is kept open during the long winter in these dreary solitudes. On the 11th of March, 1832, eighteen men started from Pomaret with the intention of reaching Prali, their native place. They were strongly advised not to attempt so dangerous an enterprise, which, there was too much cause to apprehend, could not be accomplished without personal risk. These poor fellows, however, were too much concerned for the safety of their families at Prali to consult their own security, and, listening only to the voice of affection which called them home, resolved to confront the storm. It had continued to snow for several days previously, and, fearing that it might overwhelm their huts and families if they were not on the spot to avert the danger, the duty to return became sacred and imperative. They were well acquainted with the road, but, at this time, all traces of a road were obliterated, and they proceeded along the defile, guided by those landmarks with which their eyes were familiar. Various circumstances occurred in succession which had almost confirmed the worst predictions of their friends at Pomaret:

si furieux tourbillon de vent, que j'en fus longtems roulé parmi les neiges où je perdis mon chapeau; mais arrivé que je fus au village nommé la *Ville*, un Barbe *David Guigon* ancien, m'en ayant prété un autre je passay outre; cependant comme ma tête avait esté détrempé parmi les neiges, elle ne tarda guères de se trouver garni d'un bonnet de glace, avec laquelle je ne laissay pas de poursuivre mon chemin: arrivé que je fus au Rodoret, je dégelay bien un peu ma pauvre tête auprès du feu, mais cela n'empêcha pas que quelques semaines après je ne fusse alitté tout à plat, et si rudement travaillé d'une apostème que tous les medecins qu'on pût consulter ne me contassent entre les morts: mes oreilles étoient si fort enflées qu'elles avoient l'épaisseur de plus de deux doigts: mes máchoires estoient si fermées, qu'il n'estoit pas possible de m'ouvrir les dents pour me pouvoir mettre quelque cuéillerée de bouillon dans la bouche: si bien que pour le faire avec une canule d'argent, le sieur Laurens mon oncle trouva bon de me rompre une dent mácheliere, parce, disait-il, Dieu est tout puissant pour le relever encore, et il auroit encore besoin en tel cas des dents de devant pour prêcher. Enfin cette apostème crevée se poussa hors par les oreilles comme par les seringues, et j'en fus, Dieu merci, comme ressuscité."—Leger. *Abrégée de sa Vie; from the edition of* 1669.

but having thus far escaped without injury, they gained courage as they approached home, where their presence was so much needed, and the pleasure so little expected. They had still, however, one or more perilous steps before them, which, if once overcome, would place them out of all danger. The spot most to be dreaded is called the bridge of marble, which, in fine weather, is only a few minutes' walk from Prali; but, apprehending no actual risk, they proceeded without hesitation. At this point the path winds along rugged precipices, the base of which is undermined by a deep and impetuous torrent. The snow lay deep to the very brink of the gorge, and required great precautions, lest, in proceeding, the newly-formed crust of snow should slip from the more hardened layer beneath, and carry them down with it into the torrent. To effect this, the weight of their bodies would have sufficed; and, once loosened at the base, the mass from above would precipitate itself with a force and velocity which no human effort could resist. Aware of this, some of them proposed to make the passage by ascending a little higher, and thereby diminish the risk; but the thirteen who were in advance overruled the proposal, and continued their progress without further halt or consultation. The snow was still falling thick, and so dense a mist covered the surrounding mountains, that the nearest objects became almost invisible. The rushing of the torrent, however, and the flashing of the spray at their feet, served as guides to their steps; and in this manner they wound slowly along the slippery brink. Habituated from infancy to these dangerous passes, their nerves were not shaken by ominous anticipations—more particularly as they could now almost descry the spot at which their fatigues and anxieties were to terminate;—and by preserving that profound silence so indispensable where avalanches are to be apprehended, they had nearly emerged from the defile. But, in an instant—in the midst of this apparent security—an ice-cold blast, the certain precursor of the avalanche, paralysed every heart! The leader of this devoted band, as the well-known signal struck his ear, exclaimed in a voice of despair, "Great God, we are lost!" The next moment all were thrown prostrate by the resistless current; and the avalanche, following with the rapidity of lightning, swept thirteen of the party into the bed of the torrent, and there, blocking up its course, buried them under the snowy deluge.*

* This avalanche is said to fall only once every four or five years, and to collect at a great distance up the mountains. So long as the soft and dusty snow remains attached to the fir-trees, avalanches may be generally apprehended in those defiles more particularly subject to this dreadful scourge. Though always to be dreaded so long as the snow remains soft, they are most so at the commencement of a thaw. When the snow happens to fall upon the frozen crust of the old layer, it forms lavanges with much greater facility than when it meets with a thawed surface. When the higher mountains are covered with recent or continued snow, as in the disaster here recorded, and when the wind, or some other occurrence, happens to detach some of the flakes, these very frequently fall along the slope of the rocks, and there, collecting for some time, become of

In the mean time, the five who had lingered some paces behind, and at the first moment of apprehension had thrown themselves upon their faces,* thereby offering less resistance to the descending mass, escaped the tremendous force by which their comrades in advance had been overwhelmed. Of the latter, one had a most remarkable escape. When the whole party were swept headlong, he was forced by the weight of snow into a small crevice, hollowed in the hard under-crust; and there, sheltered from the avalanche, it passed over him without injury, leaving him a solitary mourner over the tomb of his companions. After the survivors had partially recovered from the consternation of the moment, and were able to look around them, they perceived at some distance a human hand projecting through the snow; and, hastening towards the spot, had the happiness to rescue, but with difficulty, another victim from the frozen mass.

The survivors, now reduced to seven, out of the eighteen who had started together in the morning full of health and fortitude, stood for some time gazing with intense agony on the snow-deluge beneath them, waiting for some further indications of life—some voice or sign by which they might have hoped to rescue yet another of their unhappy comrades from the grave; but not a symptom of hope was left. The stillness of death settled over the spot; and, recalled at length to a sense of their own immediate danger, they consulted for a moment how they should act. The safest, and by far the shortest way, was to have proceeded forward to Prali; but so bewildered were their minds by the awful catastrophe which had just befallen their companions, that they had not resolution to advance and communicate the dreadful tidings, but returned panic-struck and oppressed on the road to Rodoret and Gardiole—villages through which they had already passed. Here, their diminished number and exhausted appearance soon told the melancholy tidings. The alarm spread, and every

an immense magnitude before they burst from their perch. These are what are called in the Alps of Savoy and Switzerland *cold* lavanges. Beside this, there are the spring and summer avalanches, an account of which the reader will find in our late work of SWITZERLAND ILLUSTRATED, French and German editions of which are now published.

* The approach of an avalanche is uniformly preceded by a dreadful hollow roaring, like that of thunder, and announced by a stream of frozen air, to which the violent concussion and sudden disrupture of the snowy mass have given the momentum of a leaden torrent. Thus surprised, the resistance of human strength is but as a straw opposed to the cataract, and the traveller is thrown prostrate in an instant. It has occasionally happened, however, that, by taking advantage of the first intimation, and flying to some protected point, he has escaped destruction.

The least noise, it is well known, is sufficient to detach an avalanche, and in dangerous passes it is advisable to observe strict silence. As a precaution, the bells carried round the necks of mules used formerly to be taken off, or stuffed with hay, on approaching any suspected part of the road, and a pistol fired into the air, in order to provoke, by concussion, the fall of the avalanche before the travellers exposed themselves to the danger. The same precautions are still to be recommended under similar circumstances, though rarely necessary in the limited district under notice. In the author's account of the passage of the French army across the Splügben, the reader will find some curious facts respecting avalanches.

limb that could be exerted in the cause of humanity rushed to the fatal spot. During three days, about sixty men were constantly employed in excavations in the snow to recover the bodies of the victims, most of which were found at a great depth under the surface. When the whole were extricated and conveyed to Prali, the scene of distress that followed was such as has been rarely witnessed or described, even in this land where death has been so often exhibited under the most appalling features. When the bodies were exposed to view, and each of the bereaved families came to claim "their dead," and saw before them the lifeless forms of those with whom they had so lately parted in health and joy—when they reflected that a too ardent attachment to home had led them to undervalue all personal danger—that the love of kindred had stifled the warnings of experience, and given cause for this untimely sacrifice, they were poignantly afflicted. The shock was as severe as it was sudden, and threw a sense of desolation over the whole valley; for every one had lost a relation, a friend, or acquaintance. In a small community like this, where the inhabitants are isolated, not only by local circumstances, but by their religious dissent from the world around them, the cords of natural affection are drawn closer; friendships are more cultivated; every gentler passion and emotion is cherished with a truth and intensity which are little practised in society of wider limits. Here, they live like one family of mutual cares and sympathies—every member of which is essential to the other's happiness, and from which, if but one drop away, the loss is felt and deplored by all. Each, like connecting beams in the same structure, is mutually dependent on each, soothing, supporting, and encouraging one another. Under these circumstances, the reader will easily picture in his own mind the distress into which Prali—never populous—was now plunged by this disastrous event. It had deprived them of what no circumstances could replace, and left a blank at the sacred altar, and at the cheerful hearth, which nothing could supply. But in the midst of this awful visitation their religion was their resource; they recalled those noble martyrs whom it had supported in the dungeon, on the scaffold, at the stake; and bore with hereditary strength and resignation this new trial of their faith. When the mournful preparations were completed, the victims who had thus perished together, together were committed to one grave—martyrs to their own virtuous affections, and leaving their epitaph in the heart of every survivor.

The district through which we have now advanced, formed the principal scene of operation during that extraordinary campaign by which the heroic Arnaud and his followers re-established themselves in the Valleys. Prali, Rodoret, Ville-Sèche, Perrero, and Pomaret, have each a place in the history

of their achievements; while every remarkable feature in the landscape is more or less associated with their sufferings and triumphs. But of these we shall have occasion to speak more fully in a subsequent portion of the work.

To the tourist who proceeds across the Col-de-Julien to Bobi, the Serre-le-Cruel—a celebrated post of Arnaud and his victorious followers—will be an object of peculiar attraction. It is a little out of the common track, on the rugged banks of the Subiasca torrent, but, once attained, all fatigue will be forgotten, and the stranger feel himself repaid by one of the finest and most extensive views in the whole circuit of the Valleys. It comprises the entire basin of the Val Pelice, from the Col-de-la-Croix above Bobi, to Villar; the fantastic meanderings of the river; the road winding down the rugged flank of Col-de-Julien; Monte Viso soaring directly in front, and La Sarcena—another of the old Waldensian watch posts—raising its monumental crest between. Every feature in this extraordinary landscape is of a bold and impressive character. Associated with so many historical facts, it invites contemplation, and leads the mind back to those fearful times when the persecuted native had no citadel but these inaccessible rocks—no consolation but in his unsullied faith—no personal security but what he could purchase with the sword.

Having now completed the first division of the tour, we shall indulge in a few miscellaneous observations on the valleys through which we have passed, and the living features of their inhabitants. The Vachera, or pastoral district so named, is a green alp on the eastern frontier, on which the sheep and cattle belonging to the surrounding communes are sent to graze during the season.* This branch of rural economy we have already mentioned as occupying a considerable portion of the inhabitants during the summer months. The cattle are here watched by a colony of herds, men and shepherds, who pitch their tents or erect cabins along this elevated region, in which all the different processes of the dairy are carried on during their sojourn, and at the close of the season become a profitable source of export.

* This annual migration of the cattle, instinctively impatient as the season advances to reach their alpine pastures, is described in a hymn written by the late Moderator, M. Bert. In a series of others, embracing familiar subjects and local descriptions, he has happily blended some striking reflections well calculated to make an impression on the simple-minded youth for whom they were composed. The following is an extract, (in double lines) from that in question—"L'émigration du Bétail sur les Alpes," set to the music of the forty-second psalm.

"Pourquoi cette inquiétude, qu'on remarque en nos troupeaux?
On voit à leur attitude, qu'ils n'aiment plus le repos:
Leur impatient regard dit assez, que sans retard
Ils réclament l'avantage de changer de pâturage.

A A "Cedons

During the period of their abode in these isolated regions, the shepherds are visited at stated occasions by the neighbouring pastor, who thus affords them that spiritual instruction from which, by situation and distance from any regular place of worship, they would otherwise be debarred. In this country, however, where the ordinances of religion are so justly appreciated, and considered so indispensable to the moral health of the community, every provision is made for exemplifying its precepts. That none may plead ignorance as an excuse for error, or adduce their isolated situation as an apology for the neglect of religious duties, they are refreshed from time to time by these ministerial visitations, and reminded of Him who is ever present—

" In the wide waste as in the city full."

The scene which these pastoral assemblies present—so peculiar to the Waldenses—forms a novel and most interesting feature among the salutary regulations of their moral code. On the day appointed for their celebration, these sacred festivals are hailed with gratitude, and attended by the entire population of the surrounding hills. The announcement that the worthy pastor is on his way to gather around him once more the scattered children of his flock, is the signal for every chalet and every sheltering rock to send forth its inmates. Some accompany him from the distant valley, others meet him in the ascent, and all assemble round him as he reaches the verdant platform from which he is to address them in the affectionate language of Scripture. Nothing can be more pleasing to the spectator, or more gratifying to these single-minded people, than the affectionate solicitude with which their minister inquires into all their wants and wishes—instructing, consoling, and encouraging each, as occasion offers; but ever directing them, in the midst of all their worldly concerns, to " set their affections on those things that are above."

When the service of the day is fairly begun, and the words of the psalm are simultaneously taken up by every member present, and melodiously prolonged through the varied changes of the tune, the effect is extremely touching. As

Cédons tous à la demande que l'instinct sait leur dicter;
Notre intérêt nous commande de ne pas leur résister.
Pour éviter la chaleur, et respirer la fraîcheur,
Quittant nos basses campagnes, conduisons-les aux montagnes.
" Là, sur ces Alpes lointaines, nos troupeaux s'embelliront,
Et des herbes les plus saines, joyeux, ils se nourriront." . . . .
" Ce changement de pacage doit nous rappeler aussi,
Que la vie est un voyage que nous faisons tous ici!
N'ayant rien de permanent, recherchons incessamment
Cette demeure éterne'le que Dieu promet au fidèle."

the volume of sound swells into chorus, then gradually melts away, and is again renewed, the woods and rocks of the "everlasting hills" respond to the anthem, as if an invisible choir presided over the spot, and lent a holier elevation to the heart, and a richer modulation to the voice. At such an hour, and in the midst of scenes whose unchanging sublimity exerts at all times a powerful influence over the feelings, the heart sympathises in a peculiar manner with the worship and the worshipper. The simple music of the psalm seems now the voice of inspiration, and all that he has heard in the "long drawn aisles," appears faint in comparison with what here greet the stranger in "a Sabbath among the hills." The majestic objects themselves seem in an audible voice to speak of their Creator. The Alps, the broad and cloudless sky, the flowery sward, the waving forests, the frowning precipices, present an appropriate tabernacle for Him whose temple is all space—a temple not made with hands—a temple of which every feature proclaims the presence of its divine Architect. Grouped around their pastor, and eagerly listening to those glad tidings of which he is the depositary, it is highly gratifying to observe the stillness that reigns throughout this primitive assembly—the marked emphasis with which each applies some particular passage to himself, or to the case of some one near him.* Simple, uncultivated, and even grotesque, as many of this congregation may

* This scene of an alpine Sabbath will no doubt recal to many of our readers the history of past times, when the persecuted natives of Scotland assembled by stealth in some dreary glen, or mountain top, to hear the Word of God, and hold communion with their fellow-sufferers. The scene has been admirably depicted by a native poet, who has done the subject honour, and been honoured by his subject. It is so applicable to the Waldenses under similar circumstances, that we make no apology for inserting an extract from the poem.

. . . "Long ere the dawn, by devious ways
O'er hills, through woods, o'er dreary wastes, they sought
The upland moors, where rivers—there but brooks—
Dispart to different seas. Fast by such brooks
A shadowy glen is sometimes scooped—a plat,
With greensward gay, and flowers that strangers seem
Amid the heath-clad wild, that all around
Fatigues the eye. In solitudes like these
Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foiled
A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws.
There, leaning on his spear—(one of the array
Whose gleam in former days had scathed the rose
On England's banner, and had powerless struck
The infatuate monarch and his wavering host)—
The lyart veteran heard the word of God
By Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured
In gentle stream: then rose the song, the loud
Acclaim of praise! the wheeling plover ceased
Her plaint: the solitary place was glad,
And on the distant *cairns* the watchman's ear
Caught doubtfully, at times, the breeze-borne note.

"But

appear to a stranger, they have all been taught to read and reflect upon the Scriptures; and under a rude and impoverished exterior, exhibit those practical virtues which are too rarely met with in polished society. How superior, then, is the humble shepherd of these Alps, who reads his Bible, and lives in observance of its precepts, to the court-bred *seigneur*, whose château is a miracle of good taste, but from whose conversation and closet the sacred volume is excluded. How much more estimable is the simple mountaineer, who resigns himself to the sacred guidance of his religion—who knows the will of his Master and does it—whose mind is calm and established in its firm belief of Divine Revelation, —than the man who prides himself on his philosophy—on the exercise of an enlightened "reason"—but who too often finds, in the severer trials of life, and at the approach of dissolution, that its vaunted maxims sound like mockery in "the sick man's ear"—quickening his apprehensions, upbraiding him with the neglect of better studies, and in one short hour prostrating that elaborate system of human invention on which he had too fondly relied. Philosophy, indeed, is the friend that attends us in prosperity—that gives zest to our happy hours—that embellishes every walk of life; but, like other false friends, falls away when we most require its support. Religion, on the contrary, once fully established in the heart, directs all its movements, enables its possessor to enjoy prosperity with moderation, and in adversity arms him with invincible fortitude. The former is the pride of life, that flatters us into a dangerous security—betrays us into a vain sense of our own importance, but seldom permits us to discover the frail reed on which we have leant till the last: the latter is that which never deceives nor deserts its humble votary, but, like "oil poured on a tempestuous sea," smooths his course through life, and ripens at last into a new

"But years more gloomy followed: and no more
The assembled people dared in face of day
To worship God, or even at the dead
Of night, save when the wintry storm raved fierce,
And thunder-peals compelled the men of blood
To crouch within their dens; then dauntlessly
The scattered few would meet, in some deep dell,
By rocks o'er-canopied, to hear the voice—
Their faithful pastor's voice. He, by the gleam
Of shaded lightning, oped the sacred Book,
And words of comfort spoke. Over their souls
His accents soothing came—as to her young
The heath-fowl wings, when at the close of eve
She gathers in, mournful, her brood dispersed
By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
Fondly her plumes: close nestling 'neath her breast,
They cherished cower amidst the purple blooms."—GRAHAM.

and happier existence. But on the influence of this vivifying principle, in every state and condition of human life, it were here superfluous to enlarge; it was impossible, however, not to advert forcibly to the subject, while witnessing so impressive an example of its working, and the unaffected piety which the scene before us so beautifully illustrates.

In addressing an assembly like this, there is one important object which the preacher never loses sight of. His language is formed on that simple scriptural standard which renders it intelligible to the humblest comprehension. He takes advantage of every circumstance of time and situation, to fix the attention and engage the heart. If, in closing some elucidation of Bible history, he wishes to enforce the lesson by adding some prominent traits of christian virtue, he has only to quote the pages of their own history. Stimulated by the example of their forefathers, the words of the preacher descend with double force on his hearers, and encourage them to emulate what they admire. If he point to the surrounding cliffs—to the valleys spread out beneath them—to the rocks and caverns from which their ancestors descended to victory, or to which they fled from the sword of persecution, profound gratitude mingles with their exultation; and where gratitude fills the heart, every good deed will follow.

While adverting to a scene of this description, we naturally observe the contrast it presents to those numerous fêtes which, under a religious colouring, are so often the resort of licentious passions, or at least of amusements which, if not criminal, are never conducive to virtue. But with little time for idle indulgence, and so many opportunities for instruction—rendered doubly effective by the example handed down, and the "living example" of their teachers—we cannot be surprised that the Waldenses have so long maintained a marked superiority of morals, and shown themselves to be a people who are "doers of the word, and not hearers only."

We might now indulge in much interesting description—such as will occur to susceptible minds—as the evening closes upon this alpine Sabbath; when the last hymn expires in faint echoes; when the pastor lifts his hands to implore a benediction on his flock, and each retires slowly from the scene, with pleasing thoughts that take possession of the heart. While watching his flocks by night, or seated by the chalet hearth, the remembrance of a well-spent day is balm to its humble tenant, and encouragement to walk in the steps of his forefathers, whose primitive lesson still sounds in his ear:

"O Frayres, entẽde una nobla leuzon Souẽt deue uelhar erstar en ozon."	"O my brethren, listen to this noble lesson That tells us we ought often 'to watch and pray.'"

While this scene passes in review before us, we cannot but revert to the very different aspect which these heights presented when persecution let slip the ministers of her vengeance, and the ancestors of these simple peasants, whom we have just pictured, had to exchange the crook of peace for the sword, and here, marshalled under their pastors, to maintain a renewed struggle for existence. The epoch to which we allude, is that, when assembled under their pastor Leger, the Waldenses were attacked on the Vachera by the Ducal force, which had mustered in great strength, and confidence of victory; but the race was "not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." After a struggle of many hours' duration, their confidence was changed into panic; and so impetuous was the charge with which they were at last repulsed, that they fled in utter dismay before their pursuers, in total abandonment of all order and discipline. Leger himself has depicted the scene in vivid colours, but candidly admits, that, at the earlier period of the onset, the Waldenses had well nigh fallen into the hands of the enemy. For, in spite of their determined courage, having spent all their powder and shot, the enemy were within a spear's length of the intrenchment, when Leger and his adjutant, Colonel Andrion of Geneva, gave orders that all who had no more ammunition should be instantly employed as slingers, while others had orders to climb the superincumbent precipices, and, by dislodging portions of the rock, discharge them in continued avalanches on the heads of the enemy. The effect of this manœuvre was sudden and terrible; for the rocks being launched from the summit, and meeting others in their downward career, shivered them to pieces, and thus, augmenting at every bound, fell like showers of grape-shot among the enemy, crushing or disabling whole columns. But it was still more fatal to those who, studious of their own personal safety, had spread themselves widely, during the conflict, among the precipices, where, concealed from view by the natural wood growing from the crevices, they could take deadly aim at the Waldenses, while the latter were not aware from whence the shot that galled them proceeded. But as soon as the showers of rocks began to sweep the precipices, these lurking sharp-shooters were mostly overwhelmed. The others too, who, according to the superstition of the day, wore on their persons certain charms which rendered them proof, as they believed, against musket bullets, perceiving that they had no charm to divert one of these rocks from its course, at once abandoned their posts, and fled in despair. The spell was broken. The Waldenses now springing forward from behind their barricades, each with a broad cutlass* in

* This weapon, with a blade about twenty inches long, and two or three broad, was very generally worn by the Waldenses.

one hand, and a pistol in the other, drove the whole army before them. The loss on the part of the assailants, even by their own showing, was very great, comprising that of their best officers, and a large body of veterans. One of their magistrates, on observing the great number of dead and wounded who were brought into Luzern, exclaimed, "How is this? Formerly the wolves used to devour the dogs; but the day is now arrived when the dogs devour the wolves." The force of this *bon-mot* is more apparent in the original,* where the word *barbetti*, literally dogs, was the common term of reproach applied to the Waldenses by their Roman Catholic neighbours.

In perusing their history, or in observing the existing habits and manners of the Waldenses, the close resemblance they bear to those of the Scottish "Covenanters," cannot fail to excite the notice of every one who has studied the subject. Both were the marked objects of persecution—both were uncompromising defenders of their religious tenets—and both preferred death in any shape, to a lax "conformity" with those political edicts which their consciences could not recognize but as violations of the law of God. Both evinced a spirit of loyalty, and performed the duties of loyal subjects, as soon as the government relaxed in the cruel measures enforced against them. Both had their champions in the field, and their martyrs on the scaffold; and to the leaders and pastors of the Waldenses it would be easy to find many parallels among the Nonconformists of Scotland. But this would be foreign to our present undertaking. We may mention, however, that in dwelling on the terrible persecutions inflicted on the Waldenses, we are but too apt to pass lightly over those by which one set of professing Protestants endeavoured to annihilate the other; for certainly the atrocities perpetrated in Scotland under sanction of a Protestant ministry, were hardly inferior in degree—though much shorter in duration—to those perpetrated by the Catholic government of Piedmont against the Waldenses. The historians who report these facts, so degrading to humanity, were, we admit, generally men who had themselves "suffered persecution," and therefore might have been liable to some degree of suspicion; but the facts, unhappily, are too well attested by opposite authorities to leave the slightest doubt of their authenticity. If we compare the darker passages of Scottish history with that of the Waldenses, even at the most calamitous epoch of their sufferings, we shall perceive that the condemnation so freely passed upon the Catholics, may be pronounced with justice against the government then existing in our own country. The *Propaganda* could hardly have recommended more severe

* "Altre volte li *lupi* mangiavano li barbetti, ma'l tempo e venuto chi li Barbetti mangiano li lupi."—*Leger*, Hist. p. 197, quoted literally.

measures for the extirpation of heretics, than were sanctioned by the ministers of Charles the Second against the Presbyterians.*

Before quitting these alpine heights, it may give the reader some idea of their local boundaries, as well as the varied and majestic beauties which they command, if we here introduce a brief panoramic sketch from one of the highest accessible points—the Cournaüt. In our laborious ascent to this isolated summit, the fatigue is compensated by the ever-varying scene that contracts or dilates as the path scrambles along the precipices, or meanders through some pastoral

* "I have lived," said an eye-witness, "to see those sufferings inflicted by one body of Protestants on the other; I have lived to see a prince twice, of his own choice, take the oath of the Covenants to support religion and the fundamental laws of the land; I have lived to see that prince turn traitor to his country, and, with unblushing impiety, order these Covenants to be burnt by the hands of the public executioner. I have seen him subvert the liberty of my country, both civil and religious; I have seen him erect a bloody inquisition. The priests, imposed on us by tyranny, instead of wooing us over by the loveliness of religion, have thrown off the bowels of compassion. They occupy seats in the sanguinary Council. They stimulate the cruelties of Lauderdale, Mackenzie, and York. . . . Our property they confiscate; our houses they convert into barracks. They drag free men into chains; they bring forward no witnesses of our guilt. They *invent new tortures to convert us.* They employ the *thumb-screws* and *bootkins.* If we are silent, they condemn us. If we confess our Christian creed, they doom us to the gibbet. If we offer a defence, a judge rises from his seat, and, *with a naked sword, wounds the prisoner.** Not only our sentence, but the manner of our execution, is fixed *before* our trial. In our last moments, they command the kettle-drum to *beat one continued roll;** and when a strong sense of justice extorts a complaint against our barbarous treatment, a military servant of the Council *strikes the dying man* in his last moments.* And, as if this sanguinary process were too slow in exterminating us, I have seen Charles Stuart, the king, let loose a brutal soldiery upon us—upon *us* who recalled him from exile, and placed the crown on his head! He has murdered our men, our wives, and our children. Clavers (the Viscount Dundee) is our judge—his dragoons our executioners; and these savages do still employ the *sagacity of blood-hounds to hunt us down.* My soul sickens at the revolting spectacles. They have cut in pieces the friends and companions of my youth. Mackail, Kid, and King, are no more. Cameron fell bleeding at my side. Hackstone they have butchered. Cargil, my father, they could not even spare thee! Nor thee, dear young Renwick! Brown fell by the bloody Clavers, at the feet of his wife and crying children. I have seen my friends, and those in whose veins my blood ran, fall in ranks on bloody Bothwell, as the golden flowers of the meadow under the scythe of the mower. I have seen the greedy axe of the inhuman executioner mangle the limbs of my dearest friends. I have seen the minions of tyranny perform their disgusting service, of transporting from place to place, and suspending, as on shambles, the bleeding limbs of our martyrs! I have seen the hammer of the barbarians fix the severed heads of my companions on the walls of Edinburgh. I have seen these forms, once dear to my soul as the light of heaven, become naked and bleached bones under the rain and sun....The frequent butcheries in the field and on the scaffold have rendered men callous. The ghastly heads and mangled quarters are set up before the mob. Mothers and daughters have become so familiarized with the spectacle, that they no longer start at the sight—delicate females pass under them without a shudder!..." &c. We have only to compare the preceding detail with that of Leger, or any other accredited historian of the Waldenses, to see how nearly the Presbyterians of the north have approached in every variety of suffering to their Protestant brethren of the south. The coincidence is so striking, that it seems as if each detail were an abstract from the history of the other. But this was to be expected; for the history of one persecution is that of every persecution, since the foundation of Christianity. The printed historical documents respecting the Covenanters, as well as numerous MSS. in the possession of private families, would afford materials for an original and most interesting work. For the reader of Waldensian history, the "Vindication of the Scottish Covenanters," by Dr. M'Crie, and M'Gavin's edition of "The Scots Worthies," with a copious appendix, will be sufficient for the object stated.

* Historical facts.

solitude, where the wild bee and the mountain goat resort for honey-flowers and sweet herbage. To the right and left, groups of bold, naked rocks shoot up at intervals, marking the different stages between the vegetable and mineral kingdom—the gradual lapsing of life into death—of shrub and plant merging into the sterile regions of snow. But from the summit, the panorama is of the most imposing grandeur. The wide-spread valleys of Italy expand before the eye—that vast treasury of noble rivers, exuberant plains, and magnificent cities, with which Hannibal animated his Carthaginians, and which Napoleon pointed out to his exhausted troops as an irresistible stimulus to renewed exertion. In the distance, Turin, the "great city of the plain," and its lofty temple of the Superga, stand forth beautifully defined in the deep blue sky—the latter crowning the former with an air of regal magnificence. To the east, the prospect is only bounded by the horizon; the vast interval is filled up with cities, towns, villages, and châteaux; and, like a white line on the extreme verge of the picture, the Lombard capital of Milan closes the panorama. The fantastic windings of the Po are seen at intervals glancing in the sun, and carrying beauty and fertility through its wide domain. Towards the south, a slight haze points out the distant line where the waves of the Mediterranean meet the sky; but the intervening hills conceal from view the cities and towns with which it is bordered. Nearer the valleys, the spectator's eye wanders over a rich succession of objects that excite his admiration, and awaken many historical recollections. Asti, the birth-place of Alfieri; Saluzzo, from which the Waldenses were so cruelly expelled in the sixteenth century; Campillon, Fenil, Bubiana—all of which belonged to their ancestors; Cavour, and its singular mountain, which offers a new problem for the solution of geologists; Garsigliana, with its lofty steeple; and, finally, the terraced heights of Pignerol, which we have already described. Turning our eyes still further over the immense chain of Alps—forming, so to speak, the "spinal vertebræ of Europe"—on the right, Monte Viso, and on the left, Mont Cenis, start forth in isolated majesty. The first of these, resembling a vast colossal obelisk, soars from the midst of this ocean of snowy crests, icy peaks, and inaccessible ridges—all surging up in every variety of shape and position—like the great pyramid of Egypt rising in solitary grandeur over the sand of the desert. It would be a vain attempt for those who have not actually witnessed the scene, to paint the magnificence with which this mountain presents itself from almost every point along the course of the Po. Although considerably less in elevation than Mont Blanc, it produces an effect still more imposing, from the fact of its isolated position, which shows it to infinite advantage, as appearing so much higher than all the

surrounding Alps. No adventurer has hitherto reached its summit—it is the Jungfrau of the south.*

After having contemplated these mountains and valleys under the creative influence of a vernal sun, we should see them again when the autumnal blasts have rifled the forests of their leaves, and when the winter snows have shrouded the whole landscape. Then we perceive the fearful change induced by the change of season—the sudden transition from the glory of an Italian sunshine to the withering frosts of Nova Zemba. The rigours of a Waldensian winter are severe in an inverse proportion to the warmth and rich profusion of summer. Here, the flowers of spring and the fruits of autumn blossom and fall in a comparatively brief space, leaving the residue of the year under the dominion of winter, which, though always tedious in the Alps, varies in duration according to the exposure of the valley; and even in the same valley is felt under different degrees of severity. The storms to which these Valleys are subject, are similar to those periodical hurricanes which occur along the whole range of Alps—such as we have already described† as so terrific in their appearance, and destructive in their effects. But if the winter here be long and severe, the spring, summer,

* Monte Viso, or Mons Vesulus, derives its name from the proverbial and extraordinary view which it commands. It is one of the highest of the Alps, and from two small lakes in its flank the "Sovereign Po" takes its rise. Pliny has informed us, that here were the limits of the *Ligurii Vagienni*—"Padus è gremio Vesuli montis celsissimus in cacumen Alpium elati, finibus Ligurum Vagiennorum, visendo fonte perfluens, condensque suo cuniculo," &c. It is very probable that from Monte Viso Hannibal might have shown Italy to his troops; and founding their speculations on this probability, various commentators have frankly attributed to this great captain of antiquity the merit of having framed the celebrated excavation which runs from east to west through the flank of this mountain, at an elevation of two thousand four hundred mètres above the level of the Mediterranean. The length of this subterranean communication is seventy-two mètres, by two mètres forty-seven centimètres in breadth, and two mètres and five decimetres in height. A tradition attributes to André, the dauphin, who possessed the marquisate of Saluzzo in 1228, the honour of this great work; but of this no historical evidence exists. Louis I., marquess of Saluzzo, lays also claim to the achievement, and says, that he accomplished it "*ferro, igne, et aliis variis ingeniis.*" In consequence of this, he was honoured by several special privileges from the emperor, Fred. III., Charles VII., and Louis XI. It is probable, however, that André and Louis were only the *repairers* of this gallery, and that the original excavation was accomplished at an epoch very anterior to that stated. The Saracens, who appear to have worked the mines in the High Alps long after the Romans had retired from the country, were, in all probability, the authors of this extraordinary work, while they possessed most of the strong places in the country, and were in alliance with the people of Saluzzo. Francis I., it will be recollected, marched his troops, and even his artillery, across Monte Viso—a vivid picture of which Guillard has transmitted in the annexed extract from his history. . . . "On arriva enfin à une dernière montagne où l'on vit avec douleur tant de travaux et tant d'efforts prêts à échouer. La sape et la mine avaient renversé tout ce qu'on avait pu aborder et entamer; mais que pouvaient-elles contre une *seule roche vive* (Monte Viso), *escarpée de tous côtés, impénétrable au fer, presqu'inaccessible aux hommes?* Navarre, qui l'avait plusieurs fois sondée, commençait à désespérer du succès, lorsque des recherches plus heureuses lui découvrirent une veine plus tendre, qu'il suivait avec la dernière précision; *le rocher fut entamé par le milieu*, et l'armée, introduite au bout de huit jours dans le marquisat de Saluces (Saluzzo), admira ce que peuvent *l'industrie, l'audace, et la persevérance.*" It appears, however, that Francis did little more in the present instance than repair and widen the approach to the Gallery.

† *See* p. 12 in the present Volume; also, SWITZERLAND ILLUSTRATED, vol. i. "Passage of the Splügen."

and autumn, following each other in quick succession, have all the freshness, beauty, and fertility, which distinguish the Valley of the Po—

> . . . . . " Ces rives fécondes
> Que l'Eridan rapide arrose de ses ondes."

As soon as the snow melts under the reviving sun, the alpine pastures are covered with the richest vegetation; the chestnut forests put forth their leaves, flowers spring up in myriads, and the whole air is impregnated with balsamic odours. The vine is seen spreading forth its tendrils from tree to tree; the fig, the olive, and the mulberry, come forth in their season; the orchards are covered with various blossoms, and the fields grow green with " the promise of bread."

> " Enfin vous jouissez : et le cœur et les yeux
> Chérissent de vos bois l'abri delicieux."

At this joyous season the sound of vocal music comes with soothing harmony to the ear; but here it is a music which has no sympathy with those rustic lays with which the peasants of other countries lighten the hours of labour. Waldensian music is always of a sacred character, and accompanied with words calculated to awaken and preserve in the heart a grateful sense of the Divine beneficence, and the blessings of religion.* Often, while wandering through these romantic defiles, the sound of mingled voices, issuing from some deep leafy recess, or falling in softened cadence from some isolated rock, meets the traveller on his way, and kindles in his mind a spirit of congenial devotion. Among the young females of the community, after attending sermon, it is customary to meet in some retired bower of their native rocks, and there to chaunt in chorus the hymns and paraphrases introduced into their form of public worship. When we contrast with these simple and religious exercises, which they now enjoy in peace, those ages of oppression, rapine, and bloodshed—those days when the sound of an " uplifted voice" was sufficient to conduct the individual to the scaffold—days, when those verdant slopes were stained with

* In the LIVRE DE FAMILLE—a series of familiar catechetical lessons on the history of the Vaudois church and its religious principles, by the late Moderator, M. Bert—a collection of hymns, set to music, is included. These are all descriptive of the principal occupations of rural life in the Valleys, well calculated to engage the mind in salutary reflections, and to acknowledge that, as every season is productive of some new bounty on the part of Providence, so every season appeals to the heart of man as a new source of thankfulness. The subjects chosen for these hymns are such as are most familiar to the inhabitants, being the sum of their daily employments.—They are, " The Vine-dressing;" " The Labours of the Silk-worm;" " Hay-making;" " Migration of Cattle to the Alps," (already quoted); " Corn-harvest;" " The Maïs, or Turkey Wheat;" " The Vintage;" " The Potato-season;" " Hemp-gathering;" " Seed-time;" " Chestnut-gathering;" and " Walnut-season."

the blood of the innocent; when the "morning and the evening sacrifice" were frequently interrupted by the sword; when those who met in the house of prayer could scarcely hope to revisit their homes in peace; when lurking spies stood listening at the porch; when the pastor, on closing the Bible, had often to buckle on the sword; when the thunders of the Vatican and the exterminating "edicts" of their prince denounced them as a prey to destruction; when we contrast all these horrors with the religious tranquillity, the political freedom in which they now participate, the Waldenses may well exclaim—

"DEUS nobis hæc otia fecit?"

Deeply sensible of these important changes in their favour, and the blessings they now enjoy, the Waldenses will only feel renewed motives of gratitude to God, of loyal devotion to their sovereign, of encouragement as patriotic citizens; and regard their fellow-subjects—the Roman Catholics who surround the throne—as men whom they are bound to love, and whose good opinion they would strive to conciliate by every means in their power. They will thus exemplify the true spirit of Christianity, and obtain, it is hoped, if not for themselves, at least for their posterity, the entire abrogation of all those political burdens or disqualifications under which they still labour, as a remnant of the ancient church. Forbearance towards those who differ from us, not merely in a religious but in a political point of view, is a virtue of the first importance to the interests of society. If we treat with respect and consideration the opinions of our neighbour as to religion, we shall acquire a habit, the tendency of which is to lead us to view with the same forbearance all his other conscientious scruples; and this habit will teach us to abstain, not only from religious, but from all other persecution. We shall have learned "to hear opinions opposite to our own without offence, and in a calm and dispassionate spirit. We shall listen, and not shut our ears to conviction; we shall believe that we are not infallible; that we may on some occasions—and important occasions too—be in error, while our neighbours may be in the right." Having acquired this salutary habit, this self-diffident spirit, we shall be willing to hear the truth from whatever source it may come, and be anxious to learn the opinions of others in order to judge of the correctness of our own. When the principles of the Reformation were first promulgated, the people were told by the Catholics of those days, that "every sort of vice and depravity would be the necessary result of any change in religious opinions." But, notwithstanding this fearful denunciation, the old Reformers went boldly on in their work, and, wherever heard and received, they made a thorough change in the ancient ceremonial;

and yet the reformed communities, as they were called, did not "fall into every sort of vice and depravity," but, on the contrary, they were found to be quite as moral, good, kind, and virtuous, as the Catholics. Those, therefore, who had looked on, in expectation of seeing the prediction verified, were staggered, and at length suspected and confessed that an absolute conformity with the doctrines promulgated from the Vatican, was not the best criterion of moral excellence; that a dissent from the established forms of the Catholic church did not necessarily imply either dereliction of duty as a citizen, or breach of allegiance as a subject. As time passed on, the field of observation became more enlarged; the mass of the people, both in Catholic and in Protestant countries, became more enlightened; greater allowances were made; something like a spirit of mutual toleration became infused into the public mind—not, however, till persecution had indulged in many terrible examples—and at length the Catholic viewed the Protestant, and the Protestant the Catholic, if not with a spirit of cordiality, at least with charitable compassion; if not with approbation, at least with forbearance. The English Protestants of the present day are not like their predecessors in the days of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth; neither, we would hope, are the Catholics of the present age in Piedmont what their ancestors were under Emanuel Philibert and Victor Amadeus. But just as the people of that age differed from their forefathers, who rushed in multitudes to the Crusades, so the present generation differs from those who, in Smithfield and Pignerol, deliberately burnt the unhappy men whom they denounced as heretics. But if the government of Savoy, instigated by an execrable church policy, burnt the Waldenses, we cannot forget that Calvin—the Bible-taught Calvin—burnt Servetus in Geneva, the very focus of the Reformation. That King James—the zealous Protestant, King James—burnt the "anabaptists, the witches and wizards," in Scotland. A suspicion of sorcery was equivalent to a sentence of death—a sentence which was pronounced on the most superficial evidence—or, rather, where no evidence could be adduced. Youth and beauty, age and decrepitude—the dreaming votary of superstition and the pitiful drivellers in some distempered fancy—those "weak and silly women," who imagined themselves in league with the "powers of the air"—all felt the weight of the monarch's indignation. The council of state was transformed into a rigorous inquisition, at which the sovereign himself presided, directed its proceedings, and piqued himself on being able to detect a "true witch" with more certainty than the best of his ministers. While William III.—the hero of the Revolution—was sending out subsidies, and remonstrating with the court of Turin against the inhuman treatment of its persecuted subjects, the

Waldenses, he was signing those very orders by which his own subjects—the inhabitants of Glenco—were massacred in the dead of night, their helpless wives and orphans driven to perish in the snow, their habitations reduced to ashes, their property confiscated, and their very names pronounced as a watchword for extermination. These are appalling facts; and when we read of the massacres which from time to time were perpetrated in these Valleys, we must speak in more measured terms of the instigators. The court of Turin had the sanction—nay, the express command, of the church to extirpate heresy, and in doing so, believed it "did God most acceptable service." But the ministers of William professed a religion which commanded them to "abstain from all persecution," but which they determined to violate in its most fundamental principles, and by the act evinced as thorough a contempt for the Divine oracles, as they had for the common dictates of humanity.—We cannot here follow out the subject, nor combat the arguments by which some historians have endeavoured to extenuate such facts, but the facts themselves refute all arguments. What can be more extraordinary, by way of contrast, than this—namely, that the immortal Henri Arnaud, the minister and colonel of the Waldenses, and Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, the unhappy instrument of the massacre of Glenco,* held both commissions under King William?

It is a humiliating fact, that, with the light of the Reformation, the darkness of superstition did not abandon its hold of the human mind; it was but the dawn ripening into day. The shades of night still lingered in the valleys, and obscured its progress. The old leaven of persecution long continued to affect the whole body of the state. Persecuted by the Catholic party, the other retaliated with persecution. Although openly denouncing the "evil spirit," and expediency of such proceeding, as hostile and contradictory to their religious profession—though delegating to God in their prayers the punishment of their enemies, and the redress of their wrongs—the Protestants themselves scrupled not, when occasion offered, to take the sword of justice in their own hands, and, in perpetrating a murder, to view themselves as the commissioned agents of Heaven. Persecution was not exclusively confined to any particular sect or party; it was the dark spirit of the age, sanctioned by the Church of Rome, deprecated by the Reformers, but, unhappily, neither discarded from their private conversation, nor their public ministry. Each believing *himself* right, concluded that his neighbour must be wrong; and felt that so long as that neighbour was suffered to go unpunished, or unconverted, his own faith was liable to suspicion, or, at least, that his zeal for "the extirpation of heretics"

* *See*, for particulars, SCOTLAND ILLUSTRATED, vol. ii. pp. 79-86.

was highly questionable. The spirit of proselytism, therefore, assumed all that is worst in the spirit of conquest. Those whom its agents could not convert, they resolved to destroy; and, with passions inflamed by opposition, the professed advocates of religion launched into greater excesses than ever marked the triumphant career of an earthly despot. At length, by the diffusion of knowledge—by the promulgation of those sacred oracles by which they professed to regulate their lives, the hearts of men became more humanized; and when they more clearly comprehended their duty to God, they learnt that of forbearance to one another. "I hold in abhorrence," says a Roman Catholic writer,* "all enmities on account of difference in religion, and all those who, by the violence of their prejudices, disturb the public repose."

Every one must have observed that, between the Catholic and Protestant who in the present day live under the same government, and occupy similar stations in society, the marked distinction of former times has almost disappeared. If we compare the women of England who are Catholics with those who are Protestants, "we shall observe the same appreciable moral qualities in both; we shall find them equally good mothers, daughters, sisters, wives. So, also, it is with the men: in their public and domestic virtues they are equally good sons, brothers, husbands, fathers, and citizens." But that each party does not lean with very excusable partiality to its own tenets, no one will pretend to assert; yet the instances are numerous on both sides where hereditary prejudices have been cheerfully sacrificed to the public good—where men, professing very opposite views in religion, have coalesced for the successful carrying of great political measures.

But to return from this digression. The inhabitants of these Valleys, it has been said, bear in their features the expression of their history—of the sufferings to which they have so long been victims, as well as of those arduous struggles in which they have also been victors. The men are generally tall, robust, and well made, and improve their physical gifts by laborious occupations in the field, or in hunting. Their frank and manly character—their unaffected hospitality and exemplary conduct in all the degrees and ties of mutual relationship—their grateful recollection of their benefactors, and, we may justly add, their loyalty and patriotism, and the moderation they observe in speaking of their former sufferings, are conspicuous features in their moral character. Those crimes which require the punishment of the magistrate are of very rare occurrence. The stranger may pass through their country by day

* "Abrégée de l'Histoire de ce Siècle de fer."—*Bruxelles*, A.D. 1660. A work which is highly gratifying, as it shows that some Roman Catholics, at least, were zealous advocates of religious toleration.

or night without the fear of molestation; and what is a remarkable fact, the young women, as in the time of De Vignaux, are still preferred by their Roman Catholic neighbours to those of their own religion, as maid-servants.

Many of the inhabitants in these Valleys reach an advanced age—several upwards of ninety.* In their assemblies, the patriarchal and venerable appearance of the village fathers is peculiarly striking. Their fine heads, shaded with silvery locks, would form studies for a Canova; while the matrons, the young men, and their sisters, give an interesting variety to the picture, and exhibit human life in all its stages—but life, such as it is only found in these alpine valleys. The hardships to which they cheerfully submit in earning a scanty subsistence for their families, are such as are but rarely witnessed in other countries. They are compelled to raise walls to prevent the earth from being washed down by the rains; obliged to break up the soil by manual labour—for along these precipices no cattle can be employed—and women, as well as men, forced, on account of the steepness of the ground, to carry hay and corn to a great distance

* The following HOSPITAL REPORT, transmitted to the Author by Dr. COUCOURDE, will convey some idea of the state of health in the Valleys.—*Dated, Hôpital Vaudois, le* 23 *Mai*, 1836.

1835.	Patients remaining on Dec. 31, 1834.	Patients received, 1835.	Patients sent out recovered, 1835.	Number of Deaths, 1835.	Remaining Dec. 31, 1835.
January ...	10	9	5	2	11
February ..	—	6	9	—	—
March	—	13	11	1	—
April	—	12	10	2	—
May	—	5	8	—	—
June	—	11	10	—	—
July	—	8	10	1	—
August	—	4	3	0	—
September ..	—	10	7	1	—
October ...	—	8	5	0	—
November ..	—	6	4	0	—
December ..	—	9	9	2	—
Total ...	10	101	91	9	11

Note.—The two patients who died in January, as stated in the above List, suffered from catarrhal affections; their respective ages were eighty-two and seventy-five. Of the seven others, two died of hydrothorax, (water in the chest;) three of anasarca, (general dropsy;) two others of typhus fever. Of the two reported dead on December, one died of hydrothorax, aged seventy-nine, and the other of pulmonary abscess.

on their backs. In return for this drudgery, they seldom gain more for their families than a little rye, coarse buckwheat, chestnuts, and potatoes. But still, when with these we compare the habitual privations to which so many of the British subjects, both in Ireland and Scotland, are so often exposed, the Waldenses have greatly the advantage—an advantage, however, which is due to their unremitting industry—a virtue in which they closely resemble their laborious neighbours, the Swiss. The spinning of silk on a very large scale has been recently introduced into the Valley of Luzern, and, as formerly mentioned, promises to become a source of profitable industry.*

Their language, a *patois* of French and Italian, is remarkably soft in expression, and well suited to those melodies of the heart of which it has long been the interpreter. The facilities of education are making daily progress. In addition to the college already noticed, schools have been every where established among the different communes. In a letter just received from La Tour, we are favoured with the annexed particulars:—"During the last ten years that Colonel Beckwith," the gentleman so often alluded to, "has taken up his residence in our Valleys, he has applied himself with unwearied zeal and activity to extend the means of public education. With this express object he has built anew,† or put into thorough repair, upwards of eighty schools in the different villages. He has had printed for the use of the peasantry a translation of the Gospels and catechism into the *patois* of the Valleys, with the French version opposite, so as to render them perfectly intelligible to the infant mind. At his recommendation, also, M. Pellegrini, an able and experienced teacher, now resident at La Tour, has undertaken the compilation of a book of arithmetic for the use of the schools; while Colonel Beckwith himself is engaged in composing a popular treatise on agriculture—a work which will be of great advantage to the small farmers, who compose the great majority of the population, and are but very indifferently, if at all, acquainted with the improved systems of rural economy now in use. The same gentleman has been the means of founding two seminaries for girls, and of providing salaries for proper governesses. He has just completed a school-room for the Latin classes, and is daily encouraging

* The mountains which encircle the Valleys abound in minerals:—here are crystals, though not numerous—much iron—and three or four gold and silver mines, but not sufficiently rich to pay the working. Game thrives here in great abundance: the highest mountains contain a great number of chamois, which, when full of life, and at liberty in their native waste, are the most graceful animals in these alpine regions. Formerly, the *bouquetin* was among the number of mountain game; but the race seems now extinct. Bears and wolves, though still numerous in these districts at the time Leger wrote his History, have entirely disappeared. The lynx, however, is taken occasionally, but the instances are more and more rare. Hares, foxes, squirrels, pheasants, coqs-de-bruyère, are also found in their usual haunts.

† With the assistance of friends in England, and other Protestant countries.

by his presence, as he has already done by his pecuniary aid, the completion of the new college,* already mentioned."

The Count de Waldbourg Truchsess is spoken of in terms of well-merited respect and gratitude. This excellent nobleman is the Prussian ambassador, now, and for many years past, at the court of Turin. Besides his own active exertions, when the public hospital was first proposed at La Marguerite,† and many other most important services rendered to the people of these Valleys, he has lately obtained from the well-known munificence of his sovereign, two new bursaries for such of the Waldensian youth as devote themselves to the sacred duties of the ministry. In consequence of this patronage, two young men from the Valleys have been prosecuting their theological studies in the Prussian capital for the last two or three years.‡

Before entering upon the history furnished by Henri Arnaud, namely, the vivid picture he has left us of the "glorious recovery of their Valleys"—it will be proper to enumerate a few events which immediately preceded the final expulsion of the Waldenses. This we shall do with strict impartiality, on the best written authorities, and with that brevity which the nature of the present work demands.

On the revocation of the edict of Nantes, France—after having expelled from their homes her own most faithful subjects of the reformed church—sought to induce her Piedmontese neighbours to follow her example. The duke of Savoy, however, resisted for a time the importunities of Louis XIV.; but, being informed by his ambassador that fourteen thousand men were ready to enforce compliance, and that, if he persisted in refusing to expel the *heretics*, the king would take that office upon himself, and, in return for his trouble, garrison the Valleys with French troops;—intimidated by this threat, the Duke yielded at once, and, to preserve his territory from invasion, issued a proclamation by which the Waldenses were commanded to demolish every Protestant temple within their limits, to baptize their children according to the Catholic rite, and, publicly renouncing their former religion, to show their penitence by a regular attendance at mass.

To soften, if possible, the rigour of this sweeping edict, the Waldenses presented numerous petitions to the Duke, but obtained neither hope nor promise of the least extenuation in their favour. On the contrary, the government

* *See* the preceding account at p. 26. † *See* supra, pp. 26, 27.

‡ "From this brief detail," continues our correspondent, "you will observe that these two distinguished individuals are entitled in a peculiar manner to the gratitude of the Waldensian church; and the author who shall commemorate their names and noble deeds of charity in a history of the Valleys, will perform a most acceptable service to the members of this community."

was incensed by their conscientious scruples, and prepared to visit them with unsparing severity. Denied access to the royal ear as suppliants, and stript of every privilege enjoyed by their fellow-subjects, the Waldenses reluctantly prepared to abide the storm. The memory of "thirty persecutions," which had been successively directed against them by the machinations of man, neither shook their confidence in the Divine protection, nor made them despair of their own strength. Taking their measures accordingly, they prepared for self-defence, and mustered in such strength that the Duke's forces hesitated to attack them single-handed. Accepting, therefore, the offer of the French army, then on the frontier, the latter poured into the Valleys, and, with the celebrated Catinat* at their head, attacked the Waldenses with great impetuosity. The day, however, terminated much to the disgrace of the French, and the glory of the peasants, whose conduct had disabled four regiments of the line, and two of dragoons. Driven from his position above St. Germain,† M. Villevieille took refuge in the church, to which Henri Arnaud, advancing with a small detachment, laid siege. Night, however, favoured their escape, and Villevieille, with the greater part of his force, rejoined his companions. On the following day, the Piedmontese troops having advanced to attack them among the rocks of Angrogne, were repulsed with loss, and every thing now promised for the Waldenses—if not the benefits of victory, at least an honourable capitulation. An unhappy fatality, however, defeated these prospects, and entailed upon them the most painful consequences. A spirit of intimidation, it appears, had gradually infused itself into their ranks, while jealousy of one another, or distrust of their means, produced at first irresolution, and, finally, total abandonment of their cause. On the third day they threw down their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners at discretion.‡ Authors have in vain attempted to account for this extraordinary conduct under circumstances so highly favourable. It is difficult to conceive how men, with such examples of heroic devotion before them, could thus of a sudden become intimidated into unconditional surrender. But, as the great Marlborough has justly remarked, men of the most undoubted bravery are not equally so at all moments; a hero may be bearded by him

* "On peut également faire de lui un général, un ministre, un ambassadeur, un chancelier; et en effet, il paraît en réunir les qualités sans en exercer les fonctions." Such was the character pronounced upon Catinat by Laharpe.—*See* "Eloge de Catinat."

† *See* Histor. Documents.

‡ "I am glad to have it in my power," says Dr. Gilly, "to vindicate the conduct of the Vaudois on this occasion. The mystery of their extraordinary submission is thus solved in a very rare Tract, printed at Geneva in 1690. 'The Swiss ambassadors persuaded the too confiding Vaudois to throw themselves upon the generosity of their sovereign, and lay down their arms.' They did so, and their treatment was such as we have described."—*Excursion*, p. 54.

who has nothing constitutionally heroic about him; a presentiment of some terrible disaster has at times paralyzed the strongest arm, and a whisper dispirited a whole camp. In the case of the Waldenses, a hope of clemency if they surrendered, and a dread of massacre if they continued to resist—and yet they might have done so effectually—favoured the Duke, and consummated their own ruin. They were immediately incarcerated, by his order, in the thirteen prisons of Piedmont, where they found, too late, that it would have been better to have died sword in hand, than been left to perish by slow disease in the dungeon, or to make an exhibition on the scaffold. Shackles are dreadful to those who have assisted in riveting them upon their own limbs; and to the brave man who has once submitted to an imputation of cowardice, the upbraidings of his own mind will be more galling than dungeons or fetters: and so in their dismal cells the Waldenses thought and felt.

We cannot enter into details; but we may state, on the authority of Arnaud, that out of the fourteen thousand who were imprisoned, *eleven thousand* perished by cold, hunger, disease, and inhumanity. The Valleys were thus quite depopulated; the houses and lands were taken from their lawful proprietors, and given to strangers. At length, the miserable captives obtained the interposition of the Protestant ambassadors then at Turin. At their urgent remonstrance and entreaty the prisons were thrown open in the beginning of October, and the miserable remnant permitted to see the light—but only on condition that they should immediately leave the country, and embrace perpetual exile.* The order was immediately carried into effect. Winter was already advancing in all its terrors; and when that famished band turned their faces to the Alps, and commenced their dreary march towards Mont Cenis, every furlong was marked by some distracting incident—some new disaster that diminished their number, and sickened their hearts. Mothers, to shelter their infants, bared their own emaciated forms to the blast, and, by seeking to preserve the lives of their offspring, sacrificed their own. The sick and aged, unable to keep pace with their military convoy, lay down by the wayside, as if to revive their strength by a little rest; yet those who did so seldom rose again, but died

* The Catholic author above quoted thus records the circumstances of their former expulsion:—"In the beginning of 1655, a terrible edict was passed, by which the Waldenses and their families were ordered to quit their Valleys within a few days. The only alternatives were conversion to the Roman Catholic apostolic faith, or the sale of their inheritance to those professing it. This order compelled them, in the depth of winter, to undertake a journey over the Alps through deep snow, the hardships of which might have moved the very rocks to compassion—but compassion was a feeling to which those sent to enforce the order were insensible," &c. &c. It is a most pleasing duty to add, that, in several instances, the Catholic officers and men charged with the execution of their ungrateful task, were moved with pity at the scenes they witnessed, and treated the miserable exiles with all the humanity and indulgence in their power.

with their eyes turned towards their "desolate Zion." The edict had been only proclaimed that very morning at the gates of the prison, and at five o'clock the same evening the inmates were driven forth to the Alps. Darkness soon overtook them under the circumstances described, and before sunrise more than one hundred and fifty had perished on the road. Having halted one night at the foot of Mont Cenis—which presented a very different road to what it does now—the morning was ushered in by all those symptoms which usually precede a hurricane. Observing this, and the certain danger to which it must expose even the strongest, should they attempt the ascent at that hour, the exiles earnestly entreated the officer in command to be permitted to continue their halt for a short space longer, or until the hurricane had wasted itself. The officer, however, had no authority to grant their prayer—his orders were peremptory; and the march was resumed under the most dreary forebodings.* A *tourmente*, or snow-storm, in the Alps, is at all times a most dangerous occurrence; for although the experienced and robust hunter may occasionally weather its terrible force, the feeble are borne down without remedy, and if not swept over the precipices, are buried under the snow. During the hurricane, the snow, resembling pounded ice, is tossed furiously around—like waves of sea-foam carried into the air, and then deposited in deep overwhelming masses along the traveller's path. In its effects, the snow-storm of the Alps is like the sand-storm in the Great Desert, saturating the air with its particles, and when blowing in the face, producing blindness, and blistering the skin.

Overtaken by a hurricane of this description, the miserable exiles had neither strength to abide its fury, nor covering to shelter them from its piercing cold. Many of them were without shoes, and almost naked—emaciated in body, depressed in mind, and suffering under the effects of active disease. The most afflicting spectacle in this harrowing procession was that of the poor mothers and their infants—driven forth into the inhospitable desert at a time when the common dictates of humanity should have cherished them with those comforts which charity prescribes for the sick and dying. "But they might," it has been said, "have apostatized and remained in their own Valleys." True, but such indulgence would, in their estimation, have been too dearly purchased. A violation of conscience can never lead to permanent comfort; and they

* Affecting to soften the harshness of the edict, the Duke gave an order for provisions to these exiles on their march through Savoy; but no sooner did they pass the Piedmontese frontier, than they were overtaken by courier upon courier, who, demanding to see the order alluded to, carried it back with them from the top of the dreary Mont Cenis. Thus were they left to perish of hunger, or to proceed as Heaven might enable them—man had done his worst. "Que se serait jamais imaginé," says Arnaud, "que pour épargner un peu de *pain* à un Prince, on l'eût ôté à ceux, *qui n'avaient point épargné leur sang et leur vie pour son service!*" —PREFACE.

preferred death in the discharge of their duty—in the company of their husbands and parents—to all that apostasy could have yielded them at home.

All traces of the path by which they had ascended were speedily obliterated. They had now only the dreadful alternative of struggling along the brink of treacherous precipices, or giving themselves up to despair, and making their death-bed at once in the snow. One by one the feeble dropped off unperceived by their companions; for the sharp drift, which the wind threw incessantly in their faces, destroyed the faculty of vision; while the features, thus exposed to it, were so disguised that they could hardly be recognised by their most familiar acquaintances. The momentary apprehension of death also, and the desperate efforts which it required to maintain a precarious footing, suspended even the faculty of speech, and rendered them alike incapable of soliciting, and of tendering assistance. So exhausted were they, that when one fell, the next had no power to raise him—no power to speak one soothing word—but staggered forward through the storm without once ejaculating "God deliver thee!" Their faculties were benumbed; despair imparted to each an appearance of selfishness, which, but a few hours previously, it would have shocked his feelings to contemplate. Others, however, with that happy presence of mind which had stood the proof of many fiery trials at the hand of man, acted in the present instance like guardian angels, supporting the feeble, encouraging the timid, and, in their zeal for others, forgetting all personal risk. But neither counsel, nor courage, nor strength, could avert the disasters of that terrible march. Of this ill-fated band of "martyrs and confessors" eighty-six perished in the ascent. After the hurricane, when some merchants were crossing the mountains, they saw the bodies of these miserable victims stretched on the snow—the mother still clasping, in the embrace of death, her famished offspring to her breast—and age and infancy wrapped together in the same stern winding-sheet....But here the reader may be left to picture the scene in his own mind: any description of ours must fall far short of the reality.*

* It was in reference to scenes like this—as exhibited in the previous persecution—that Milton wrote his well-known Ode:—

> Avenge, O Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold:
> Even them who kept thy faith so pure of old,
> When all *our* fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
> Forget not; in thy book record their groans,
> Slain by the bloody Piémontese, that rolled
> Mother and infant down the rocks. Their moans
> The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
> To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow

On

About the middle of December, the survivors of this miserable band of exiles presented themselves under the walls of Geneva; but so exhausted, that several of them, "finding the end of their lives in the beginning of their liberty," dropped down and expired between the outer and the inner gates of the city. Others were so benumbed with cold, that they could not articulate a word; many—and those the strongest—stooped towards the earth, unable to hold themselves erect, and staggered from faintness and disease. Their once robust limbs shivered under the cold paroxysms of ague, while others, having entirely lost the use of them, could not raise their hands to accept the proffered relief. They had the appearance of men whom some terrible siege and famine had reduced to skeletons, and then driven forth to perish in the desert.

Now, however, all that humanity could suggest, all that a generous brotherhood could supply, was brought to their relief: but the inquiries and recognitions which afterwards took place between those who had arrived first, and those who brought up the sadly diminished rear, were so affecting as to melt the bystanders to tears.

> "For all had lost some loved, and loving one;
> Some fond and faithful heart—some friendly hand—
> That now lay bleaching on the alpine snow."

Having thus briefly detailed the principal facts attending the expulsion of the Waldenses from Piedmont, and their arrival on the Swiss frontier, we shall now confine our subject to the period which intervened between that event and their re-establishment in the Valleys. In this view, we shall follow the narrative of Henri Arnaud, illustrating the places and circumstances therein mentioned, by such additional notes and authorities as may tend to identify the one and confirm the other.

As soon as the surviving remnant of the Waldenses had reached Geneva, in the manner above stated, and received from its excellent citizens that solace and support which their state of utter destitution so loudly demanded, means were taken to drive them from this temporary asylum. Geneva appeared too likely to favour, by its immediate vicinity to the Savoy territory, any attempt to reinstate themselves in their late inheritance; and, therefore, by harbouring the exiles, would have exposed itself to the charge of connivance.

In the month of February, 1687, they had all arrived in the Protestant cantons, where the inhabitants vied with one another in offering them the most

> On all the Italian plains, where still doth sway
> The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
> An hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way
> Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

cordial sympathy, united with the most friendly service. Their principal retreat was in the canton of Bern, where the public measures adopted in their favour, and the provision thereby secured for their families, might, if any thing could, have soothed the remembrance of past afflictions, and led them to bless God for having brought them into a land where they could serve Him without molestation, and reap the fruits of their labour in peace. The remembrance of what they had lost, however, neither present comfort nor future prospects could overcome. In the midst of all these motives to thankfulness, they felt that they were exiles; all their thoughts and associations were with the Valleys from which they had been so cruelly expelled—and they secretly, but firmly, resolved to recover their inheritance.

For the attainment of this grand object, they made three distinct efforts. The first of these, made without duly weighing the danger of the experiment, without leaders—almost without arms—and unprovided with the most ordinary resources, proved an entire failure. The enterprise was discovered at Lausanne, where the governor prevented their embarking, and ordered them, in the name of the canton where they had been so hospitably received, to abandon their rash project, and return to their adopted homes. They accordingly separated; and again retiring into the different communes appointed for their residence, resumed their quiet and industrious occupations. Their failure, which had excited little of the public observation, was now only a subject of interest or mortification among themselves. But, while every restless symptom appeared to have subsided, they were secretly engaged in devising measures for renewing the enterprise under more auspicious circumstances. With this view, they selected three men of tried courage and experience to reconnoitre the country, to discover the most secure paths across the mountains, and where the rivers might be crossed near their sources. They were particularly instructed to ingratiate themselves with the inhabitants immediately bordering upon the Valleys, and thereby induce them to bake bread, and have a supply ready in the several stations mentioned, for the use of the expedition.* Charged with these important instructions, the spies set out and reached their destination without accident or interruption. On their return, however, they were less fortunate; for, by selecting those paths least frequented, and travelling chiefly by night, they were watched with suspicion, and finally apprehended as brigands. On being charged with this crime, and strictly questioned as to the fact, they answered that their only object was to purchase lace; and, as much of that

* It is customary to bake the bread in these Valleys so hard as to give it the consistence of sea-biscuit, so that it may be preserved for a long time without any diminution of its quality.

article was manufactured in the district, they went from place to place in the mere exercise of their traffic. This explanation, however, though plausible, was received with suspicion: their persons were searched, and some sheets of writing paper being found, they placed them before the fire, thinking that if they contained any secret correspondence—such as sympathetic inks are used to communicate—the heat would render it legible, and prove the easy means of conviction. By this process, however, nothing was elicited; and the next trial was to place before them specimens of the lace in which they pretended to traffic, and to question them as to its value. This artifice proved decisive; for one of them having offered six crowns for a piece not worth three, it was at once concluded that they were not merchants, but spies; and this opinion being confirmed by those present, the adventurers were thrown into prison, and their money confiscated. The charge was now brought up in legal form; but, in a regular trial which followed, the accused still persisted in their former declaration; and one of them, who had been a pedlar in Languedoc, stated that he could bring good proofs in his favour from that province, particularly from Montpelier and Lunel. On hearing this, the magistrate sent for an individual who had often travelled in these parts, and having his confirmation of all that the prisoner had stated, they were dismissed at the end of eight days, but without any portion of the money being restored to them.* Thus released, they made good their retreat to Switzerland—where their report was looked for with intense anxiety by their brother exiles—and gave so favourable a statement of the country, that it was resolved, in a council held on the occasion, to hazard a second enterprise by way of the great St. Bernard.† Although their homes and property were now in the hands of strangers, their hopes were by no means desperate; for, by a minute inspection of the roads and by-paths, it was found that several of the mountains, formerly deemed impassable, presented only such difficulties and dangers as men, embarked in so good a cause, could readily surmount or endure. Thus determined, active measures were immediately adopted, and a general rendezvous appointed at Bex, on the Bernese frontier, near St. Maurice. Here they expected to have mustered without causing any public alarm as to their intention; but, although every precaution was used, the march conducted by night, and the various parties arrived by different roads, they could not escape the vigilance of the neighbouring cantons, whose suspicions were confirmed by the sudden disappearance, from the garrison of Geneva, of sixty exiles who had entered into that service.

* This, however, was afterwards restored in a time and manner little anticipated by those for whose immediate perquisite it was now detained.—*Vide* "Fifth Day's March," in the present work, vol. ii.

† For a description of this Pass, *see* the Author's SWITZERLAND ILLUSTRATED, vol. ii. pp. 150-1.

It is also probable, that, by mutual correspondence between Zurich, Bern, and Geneva, their scheme had already transpired, and that the boat which the exiles had previously engaged to meet them with arms at Villeneuve,* was not suffered to keep its appointment.

Informed of the enterprise now on foot, the inhabitants of Savoy and the Vallais caught the alarm, and kindling their signals along the frontier, placed every thing in a warlike attitude. The bridge of St. Maurice, which forms the key of the Vallais, was occupied by a strong guard, which it was impossible to avoid, unless by crossing the river below—an alternative which the want of boats rendered impracticable. Thus hemmed in on all sides, their advance was rendered impossible; and the exiles felt once more that a blow to their fondest hopes was approaching. While anxiously deliberating on the measures they were to adopt under such trying circumstances, they were invited, in number between six and seven hundred, to assemble in the Protestant church of Bex. Here M. Torman, the chief magistrate of Aigle, in a pathetic discourse, exhorting them to zeal and patience, pointed out to them with much friendly solicitude, the folly and temerity of their persisting in an enterprise which, having now become public, could only terminate in consequences most prejudicial to themselves. Reflecting on this salutary and timely counsel, they saw the affair in its true light; and Henri Arnaud, their pastor and captain, taking advantage of this state of mind, followed up the impression already made, by addressing them in a lecture from the words of Scripture—"*Fear not, little flock:*" a text which was peculiarly soothing to them in this moment of despondency. At the conclusion of this address, the exiles, on the invitation of the generous magistrate, followed him to Aigle, where bread was distributed amongst them, and the best lodgings in the town prepared for their reception. He next took upon himself to entertain M. Arnaud, and the principal officers of the Waldenses, in his own house; and crowned this noble line of conduct by furnishing a loan of two hundred dollars for the use of those who had come from the more distant cantons, and were unprovided with the means of returning. This unlooked for generosity on the part of Torman, made them feel more sensibly the harsh treatment they had received on their first arrival at Vevay, where an order of the magistrates refused not only to lodge them in the town or neighbourhood, but strictly commanded that no person should dare to furnish them with provisions. One poor widow† alone, in defiance of the prohibition,

* A small town—the ancient *Penniculus*—where the Rhone falls into the lake of Geneva.

† It is recorded by Arnaud as a remarkable fact, and one that can hardly be viewed but as a special dispensation of Providence, that when the town of Vevay was nearly destroyed by fire, some time afterwards, the house of the poor widow here mentioned, though in the very centre of the conflagration, sustained no damage.

and at the risk of having her house rased to the ground, ventured to supply them with a few necessaries while they lay encamped in an adjoining meadow. These rigorous measures, however, were not the result of inhumanity on the part of the Vevay magistrates, but in compliance with positive injunctions from the Bernese government, which, from political motives, ordered that no mark of encouragement, or of public sympathy, should be exhibited in their favour.

Having thus entirely failed in their second enterprise, the exiles were much disconcerted, and retired from the frontier with feelings of chagrin and disappointment. Their failure, however, had operated against them in another way; it had roused the government of Savoy into extreme vigilance. Troops were hastily ordered to the frontier, so as to be ready to act at a moment's notice; for it was fully believed that the late enterprise would be succeeded by another, and that the Waldenses, though baffled in the present instance, would speedily return to the charge. With this conviction on his mind, the duke of Savoy ordered two regiments of infantry, of a thousand men each, commanded by the Comte de Berne and the Marquis de Caudrée, men of high family and approved talents, into the department of Chablais, where they fixed their quarters as a corps of observation. To these were added several squadrons of horse; so that, with the militia force, previously on duty in all the villages* bordering Geneva, the frontier was literally encumbered with troops. But the circumstance which gave most uneasiness to the Waldenses, was the charge of connivance, if not open encouragement, with which it was alleged the authorities of Bern, in violation of the existing treaty, had countenanced the late enterprise. This charge, directed against a people whose strict observance of their obligations as allies is proverbial, gave great offence to the cantons; and they began to look upon the Waldenses as the cause of that misunderstanding which was now fomenting between the duke of Savoy and the citizens of Bern. But to show how little they deserved these reproaches, and how anxious they were to conciliate the good opinion of their powerful ally, the magistrates of Bern began to think seriously of ordering the Waldenses to quit the canton. The government of Zurich, actuated by a similar spirit, convoked an assembly of the Protestant cantons at Arau, at which the principal men belonging to these unhappy exiles were summoned to appear. In obedience to this order, two of those who had taken refuge in Bern, with an equal proportion from Bâle, Neûchatel, Schaffhausen, and St. Gall, made their appearance at the time and place appointed. In this assembly it was finally decided that the Waldenses should quit the Swiss

* St. Julien, Lancy, Tremblières, Chene, Bellerive—all considerable villages on the limits of Geneva.

territory. But as two months had elapsed since the failure of their last enterprise, and as they had been supplied during that interval with provisions, accompanied with an offer of the island formed by the lakes of Morat and Neûchatel, as a distinct residence, the present mandate was a severe and unexpected blow to their hopes. In conformity with this new order in council, the territory of Brandenburg was next proposed to them as a place where they might settle under the immediate patronage of the sovereign. This, however, the Waldenses objected to on account of the great distance. But their objection served only to confirm the suspicion that they had not yet abandoned the hope of renewing the late attempt, and with that view were desirous of still lingering near the Savoyard frontier.

To prevent the evil consequences which must have resulted to the Swiss cantons from any similar attempt, it was deemed expedient for the public tranquillity to fix a day when they should positively quit the canton. This order was accordingly passed, and on the day appointed, the Waldenses, taking the route to Bern, set out once more in search of a new country. On their arrival in that city, the cordial reception of the inhabitants, who vied with one another in showing them kindness, fully evinced that, in adopting severe measures against them, the government was actuated by political motives, and had only this alternative left in order to preserve the public peace, and prevent an open rupture with Savoy. After a brief halt at Bern, the exiles proceeded by water, some to Schaffhausen, others to Zurich; but they were not suffered to depart empty-handed, the secretary of the town having orders to distribute money amongst them as they embarked on the Aar. On their arrival at the places mentioned, they had permission to continue on the frontier till some favourable opportunity should offer of proceeding farther. The duchy of Wirtemberg, which closely bordered on the canton of Schaffhausen, and abounded in pasturage and vineyards—thereby reminding them of their own native Valleys—presented an inviting aspect. With the hope, therefore, of forming a settlement in this new country, they sent three deputies to wait upon Duke Frederick Charles,* and solicit his permission. Their suit was very favourably

* The Duke consented the more readily to this petition, as his territory had lost one-fourth of its population during the Thirty Years' War. The measure, however, was by no means popular with his subjects, who, being strict Lutherans, raised endless objections on the score of religion and politics, so that the negociations proceeded very slowly. Several questions were referred to the Universities; and some idea may be formed of the want of charity, and the tedious procedure in these matters, by the simple fact, that a "book was written in the Protestant university of Tübingen on the extreme danger of receiving people who had no confession of faith." What more could have been expected from the university of Turin? To one of the questions sent to the legal faculty at Tübingen, an answer was returned that "The Waldenses could not be allowed the free exercise of their religion in any place incorporated with the ducal territory, but might enjoy

listened to, and even a grant of land offered them on the part of the Duke, which they could take immediate possession of. But, as the exiles had a strong desire to remain in one united fraternity, sufficient ground could not be granted for the whole colony, and the negotiation was broken off. Until other arrangements could be made, however, they were permitted, at their own earnest supplication, strengthened by the intercession of some of the other cantons, to spend the ensuing winter in the territories of Zurich and Schaffhausen.

In the mean time, liberal contributions were raised for them, both in England and Holland. In the latter alone, the collection amounted to ninety-two thousand crowns, which his serene highness the Prince of Orange—afterwards King William III. of glorious memory—sent to be distributed by the hands of M. de Convenant, with exact economy and discrimination. Thus, for a time, these unfortunate exiles were supplied with the means of subsistence; but their present condition was embittered by the uncertainty of their future lot; for, as yet, they had no "resting-place," and had still to look for a country where they might pitch their tents together, and forget, if they could, the ungrateful land of their birth. Various projects on this head were from time to time recommended, discussed, and rejected. Among these, was a proposed emigration to the wilds of America, and the Cape of Good Hope.* In the midst of these doubts and perplexities, an invitation from the Elector of Brandenburg† to settle in his dominions, produced a salutary effect upon their minds; and the gracious offer was immediately accepted. Many, however, on hearing the representations of those who had visited the country, were discouraged by the obstacles which distance, and a language and climate totally different from their own, threw in the way of their progress. This hesitation was viewed by the Swiss as a proof of obstinacy and over-fastidiousness which ought not to be

that privilege in lands dependent upon the Duke."* "Non de territoris Wirtemburgis sed in terris." Thus, suspicion following open persecution, the Waldenses were left in a position which could not but detract from *professing* brother Protestants, while it gave an almost justifiable air to the violence instituted against them by the Catholic government of Piedmont.

* In a letter from one of their pastors, named Bilderdeck, and dated Cologne June 3, 1688, is the following passage. "A letter," says he, "from the Hague, of the 31st ult., informs me that the States-General have destined the sum of 39,000 livres for the transport of the Vaudois to the Cape of Good Hope." It will be remembered, that, at this time, the Dutch had already settlements in that country, among which, it is probable, the Waldenses would have met with a friendly reception. This proposition, however, was abandoned, owing, no doubt, to the secret determination which the exiles still indulged of reconquering their native Valleys.

† This noble conduct has been imitated by his descendants on the throne of Prussia, and particularly by the present Sovereign—Frederic-William III.—in a manner to which we have more than once alluded in these volumes.

* Consult "Authentic Details;" "History of the German Waldenses."

indulged; and after several harangues and remonstrances, it was finally decided that the exiles should enter into a solemn obligation to go to whatever country their friends should recommend as their future residence. This deed was signed by Arnaud, their pastor and captain, but who, in complying with the order, protested against it as an arbitrary act to which his assent had been extorted. In obedience, nevertheless, to this authority, about eight hundred men, women, and children, commenced their pilgrimage into Germany; and as their conduct in so doing was highly approved of, every facility was given for the prosecution of their journey. At Frankfort on the Main, they were received by M. Choudens, to whom the elector of Brandenburg had confided the duty of escorting them to Berlin. Having arrived in this capital, they were honoured with a most gracious reception from his Serene Highness, whose generous support, and paternal solicitude for the welfare of these destitute strangers, will transmit his name to the latest generations.* Here, then, we take leave of this division of the exiles, and return to the main body, which still remained in the united cantons, where their reluctance to adopt the counsel held out exposed them to many privations, and alienated the kindly feelings with which they had been welcomed on first setting foot on the soil of Switzerland.

Finding themselves obliged to separate, and provide for their livelihood in the best way they could, some were dispersed in the country of the Grisons; others, taking the opposite direction, settled on the frontiers of Wirtemberg. A third party had certain lands assigned them in the Palatinate, where the elector, Philip William of Neuburg, took them under his protection; and thus, by the introduction of new and peaceful subjects, found amends for the late ravages committed on his territory by the desolating hand of war. Their destiny seemed now fixed; and a rational prospect of being able to provide for their families, consoled the poor exiles for the many severe tribulations which had so often put their faith and constancy to the proof. But still, other views and attachments, of which they could not divest themselves, engaged their minds in secret, directed their thoughts homeward, and made them aspire to a final restoration. In the mean time, whilst peace and industry directed all their proceedings, M. Arnaud, taking advantage of this halcyon interval, and accompanied by a Waldensian captain, named Besson, undertook a journey into Holland. His design in this embassy was to obtain an interview with the prince of Orange —the avowed friend of the exiles—to communicate their plans, and secure the

* To commemorate this great and important event—so honourable to the prince himself, and so advantageous to his new subjects—a painting was afterwards engraved by the celebrated Forneiser, of Bâle, and presented to his successor, the first king of Prussia, with a suitable and impressive address.—*Arnaud.*

interest of his Highness, and that of other influential persons, who were known to favour the Waldensian cause. In his last audience, the Prince highly complimented M. Arnaud for his zeal, exhorted him to keep his little troop together, to be patient, not to lose courage, however adverse circumstances might appear, and then dismissed him with a sum of money to defray the expenses of returning to his own people.

That Providence, however, who had preserved them as a monument of his mercy, designed these poor wanderers for still greater manifestations of his power; and, by denying them all hopes of repose in a strange country, was silently preparing to restore them to their own. Hardly had the labours of the new colony commenced, when the quarrels between the duke of Orleans and their new sovereign, the prince of Neuburg—now raised to the palatinate—obliged them to consult their safety by flight. Their recollections of the French army, which they had opposed with so much success in Piedmont, two years before, gave them little encouragement to renew the conflict here, where they were so few in number, and placed in the very centre of the war. The estates and privileges, therefore, with which the Elector had invested them, as well as the overtures made to them by the duke of Wirtemberg,* were declined; and, after much deliberation as to the course they were now to pursue, they resolved to retrace their steps towards Switzerland. In adopting this course, it is worthy of remark, that they made one important step towards their own country; and that the French, who had driven them thence, were now the unconscious instruments for accelerating their return. In all this, the finger of God was abundantly manifest. This new calamity, which occurred just when the difficulties of settlement had been surmounted, and compelled them to leave their crops to be gathered by their enemies, so sensibly touched the hearts of the Swiss, that all past grounds of complaint were forgotten, and the unfortunate exiles received once more with open arms.

Thus unexpectedly restored to the Swiss soil, they were distributed in small colonies among the Protestant cantons, where they supported themselves by the labour of their hands, and led honest and exemplary lives.† With more time for reflection, their minds became more and more impressed with the conviction that they had too long forgotten their home, and that the misfortunes which had befallen them were intended to admonish them that God would not

* The Duke offered to give employment to the effective, and to support those who could not support themselves.

† During all the time of their exile, no complaint was made against them for bad conduct, or improper behaviour, except in one instance, at Zurich, where a Vaudois soldier carried away the gun of his master, which, in coming to the knowledge of the chiefs, was immediately restored to the owner.—*Arnaud.*

appoint them a resting-place, save in their own paternal Valleys. Fully persuaded of this, their minds were soon made up, and they solemnly determined to hazard their lives and all they possessed in one last effort to accomplish their object. This resolution was strengthened by the spies who had visited the country more than a twelvemonth before, and reported that the duke of Savoy had withdrawn his troops from the other side of the mountains ever since the preceding spring. The happy and glorious Revolution in England, also, inspired them with an invincible resolution not to succumb. In the Prince of Orange, who had now ascended the English throne, they beheld an august and able protector, and flattered themselves, that the antipathy which existed between him and the French king, added to his zeal for the Protestant religion, and the obligations which he owed to those potentates who had favoured his advancement to the crown, could not fail to produce a war with France. In this their conjectures were speedily verified; war was soon declared, and afforded Louis XIV. too much weighty occupation in other quarters to find leisure for watching the movements of a despised remnant of Waldenses.

The present, therefore, appeared an auspicious moment for throwing off the mask, and openly declaring themselves. But as these poor exiles were fully aware that both their former attempts had failed, chiefly by want of proper caution, experience had made them wary; and their plan was now laid with the greatest secrecy and precision, in order that the passage through Savoy might not be shut against them, nor any obstacles thrown in their way by the Swiss. Great precautions were also taken that no imputation of connivance might attach to the government of Bern; and so skilfully were the measures concerted by their chiefs, that the people began their march without knowing whither they were going, or the immediate object in which they were to embark. The point of rendezvous was the forest of Nyon, well adapted for that purpose. Here they could remain concealed, with the means of supplying themselves with provisions from the neighbouring towns, and have ready access to the lake of Geneva, on which they could embark at night without much fear of detection. At this rendezvous the majority having already arrived, they now waited only for those who were to join them from the Grisons and Wirtemberg, but who, having a longer march before them, ran much greater risk of discovery. This, unhappily, was too soon realized. The Spanish envoy, Cassati, observing some suspicious movements in the country, apprised the duke of Savoy's minister, Comte de Govon, who on minutely investigating the affair, discovered these unfortunate people near Uri, and took them prisoners, to the number of one hundred and twenty-two, including several strangers, who, although no way concerned in the plot, shared

the fate of their companions. Their money, amounting to five hundred crowns, was seized, their property given to pillage, and their persons cruelly insulted and maltreated. In their progress through the Catholic districts—particularly that of Fribourg—they were exposed to much bitter insult on account of their religion. Here one of their number, Bastie, a physician, was left half dead in consequence of the blows he had received, the marks of which he bore on his person during the rest of his days. At length, after a long and painful journey over the Alps, they were thrown into the prisons of Turin.*

But taking leave of these for the present, we return to the forest of Nyon, where their unfortunate brethren were waiting in vain for their arrival. Wearied out with expectation of their appearance, and in constant apprehension of their own retreat being discovered, they resolved to cross the lake without further delay. Indeed, no time was now to be lost; for it was whispered in the neighbourhood that people had been seen lurking in the woods. This report, contrary to expectation, proved of service to them; for, wagers being laid among the inhabitants that the exiles were engaged in some new enterprise, curiosity induced many persons to proceed in boats to those places where it was said they had assembled. But the curiosity thus awakened served a most important purpose, and one which the exiles could not regard but as a direct interposition from Heaven in their favour. The boats which had conveyed these people to the suspected quarters, were pressed into temporary service by the exiles; and with these, amounting to ten, and four others which they had previously hired—though small, and unsuitable for the occasion—they prepared for immediate embarkation. When all was ready, M. Arnaud,—now assuming the name of M. de la Tour,—offered up a prayer in the midst of his devoted followers for their success, the scene of embarkation commenced, and the same evening of Friday, the 16th of August, between the hours of ten and eleven, the flotilla was gliding across the blue waters of the Leman.

It is proper to observe, while recording this propitious commencement, that the previous day having been solemnized as a public fast throughout the Protestant states of Switzerland, the inhabitants were too much absorbed in their devotional exercises to observe what was passing around them. To this the exiles were indebted for the uninterrupted leisure with which they were suffered to quit the Swiss shore. Their measures, however, were not completed without one act of treachery, and that of the basest description. M. Prangin, son of the late M. Baltasar, who had purchased some property

* Here they languished for several months in great misery, losing in the interval four of their number, all of whom, it is singular to observe, were named Daniel, a coincidence which led their brethren to remark the history of Daniel and the three other Hebrews, who were thrown into the fiery furnace.—*Rentrée.*

close to the village of Nyon, being attracted like many others by curiosity to the scene, no sooner beheld M. Arnaud and his people on their knees, and heard them joining in prayer, than, like another Judas, he posted off to Geneva, and divulged to the French minister all he had heard and witnessed. This done, the latter started immediately for Lyons, and there ordered a squadron of horse to intercept the exiles in their progress through Savoy.

But to return to the scene of embarkation. The first trip was happily performed without accident; and although a light breeze sprang up, which made the boats part company, it had only the happy effect of bringing them in contact with eighteen of their brethren, who were proceeding to join them in a boat from Geneva. But, after landing, and sending back the boats for their companions who were waiting for them on the Swiss side, they had the mortification to see but three return, the others having deserted them in the hour of need, and carried off the money which had been paid the owners in advance for their expected services. For this cruel disappointment there was no remedy; and judging it highly advisable to proceed with all expedition from a place that could not be without danger, they were compelled to abandon two hundred of their fellow exiles on the shore of Switzerland. Besides this, they had the great discouragement to see the three boats that had remained faithful, return with several very efficient men, but who objected to proceed further in the enterprise unless they were properly armed. They learned, also, with much regret, that certain parties who had left Lausanne the night previously, had been arrested on their way, and when released and suffered to proceed, found themselves too late to take a share in the enterprise. We need not here enter into any minute explanation of the motives by which the boatmen above mentioned were induced to commit an act of such heartless treachery: the fear of losing their lives in Savoy, had the plot been discovered, or of being subjected to punishment on their return home, appears to have influenced their minds in adopting a policy so dishonest and dastardly. Before quitting the subject, there is one fact which well deserves commemoration. A private individual, named Signat—a refugee from Tonneins, in Guienne, and for some time settled as a boatman at Nyon—having offered to convey the exiles across without remuneration, zealously performed his promise; but, having disembarked with his friends in order to bid them farewell, the men left in the boat, taking advantage of the circumstance, immediately plied their oars, and left their master to shift for himself. It was in vain that he called after them; his orders to return only accelerated their speed in the opposite direction, and he found himself at once robbed of his property, and abandoned to great personal danger. He durst not return home

by land, for, if caught by the Savoyards, the attempt might have cost him his life. Sympathising with him in this painful embarrassment, the exiles exhorted him not to mourn over the loss of his boat, for, seeing that he had incurred this misfortune in serving them, they were bound to indemnify him. With this intention they proposed that, if he would join his fortune with theirs, they would give him in lieu of a small boat, an excellent house—an offer which he immediately accepted, and enrolled himself with the other members of the enterprise.—But as our readers may naturally feel some desire to know what became of the little band of patriots after landing on this prohibited shore—the country of their implacable enemies—we proceed to narrate their adventures in detail. The point at which they disembarked was between Nernier and Ivoire, towns of the Chablais district; and from this they resolved to march, sword in hand, for the recovery of their native Valleys, and the restoration of their desecrated temples. The numerous acts of valour to which this glorious aim gave birth, and the labours and hardships to which the actors voluntarily submitted in order to accomplish this great object, are so unparalleled in measure and duration, that, to narrate them more clearly and circumstantially, we shall faithfully detail the events of every day, as they occurred during the march.

In compliment to his great personal merit, but above all to the successful issue of that perilous enterprise of which he had been the chief in command and council, the following history has been generally attributed to Henry Arnaud, afterward surnamed the Great. This, however, as regards the authorship, is incorrect. The title or expression on which the presumption was founded, namely, "La glorieuse rentrée, &c. par Henri Arnaud," applies to his having had the direction of the expedition, rather than to his having written the history of it. The title of the work seems clearly to imply a "diary" of the expedition, as it was *conducted*—not written, though, very probably, revised and corrected—by Arnaud. From various expressions in the narrative, this conclusion is unavoidable. Cæsar, and other celebrated writers, it is true, have related their own achievements in the third person, but that Arnaud did not so, may be concluded from the narrative containing such sentences as the following:—"Ce zélé et fameux conducteur"—expressions which, it is probable, he would never have employed in speaking of himself. But, without resting the fact on any conjectures of our own, we shall quote the opinion of the late M. Bert,* Moderator of the Waldensian churches. In this extraordinary enterprise, Arnaud acted in the double, and apparently irreconcileable, capacity

* "Cette histoire," says he, "est *attribuée* à Henri Arnaud, que les Vaudois ont depuis surnommé le Grand. . . . Mais l'écrivain *doit avoir été* ou le pasteur *Montoux*, collègue et compagnon d'œuvre du pasteur

of commander-in-chief and minister of the gospel—performing his military and ministerial duties with an ardour and fidelity which have never been surpassed. After having brought his commission to a successful termination, and replanted, so to speak, his band of exiles in their native Valleys, he received the brevet-rank of colonel from the duke of Savoy — who had now adopted a conciliatory policy—and the command of a regiment from King William III. of England.

When the Waldenses had their ancient possessions restored to them on condition of sending one thousand men to ravage the French frontier, Arnaud was named to the command by the duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene. The plan of attack from Piedmont was formed, and after reconnoitering Turin, (as mentioned in the beginning of the present work,) Eugene led his army through the passes of Savoy into France, while Marlborough continued in the Netherlands. The Waldenses, under Arnaud, were placed on the outposts of Eugene's army; and when a sufficient body of troops had been drawn off from the Rhine to oppose the attack from Piedmont, Eugene rapidly withdrew by way of the Tyrol, leaving Arnaud to mask his retreat, and by frequent attacks from the mountains at different points, to detain the French troops in the south. This object was effected with so much success, that the allied army had again united in the Low Countries before Eugene's absence from Savoy was known; and thus Arnaud materially contributed to the victories of Hochstett and Blenheim. But notwithstanding this important service, the duke of Savoy listened to those who asserted that Arnaud wished "to excite the Waldenses to rebellion, and the formation of a republic." The defence, that he was only acting as senior pastor in settling their differences, and arranging the rebuilding of their houses and division of their property—duties which were rendered doubly perplexing by the return of many supposed to be dead, but who had only remained in exile till the prospect of quiet possession invited their return—was of no avail. A high price was set upon his head, and he fled in disguise, never more to return to the Valleys.* Once more crossing the Alps, he sought an asylum in Germany, where he was received by the duke of Wirtemberg, and finished his brilliant career in religious

Arnaud, ou le proposant Reynaudin, qui fut depuis pasteur dans les Vallées."—*Le Livre de Famille*, par P. Bert, p. 42. Geneva, 1830. Reynaudin published at Basle, in 1695, his "Dissertatio Historica Theologica de Waldensibus," in which he has left evidence of much talent and diligent research.

* *See* "Authentic Details of the Waldenses;" "Life of Henry Arnaud," p. 248; in which is a curious inventory of his effects after his decease, by which it appears that he still retained his patrimonial property at La Tour, which, with every thing else that he possessed, amounted to 2520 florins, equal to about 226*l.* 10*s.* Three sons and two daughters, children by his first marriage, survived him.

peace*—though not in worldly prosperity—at the venerable age of eighty. His tomb is still to be seen in the village church of Schönbrun, near Durmenz, a Waldensian colony, with the following epitaph:—

> "Valdensium Pedamontanorum pastor, nec non
> Militum præfectus, venerandus ac strenuus
> Henricus Arnaud sub hoc tumulo jacet.
>
> Cernis hic Arnoldi cineres; sed gesta, labores,
> Infractumque animum, pingere nemo potest.
>
> Millia in Allophilorum Jessides militat unus,
> Unus et Allophilûm castra ducemque quatit."
> Obiit VIII. Septemb. et Sepultus est A.D. M.DCC.XXI.

It reflects additional lustre on the memory of Arnaud, that, although honoured by pressing invitations from William III., Queen Anne, and Prince Eugene, to reside at their courts, he preferred the exercise of his pastoral duties in an obscure village, where he could edify by his instruction, fortify by his example, share the privations, and direct the labours of that little colony which was just beginning to take root in the new soil. The church is now a ruin, and the population reduced, by a long series of hardships, political changes, and emigration, to twenty or thirty small families.

With this brief introduction, which, it is hoped, may be generally acceptable to the reader, we now proceed to the work in question—The Return of the Waldenses from Exile, and the glorious Recovery of their native Valleys.

Having now, in company with fourteen others, effected a safe landing on the eastern or Savoy side of the lake of Geneva, Arnaud took instant measures for the general security, by planting trusty sentinels at every accessible point. This done, he had the men drawn up in martial order as they stepped ashore, and when the full complement had arrived they were formed into a corps, of which Captain Bourgeois, of Neuchatel, had he arrived, was to have taken the command. But the cause why he was missing at the general rendezvous, will be explained hereafter. This corps, or main body of the exiles, was subdivided into nineteen companies,† six of which were composed of strangers, almost exclusively

* His colleague Montoux, who had also been obliged to quit the Valleys, was pastor of another small colony; and having easy intercourse with Arnaud, it was here, probably, that the work—which, for the sake of recommendation to public attention, bore the name of Arnaud—was composed.

† Of these the Commune of Angrogne furnished three companies, under the command of Captains Laurent Buffa, Etienne Frasche, and Michel Bertin: that of St. Jean formed two companies, under Captains Bellion and Besson: Latour, one company under Captain Jean Frasche: Villar, one ditto under Captain Paul Pellene: Bobi, two companies, under Captains Martinat and Mondon: Prarustin, one company, under Captain Daniel Odin: St. Germain and Pramol, one company, under Captain Robert: Macel, one company, under Captain Philip Tronc Poulat: Prali, one company, under Captain Peivot.

from Dauphiny and Languedoc, and the other thirteen of native Waldenses. Besides these, there were different parties, who, objecting to this classification, were formed into a volunteer company. Thus the entire force was marshalled in three divisions—the van-guard, the main body, and the rear-guard, after the manner of regular troops—an arrangement which they strictly observed in the order of march. In addition to Arnaud, who might be styled their patriarch, the Exiles had also in their ranks two ministers of the gospel, M. Chyon, late of the church of Pont at Royans, in Dauphiny, and M. Montoux, of Prajelas, who was formerly minister of the church at Chambons, in his native valley, and, lastly, of the French church at Coire, in the Grisons, where he had left his family, that he might share the fortunes of his brother exiles.

Every thing being now provided for their personal safety, they solemnly invoked the blessing of Heaven upon their enterprise; after which M. Chyon, the minister above-named, proceeded forward to the nearest village, in the hope of finding a guide. But a Savoyard horseman, who had observed what was passing on the lake, gave the alarm, and Chyon being taken prisoner was conducted to Chamberry, where he remained a prisoner till peace was concluded between the Duke of Savoy and his subjects. The horseman who had spread the alarm now advanced towards the exiles with pistol in hand; but when Arnaud, attended by the Sieur Turel and six privates, went to receive him, such was his agility in wheeling round and retracing his steps, that although a musket shot was fired after him, it fell short of the mark, and he escaped. Apprehending from this circumstance that the alarm was becoming general, and that not a moment was now to be lost, some officers were sent forward with twelve fusileers to Ivoire,* in order to make the inhabitants lay aside their arms, and suffer the Waldenses to proceed on their route without molestation. Understanding from this message that, in case of refusal, their lives and property would be consigned to fire and sword, the summons was complied with; but, in the mean time, they had contrived to spread the alarm by kindling their beacon-fires. The consequences of this would have been fatal to them, as involving an act of gross duplicity, had they not succeeded in persuading the Waldenses that it was done by some children, for whose acts they were not to be considered responsible. With this explanation, and an offer that the commandant of the village and

These formed the native force. The six other companies were commanded by Captains Martin, Privat, Lucas, Turel, Tonfrede, and Chien.

* A small town on the lake, opposite Nyon, in the district of Chablais, and between which and the village of Nernier the disembarkation took place.

an officer of the customs should serve them as guides, the offence was overlooked, and all being thus settled the Waldenses began their march. After little more than half a league, however, the guides were sent back, and substituted by three hostages, the castellan of Nernier, and two gentlemen named De Coudrée and De Fora, but who were also very soon set at liberty, as the Waldenses were studious to avoid every appearance of hostility unless where they met with open resistance.

They now continued to advance without interruption, and under such excellent discipline, that the peasantry and their curés flocked to the wayside to witness the unusual spectacle of an armed corps on its march. So much were their feelings excited, that they could not help exclaiming as they passed—"God be with you!" while the curé of Tilli threw open his cellar for their refreshment, and would not accept of any compensation. Shortly after this, four Savoyard gentlemen, mounted and well armed, rode up to the army, and being challenged by the van-guard, desired to speak with the officers, from whom they demanded their authority for thus marching under arms. To this the Waldenses replied, that it was not their province to demand any such authority, and besides it was sufficiently well known with what design they had taken up arms. Highly piqued by this uncompromising answer, they assumed an air of authority, and commanded them to surrender. But scarcely had the word escaped them, when the main body made its appearance, and, instantly changing their tone, the cavaliers ordered the peasants who attended them to fall back, and would themselves have made a hasty retreat had they not been ordered to dismount and march as prisoners at the head of the advanced column. This was done as a proper recompense for the insolence with which they "commanded" the soldiers to lay down their arms. Having now ascended a rising ground, where about two hundred armed peasants were descried near a forest, a detachment was immediately sent in pursuit of them, while the main body cautiously reconnoitred the wood, lest it should have concealed an ambuscade. M. Gropel, quarter-master to his Royal Highness, and the Sieur Monche, castellan of Boëge,* who commanded these peasants, offered little resistance; and having broken their arms and drums, the Waldenses took some of them as guides, but with this understanding, that if found unfaithful they should be hung up on the nearest tree. One of the two leaders above-named they also carried along with them, in order that he might bear testimony to the quiet and orderly manner in which the army was conducted. On arriving at his house, which lay in the

* Böege, a small town between the Voirons and Bonne, and commanding the valley of that name.

immediate line of march, this gentleman pressed them to halt for refreshment; but as they entertained some suspicion of his good faith, and were desirous to proceed, they declined the invitation. Apprehensive, however, that the whole country would now be up in arms against them, they adopted the expedient of making the gentleman write the following note:—"A large body of Waldenses having arrived here, to the number of two thousand,* have requested us to accompany them, that we may have ocular demonstration of their conduct, which we do hereby assure you is perfectly regular. They pay for whatever they take, and ask nothing but a free passage. We pray you therefore to sound no alarum by bell, nor beat of drum, and to dismiss your people, should there be any now under arms." This letter, which was signed by the gentleman and several others, was forwarded to the town of Viû, where it produced the most favourable change in the public mind, so much so, that the people along the route now vied with one another in supplying every thing that could be wished for. In fact, orders had been issued that the peasants should abstain from all appearance of hostility, and furnish the travellers with horses, mules, and waggons for the transport of the baggage, all of which were so promptly executed, that in the different villages through which they had to pass, every thing was in as much readiness as if they had been preceded by a government courier. But as in the best disciplined army there is always some delinquent; so in the present instance a peasant having discharged his musket at one of the soldiers, missed him, and throwing away his arms attempted to escape, but was pursued and captured by his intended victim. In another instance, a soldier fired upon and shot a peasant, who had taken to flight with arms in his hands. Among the flying, one of the Benedictine monks, called hermits of the Voirons,† was taken prisoner with a dagger under his cassock, but whose influence contributed much to secure a quiet passage. As night came on they halted near Viû,‡ where, having purchased refreshments of bread and wine, they set at liberty one of the gentlemen hostages, who could ill support the fatigue of walking. Here, after

* A *ruse*, for by magnifying their force in the eyes of the people, they diminished the chance of resistance. This fact is recorded by contemporary writers. See "Nouveau Voyage d'Italie," (printed at the Hague,) tom. iii. p. 72.

† Their convent was near the summit of the Voirons, where, surrounded with woods, the remains are still seen. Describing the place, Saussure observes:—"Ce couvent était habité par des Bénédictins, qui semblaient avoir été placés là pour expier, par leur ennui et leurs souffrances, la vie trop sensuelle que l'on reproche aux riches communautés de cet ordre. Une Madone en vénération dans la pays sous le nomme de Notre-Dame-des-Voirons, était l'objet de leur culte et la cause de leur séjour dans ce lieu si froid et si sauvage." This Madonna was afterwards transferred to a new shrine in the town of Annecy.

‡ Viû-la-Ville, another small town on the route, presents in the present day a very pleasing effect, when its white houses are seen contrasted with the rich verdure which surrounds them.

prolonging their halt until the inhabitants of Viû, to whom the letter was addressed, had been allowed sufficient time to withdraw, in case they had taken up arms, they entered the town at dusk, and having partaken of refreshment, again set out under an unclouded moon. They had scarcely proceeded half a league, however, till the sky became overcast, and they made the hostages address another letter to the bourg of St. Joyre, through which they had to pass. This done, they continued their march, and in half an hour entered the place not only without opposition, but welcomed by crowds of the inhabitants, who had left their houses to see our Waldenses on their march. The magistrates, at the same time, caused a hogshead of wine to be brought out into the street, and left at the discretion of the soldiers. Of this some partook, but others abstained, from a suspicion that it might be drugged with some poisonous ingredient. After crossing a few shelving ridges, they came about midnight to a little eminence, named Carman, where they halted; and, although the rain was falling, resolved to wait till daybreak, in order to recruit their strength by a little sleep after the hard day's march, and be in better condition to pass the bridge of Marni,* which they were apprehensive had been cut off. Here, taking as hostages two brothers, named Georges, they set at liberty those who had accompanied them from Boëge. Thus terminated their first day's adventures.

Next day being Sunday, the seventeenth of August, they found the bridge of Marni in good repair, and crossing without opposition, entered a pleasant little valley, but deserted by the peasantry, where they gathered some fruit by the way. About ten o'clock in the forenoon they had arrived near Cluse,† a considerable walled town, situated on the river Arve, through which it was necessary to pass. As soon as they approached, the armed inhabitants were seen lining the trenches, while the peasants, in descending from the mountains above, made it resound to the abuse with which they loaded the Waldenses. The latter, nevertheless, in spite of the heavy rain which greatly incommoded them, advanced to within gunshot of the walls with a determination to cut themselves a passage, should the populace persist in their present show of resistance. M. de Fora, aware of this resolution, and hearing it whispered by the soldiers that, in the event of contesting the point with the people, it would

* Or Marigny, a small village, but in a very picturesque situation on the Giffre, now spanned by a fine stone bridge.

† Cluse contains about two thousand inhabitants, and completely blocks up the pass; the mountains on either side just opening sufficiently to allow a channel for the river, and a single street running along its banks forms the town. The houses are in the ancient style of the country, with heavy wooden galleries in front, supported by lofty pillars, under which the little traffic of the place is carried on. It stands nearly four hundred feet above the lake of Geneva.

be expedient in the first place to dispatch the hostages, became alarmed for his own safety, and begged permission to write to the principal inhabitants of the town. This being readily granted, he represented to them in his letter the danger to which they were rashly exposing themselves, by denying a free passage to people against whom not a complaint had been made in all the places through which they had already passed. Just as they were carrying this letter to M. de la Rochette de la Croix, the Chevalier des Rides, M. de la Charbonniere and M. de Lochen—all persons of distinction—were leaving the town to offer terms of capitulation. Of these gentlemen the first two were detained, and at their request the third was sent back with an officer of the Waldenses, who, on being questioned on his entering the town as to their authority for marching, sternly replied that "it was on the point of their swords." This was sufficient to convince his interrogators that the affair was serious; and, therefore, without further hesitation, the passage was thrown open, with the simple condition that they would pass straight through, and pay for such provisions as were furnished to them. These terms being ratified, the march was resumed, and the inhabitants having ranged themselves on either side of the street, so as to form an avenue from one gate to the other, the Waldenses defiled through the centre. Arnaud, however, observing that there was no sentinels at the gate, took care to station one at that by which they entered, the better to ensure good behaviour on the part of the inhabitants, while his own troops were defiling in the manner described. While thus engaged, M. de la Rochette came up to invite some of the officers to dine with him, but the latter having excused themselves, and drawn him insensibly out of the town, then told him that they expected in half an hour, at latest, to be furnished with five measures of wine and five quintals of bread. On hearing this he wrote immediately to his father, who, within the time stated, sent a tun of wine and as much bread as was necessary. Of these many partook; but others observing that the good cheer occasioned too much delay, rolled the cask into the river, to the great disappointment of some who would gladly have quenched their thirst. For the wine and bread thus furnished, Arnaud paid five louis-d'or, with which the inhabitants appeared quite satisfied; but just as the refreshment ended, several children were observed running in the direction of Sallenche, and, suspecting that it was to give notice of what was approaching, they were compelled to return. When the army was again in motion, De la Rochette and Des Rides wished to retire, under the pretext of attending mass; but it was signified to them that the pleasure of their company could not at present be dispensed with, and they reluctantly joined in the

march. At the same time, some suspicion being excited on observing that Des Rides's valet had also mixed in the troop, he was searched, when letters were found upon him, which De la Rochette, the father, had written to the magistrates of Sallenche. In these, the latter were exhorted to take arms, under the positive assurance that whilst they attacked the Waldenses in front, their friends at Cluse would not fail to charge them in the rear. In full expectation, therefore, of an assault, but firmly resolved to make a spirited defence, the exiles continued to defile through a long narrow valley, bordered with mountain precipices,* from which a few hands might have hurled fragments of rock sufficient to have annihilated a whole army. But to enhance the danger of the pass, the Arve was at this time so much swollen by the rains as to leave only a precarious footing, for it could not be called a road, along the brink. About the centre of this defile they came to the village and castle of Maglan, where the peasants, though under arms, contented themselves with remaining quiet spectators of the march. M. De Loche, seigneur of the place, loaded the officers with civilities, but for which the only acknowledgment they could make was to desire him to take his place with the other hostages. To soften, however, as much as possible the shock occasioned by this order, his curé was directed to accompany him. The troops were now permitted to continue their route without any apparent regularity, so that spies might form no correct estimate of their number. This was the more necessary, as on the opposite bank of the river a horseman was observed proceeding at full speed on the way to Sallenche,† to announce, as they supposed, the arrival of the Waldenses. To reach this town it was necessary to gain possession of a large wooden bridge, flanked with houses, and about ten minutes' walk from it.—It was at this point that in the following year Lieut.-Colonel Mallet, at the head of a single battalion of Protestants, arrested M. de St. Ruth, who commanded a small army.

Having now advanced to within a hundred paces of the bridge, and concluding

* The defile here mentioned is thus accurately described by Saussure:—"Souvent les rochers qui la bordent sont taillés à pic, à une grande hauteur, et surplombent même quelquefois sur la route; le voyageur étonné n'avance qu'avec une espèce de crainte, et il doute s'il lui sera possible de trouver une issue au-travers de ces rochers. L'Arve qui dans quelques endroits paraît avoir de peine assez de place pour elle seule, semble aussi vouloir lui disputer le chemin; elle vient se jeter impétueusement contre lui, comme pour l'empêcher de remonter à sa source." But, continues the same author—"Elle n'offre pas seulement des tableaux du genre terrible: on en voit d'infiniment doux et agréables; des belles fontaines, des cascades, des petits réduits situés au pied de quelque roc escarpé, ou, au bord de la rivière tapisses d'une belle verdure, et ombragés par de beaux arbres."

† A small market town of Savoy, well known as commanding a fine view of Mont Blanc, and where travellers going from Geneva to Chamouni usually spend the night. For a description of the town and neighbourhood, the reader is referred to "*Switzerland Illustrated.*"

that the passage would be sharply contested, the officers distributed their men into platoons, one of which was placed as a guard over the hostages (who now amounted to at least twenty persons of distinction, private gentlemen as well as ecclesiastics,) and, for the purpose rather of intimidation than with any intention of carrying the order into execution, were told to put every man to death in case the Savoyards should fire. In the mean time, while the troops were forming and taking up their positions to attack the bridge, three captains, attended by six privates, were sent to make the formal demand of a free passage through the town. On their way they met six of the principal inhabitants on horseback, who, the instant they were seen, dismounted and took to their heels; but the former giving them ready chase, succeeded in capturing one, whom they brought back with them, and the others, seeing their comrade a prisoner, returned also, and came directly forward to the Waldenses. Their names were Messrs. De Carnillon, De Cartan, chief magistrate, Fontaine, Chatellain, and the Sieurs de Bergerat and St. Amour. At the conference now held M. Cartan stated that the passage which they demanded, being a question of too great importance to be decided by themselves, it became necessary to hold a council, in order to deliberate on the measure. To this proposal the officers consented, allowing the magistrates half an hour to come to a decision, but accompanied with this threat that at the expiration of that time they would certainly take the bridge by storm. The half hour had elapsed; but just as they were about to put their threat in execution, the gentlemen returned, saying that the time allowed them for so important a decision was too short, and, perceiving that the officers were not in a humour to wait till they should receive an augmentation to their present strength, were on the point of returning home. The Waldenses, however, were of a different mind, and causing the Sieurs St. Amour and Fontaine to dismount, most politely invited them to take their places with the rest of the hostages. This compliment being little relished, they begged that one of them might be sent in company with one of the other hostages into the town, to represent to the inhabitants the danger in which they were placed. The Waldenses, it is evident, might have carried the bridge without waiting for all these parleys; but as they were determined, in the true christian spirit, to spare the effusion of human blood as much as possible, and to adopt the policy of reserving their own strength for occasions when its employment might be indispensably necessary, they were willing to make a fresh attempt, by allowing the two hostages to act as proposed, and on condition that they should bring back an answer, good or bad. But instead of an answer, the Waldenses heard the alarum bell in full

peal, and, instead of the two envoys returning, saw six hundred armed men taking up a position near the bridge. Finding that they must now clear themselves a passage at the point of the sword, the Waldenses were formed into several small divisions, two of which advanced to the assault. But at the same instant four Capuchin friars were seen to approach; and as christian charity encouraged the belief that such soldiers came in quest of peace, rather than war, they were honourably received. Deputed as plenipotentiaries from the town, they offered a free passage on condition that the hostages and their horses should be released, on receiving in their place two of the principal inhabitants. The proposal of thus surrendering hostages of distinction, who, from the mere dread of hazarding their own lives, caused all arms to be thrown aside wherever they passed, seemed at first rather prejudicial to the Waldenses. But reflecting, on the other hand, that two others were to be received in exchange, and that many more were likely to fall into their hands, they agreed to accept the terms. On nearer scrutiny, however, it proved that the two hostages brought from the town, and said to be *syndics*, were only two miserable individuals, of no note or consideration whatever. Indignant at the base deception thus practised upon him, Arnaud stepped up hastily to the Capuchins, but they, guessing by his expression that he meant to have them seized, took the hint, and scampered off so nimbly that only two were secured. The others tucked up their cassocks, and used their limbs to such good purpose, that they escaped. The two who had been captured, now demanded why they were detained contrary to the law of nations, which holds sacred the personal liberty of those who bear the articles of capitulation. To this they received for answer, that it was for having, to the disgrace of their order and the character to which they laid claim, deceived the Waldenses, and been guilty of a shameless falsehood in wishing to foist the miller upon them as a syndic of the place. Having thus answered their remonstrance, the astonished friars were enrolled in the number, and placed in company of the other hostages; and here it must be named to their credit, that they proved of the greatest service on all occasions. Whenever the question of a free passage was started, their remonstrances, their intercessions, and prayers were always effectual with those who disputed it—a fact which more than ever astonished the Waldenses at the influence and authority which these good fathers possessed over the minds of those belonging to their own religion. The reader, however, will judge for himself, whether the zeal they manifested in the cause arose from the personal alarm under which they were constantly suffering, or emanated from the purity of christian motives.

But to return to the question of capitulation; the act which we have just recorded having rendered the terms null, a detachment was marched forward, and passed the bridge without opposition, but which they had taken the precaution to line with forty soldiers, the better to ensure the main body in its march. When all the troops had safely reached the opposite bank, they were drawn up in line of battle, about twenty yards from the hedges, behind which the inhabitants were entrenched. The latter made no attempt to fire, but on the contrary—dreading lest their town should be given to the flames, as had been threatened—sent back with much civility two soldiers whom they had taken prisoners. The Waldenses, therefore, passed quietly through, and after many wide *détours* arrived at a village named Cablau, where it was agreed to pass the night, in order to relieve the severe fatigue from which they were now suffering: for beside the wretched state of the roads, they had been exposed to a heavy rain during the whole day, and finding nothing to eat, nor drink, nor fire to dry their clothes, the repose for which they had longed was very indifferent. But drenched as they were, these poor wanderers had good reason to bless God that the rain had fallen; for it was doubtless the very cause that had spared them a hot pursuit, which they had fully expected during the whole day. With these particulars we conclude the report of the second

Although, in resuming their march the following morning, Monday, the nineteenth, the Waldenses were not interrupted by any hostile measures or projects from the people of Cluse, Maglan, or Sallenche, they were nevertheless much disconcerted, if not alarmed, on hearing the danger and difficulties of their future route; for they had this day two most savage mountains to cross. Aware of the danger they had to encounter, they took care to purchase a good supply of wine at a village through which they passed in the course of the morning. On preparing to set out they caused the two trumpets, which they employed as more portable than drums, to be sounded, and having mustered, it was judged expedient to discharge their fire-arms and load them afresh. This done, they began their march under a slight rain, and passed through several small villages, quite deserted, as far as a bourg named Migeves, or Beaufort, where the inhabitants were in arms; but as they offered no resistance the march continued without causing any disturbance. Passing onward, they reached the height of the mountain, where, finding several deserted cabins, they took advantage of these for a little rest and shelter from the rain. Here also on both sides were some of those *reduits*, or pens, where the cattle sent to pasture in summer are housed, and the business of the

dairy carried on. But the milk and cheese left in the chalets, the Waldenses would not so much as touch. Their hostages, however, ill suited for such an example of practical abstinence, began to express their astonishment that troops, who had the power to take whatever they required, should continue to march with so much self-denial; adding, that in point of victuals it was usual among soldiers to take a supply wherever they could find it, without giving necessary offence to any one. This encouragement, or rather reproach, on the part of men who professed an interest in the property of the country, their own example, and the abandonment in which the herdsmen had left their chalets, added to the actual hunger from which the troops were suffering, all conspired to infringe upon the rules of strict discipline, and encouraged them to help themselves to milk, bread, and cheese, and, in short, to whatever eatables they could lay their hands on, but which they would have gladly paid for had there been any of the owners found to receive the money.

Thus recruited in strength and spirits, they began the ascent of the second mountain, named Haute Luce, the very aspect of which is terrific. It is in fact at all times a most formidable undertaking, especially so at this moment, when deluged by the rains, covered with snow, and enveloped in so dense a fog, that the guide, expressing his astonishment at the circumstance, the troops had no difficulty in persuading him that these were the clouds by which it pleased God to conceal his faithful servants from the eyes of their enemies. At length, after excessive fatigue, much more easily imagined than described, they reached the summit of the pass, where, finding an empty grange, they took some milk and a few other trifles in the way of food. Then ordering search to be made in the vicinity, a few peasants were brought to rectify the mistake of the guide, who, believing himself in the clouds, had lost all knowledge of the pass. It was soon observed, however, that the new guides, not from ignorance, but a malicious design — and, no doubt, to give the Savoyards time to arrive and cut the throats of the Waldenses in these horrible defiles — led them by the most circuitous and dangerous paths, till Arnaud, threatening to have them hanged, unless they acquitted themselves with fidelity, put a salutary check to these treacherous manœuvres. But, if the zealous and renowned leader* of this diminished flock knew so well how to strike terror into the hearts of those who sought to betray him, he knew also how to exalt and rekindle the courage of his followers, who now felt as if doomed to sink under their

* It may be necessary to remind the reader of what we have already stated in the preface; namely, that Arnaud does not here speak of himself; for, although the history of this expedition has been generally ascribed to him, the writer was either the pastor Montoux, already mentioned, or the probationer Reynaudin, who was afterwards pastor in the Valleys.

accumulated hardships. At this stage of their march, every difficulty had been increased by the almost insupportable fatigue of forcing a passage cut out of the solid rock, in ascending and descending, as if by a ladder, where twenty persons might with ease have repulsed twenty thousand. If it be difficult, as every one knows it is, to climb a steep mountain, it is often more so to descend it; and, in the present instance, the descent was only accomplished by each individual placing himself in a sitting posture, or on his back, and thus sliding downwards as if from a precipice, and with no better light to direct his course than was afforded him by the whiteness of the snow. In this manner their arduous task was accomplished, and they arrived late in the night at St. Nicholas de Verose, a parish consisting only of a few shepherds' huts. Here, in a place so dark and deep as to resemble an abyss, cold and desolate, the exhausted wanderers were compelled to halt for the night, but without being able to find even sufficient wood to light a fire. Thus painfully circumstanced, they had no choice but to unroof the huts for fuel; and by thus seeking a remedy for one evil, brought upon themselves another; for they were thereby deprived of shelter, and exposed to the injurious effects of the rain, which continued throughout the night. Thus ended the third day's march.

On the following morning, in consequence of their impatience to quit this wretched bivouac before daylight, two very unpleasant accidents occurred. The first happened to captain Meyer, a Waldensian, and good soldier, who was wounded in both thighs by a musket shot, which had been accidentally discharged in the obscurity. The second evil arose from a report in circulation that two hundred Savoyards had insinuated themselves into the ranks, and were only waiting a favourable time and place for commencing the attack. Full of this apprehension, one of the soldiers mistaking the Sieur Bailiff—a refugee who had relinquished his establishment at Lausanne to join the expedition—for one of those imaginary spies, struck him a heavy blow with the butt end of his musket; and had not the captain implored for time to pray—which he did, kneeling down—the mistake would certainly have proved fatal; for the soldier had already stabbed him with the bayonet, but which, happily, penetrated no further than his waistcoat. It was here, also, that Chien, captain of one of the six foreign companies, becoming disheartened by the incessant fatigue, against which, apparently, his delicate constitution could not longer bear up, took occasion to desert, taking with him a very fine horse from among six others left in the same place.

As the morning advanced, with the snow knee-deep, and marching under an incessant rain, the troops began to climb one of the steepest ridges of a

mountain, well known as the Col de Bonne-homme.* In the previous year, for fear of the Waldenses, and on the alarm occasioned by their former attempt, as already mentioned, several small forts, well built, and entrenchments, with embrasures, had been constructed on this pass, besides ambuscades, in positions so advantageous, that thirty persons might have not only stopped their progress, but entirely defeated them. With these recollections, therefore, the troops advanced, in momentary expectation of a sanguinary engagement. But thanks to the Eternal, who, ever present with this remnant of the faithful, so ordered it, that they found these elegant entrenchments quite empty, without even a sentinel; for, wearied with so long keeping watch to no purpose, they had finally abandoned the post — a circumstance which the travellers gratefully acknowledged on the spot, by raising their united voices to God in thanksgiving.

After continuing the descent for a long time, and always in the snow, they came at last to a few houses, where they bought a cask of wine to refresh themselves as they passed; but observing that those of the rear-guard were too slow in coming up, they halted in a small village to wait for them. Finding, however, that they did not make their appearance, they adopted the expedient of discharging a few musket shots, which produced the desired effect; for those in the rear concluding by this signal that the van was already engaged, abandoned the wine, and came forward with all diligence to support their comrades.

Being now in the Valley, and following the banks of the Isère, it became often necessary to cross that river, which, by its serpentine course, cuts through the road at short distances. As this defile (in a valley extremely narrow, and now almost entirely inundated by the river which had overflowed its banks) appeared dangerous, and particularly so as they here expected to meet with resistance, they marched for some time in single file, that is, two and two. This apprehension was far from groundless; for they soon descried on the top of a rising ground a multitude of peasantry, who, either with their muskets, or by stones, of which they had abundance at hand, might have rendered the passage extremely difficult in a place so hemmed in; and, sooth to say, fully resolved as they were to force their way, the Waldenses expected to have paid dearly for the passage. They were very agreeably surprised, however, when, contrary to all hope, these

* The most elevated pass over the mountain of that name west of Mont Blanc, ten or eleven leagues from Chamouni, and between eight and nine from Sallenche. It derives its name from the philanthropic individual who first built a temporary refuge in this frightful desert for the protection of human life. It is the scene of numerous disasters; and among the more recent, is that to which two English gentlemen, of great virtues and accomplishments, fell untimely victims. It is only those who have visited this pass that can rightly estimate the difficulties and dangers to which the Waldenses were here exposed. The col is computed at a height of 7 530 feet above the sea.—See also Brockedon's "Passes" and "Excursions."

people did not so much as even assume a hostile attitude; for, observing that their presence did not intimidate our band of champions, they retired with all speed to their village, where, thinking that the better way to strike terror into their new guests, was to spread the general alarm, they sounded the tocsin, and the next minute nothing was heard but a horrible jangling of bells from every steeple in the valley. This, however, did not prevent their reaching the bridge they were in search of, but which, on close inspection, they found entirely crossed with huge beams, barricaded with trees interlaced upon one another, and guarded by armed peasants—some carrying muskets, some scythes, pitch-forks, and other implements of a similar description. But no sooner had the Waldenses made arrangements for the attack, than the Comte de Val Isère, seigneur of the Valley and "gentleman of the chamber" to her royal highness Madame, came to parley, or rather to concede the passage, while the peasants took again upon themselves the trouble of clearing the bridge—a task to which even Monsieur le Curé also lent his hand. This accomplished, and fearing lest they should be burnt, as had been threatened, they withdrew into their village, distant about a musket shot, on the opposite side of the river. As for Monsieur le Comte, after having acquitted himself of his embassy, he set off at full gallop, so great was his fear of being associated with the other hostages, who, as soon as they saw any person of distinction within reach, usually addressed Arnaud with—"There's a fine bird for our cage!" And in this cage, after setting a third at liberty on account of his advanced age, two priests were put to sing.

After having passed through the small town of Sey without causing any disorder—although it had been very clamorous with its bells, had summoned the inhabitants to arms, and although the travellers were perfectly aware that the seigneur, above-named, was shut up in the château—they pitched their camp hard by. Here they purchased from the town as much provisions as they wished, with bread at two sous a pound, except Arnaud, who, of his own accord, paid at the rate of three sous; and in such abundance was it furnished, that several of the inhabitants came to purchase it back from the soldiers. Thus, then, in their camp near Sey, the Waldenses rested from their fourth day's march.

On Wednesday the twenty-first, the march began before day-break, but all the villages through which they passed in the Val-Isère were deserted. Nevertheless, they found one man who kept his ground, and being shut up in his house, sold bread to the soldiers from the top of the gallery. The time having now arrived for a short halt, they rested near a small bourg named St. Foi, which had not been deserted like the others, so that for money they had bread, wine, and meat, without the least disturbance; for the officers had provided

against such an occurrence by planting trusty sentinels all round. They were not only pleased, but surprised, with their flattering reception in this place; for many gentlemen, attended by numbers of the inhabitants, came out to meet the Waldenses, and accosting them very civilly, expressed the pleasure which they felt in seeing them; extolled their resolution in trying to recover their native country, and, in short, intreated that they would spend the night with them, for which they would make ample provision by killing fresh meat, baking bread, and distributing wine to the troops. All these fine promises were so engaging as insensibly to stop the progress of the troops, who, to their ruin, might have suffered themselves to be persuaded, had not Arnaud, who was then in the rear-guard, observed their hesitation, and come forward to learn the cause. The officers having recapitulated the friendly offers made to them by the gentlemen of the place, he paid no attention to it; but, holding for a maxim always to distrust civilities when coming from an enemy, he caused the troops to proceed on their march, and these plausible flatterers to join them; for there could be no doubt that, in the midst of all the fine things promised, the destruction of their guests was meditated. Quitting St. Foi, they next entered a valley very closely hemmed in between two mountains, and covered thickly over with forest trees of lofty growth. This defile was intersected by passages very easy to guard; for, by removing the beams from over the river by which it was watered, it would have been impossible for the Waldenses to have forced a passage; on the contrary, they would have been compelled to retrace their steps. They met with no interruption, however, and arrived at Villar-Rougy, where the van-guard captured a priest, and some peasants, who were making their escape.

On emerging from this frightful gorge, they saw a great many peasants, who, abandoning their houses, retreated to the other side of the river. The next place in their route was Eutigne, a village situated in a little plain, encircled by mountains, but now quite deserted, the inhabitants having escaped to the heights, where they showed themselves under arms. A detachment was ordered out, and gave them chase; but one of the soldiers, a Frenchman, who had remained behind, was wounded. In the evening they encamped near a village, named Laval, and passed the night in a meadow, keeping up a large fire, and going to fetch such provisions as they were in need of, from the deserted houses. The chief person in the village entertained the officers; and here, for the first time, after having been eight days and nights almost without drinking, eating, or sleeping, Arnaud, and Montoux, his colleague, enjoyed three hours' repose after supper, with the luxury of a bed. Never in the whole course of their experience were refreshment and rest more acceptable.

On the following morning, Thursday, the twenty-second, being the sixth day of their march, they passed through the bourg of Tigne, where they caused the money which had been taken from the two men, as formerly mentioned, to be restored. The inhabitants, indeed, were right glad to be let off so easily; for they were very apprehensive of being punished in another way. But as some of the hostages were here permitted to return home, and others made their escape—favoured no doubt by some of the guards whom they had bribed—the officers took the precaution to supply the deficiency by two priests and an avocat. With this new arrangement they began to ascend the mountain of Maurienne, Mount Tisseran—that is, Mount Iseran—which gives name to the river Isère. Here, a young man, whom they pressed into the service, broke the musket given him to carry against a rock, and escaped along the bank and channel of a torrent, where he was thrice fired upon, the third shot from a pistol taking effect and wounding him. After having thus proceeded for some time, the troops were brought to a halt in order to separate the companies, and appoint additional officers. This arrangement being completed, they now entered upon a very difficult road, in the midst of alpine pasturage, with much cattle; and where the shepherds, who had not fled, regaled the soldiers with the produce of their dairy, informing them at the same time, that they would have great difficulty in obtaining an entrance into their country, for that, if they had not hitherto been opposed, their passage would now be disputed by a large body of soldiers, who were resolutely waiting for them at the foot of Mont Cenis.

This was news which, instead of alarming our exiles, tended only to inflame their hearts; for, knowing that the result of their arms must depend on God alone, for whose glory they were to fight, they felt assured that He would open for them a passage wherever man had endeavoured to shut it against them. Full of this inspiring hope, they boldly descended the said mountain of Maurienne, and crossing the territory of that name, arrived in the small village of Bonne Val. Here the curé was obligingly officious in pressing the officers to drink; and, although a peasant who refused to act as guide was well punished, every demand was complied with. Continuing the route, they marched straight upon Besas, a bourg so called, where—according to a prejudice they had imbibed—there existed the most mischievous rabble under heaven. In fact, when they arrived, they found that the people, far from wishing to escape, manifested the greatest arrogance, proceeding even to threats, and thereby compelling the Waldenses to punish their insolence by taking away some of their mules, seizing the persons of the curé, the castellan, and six peasants, who, to increase their mortification, were bound together. On quitting this town, they crossed the

river and bivouacked near a little deserted hamlet, where they lay exposed to rain during the whole night. Here ended the sixth day's journey.

Resuming their march the following morning—Friday, the twenty-third—they passed through Lanne-Villard, where they took as hostages the curé, and some peasants; but, when they began to ascend Mont Cenis, finding the priest too old and heavy to climb so high, they sent him back. When they had reached the summit of the pass, and recollected that not far from thence there was an office belonging to the general post, they concluded that intelligence of their arrival would thus be forwarded in all directions. To guard, therefore, against so fatal an occurrence, a few men were sent forward, who seized all the horses they could find. As they were returning with their booty—which was only seized in order to guarantee the general safety—they fell in with several laden mules, proceeding along the road. Tempted by the favourable occasion, they laid hands upon them, and on examining the freight, found that it consisted of baggage belonging to Cardinal Angelo Ranuzzi, who, on his return from France, where he had been residing as Pope's nuncio, had dispatched his baggage by Mont Cenis, while he himself took another road to Rome in order to be present at the conclave, then assembled, by which Alexander VIII. was raised to the papal throne. The muleteers having come to complain of this outrage, begged the officers to enforce restitution of the property. The latter, ever scrupulous in hazarding the reputation which they enjoyed of keeping up a strict discipline, and never permitting a wrong to be committed against any one who did not intend them wrong, gave strict orders that every thing should be restored. In this they acted with so much sincerity, that, to prevail the more readily on those who had possession of the plunder to restore it, they gave out that it belonged to certain merchants of Geneva, their particular friends. If, therefore, any thing was really lost, the directors of this expedition declare that, save the loss of a watch of singular invention, on the model of that of Strasburg, they had no knowledge of it; and that even of this they were uninformed till it was too late to restore it to the muleteers. They declare also, in the face of the whole world, that they have never seen any of the papers belonging to the said cardinal, who, when the intelligence reached him at Fano—where he then was, and of which he had been bishop—took it for granted that all the memoirs of his nunciature, all the minutes of his letters would be lost, or, what was worse, fall into the hands of people who would not hesitate to take advantage of their contents. He took it, in fact, so much to heart, that it may be said to have cost him his life, by destroying his hopes of reaching the pontificate, a dignity for which in truth he was better qualified than

any other, as much on account of his shining qualities, united with the imposing air of a great prelate, as on that of his intimate knowledge of the political interests of princes, and his long familiarity with court maxims. It is true, nevertheless, that a little baseness of mind which betrayed itself, even at his death, has done much to tarnish the glory of his eminence. In fact, if all France was astonished at the spectacle he exhibited in shedding tears, when he was closely watched, on the subject of disputes which had arisen between his most Christian Majesty and Pope Innocent XI. we cannot be surprised at his weakness, when, even on his death-bed, it is said, he repeatedly ejaculated, 'O, le mie carte! O, le mie carte!"—O, my papers—my papers!

Much has been published on the loss of these "lamented papers;" and among other things, it has been said that the duke of Savoy, having purchased them from the Waldenses, had forwarded them to the French court, which thereby discovering an intrigue between Cardinal Ranuzzi and several ecclesiastics at Soissons, Beauvais, Abbeville, and other places, had ten of them committed to the prisons of Vincennes. But, however the truth may be, the Waldenses need give themselves little uneasiness respecting the fate of these papers; but, as they readily foresee that all that has been said or invented of them may well have had one malicious aim in view, namely, to blacken their conduct in the affair, they again repeat that they never once saw nor handled them, and therefore could not have sold them, as stated publicly. As for the watch, which was said to have come latterly into the hands of the pastor Montoux, it was taken from him with all his baggage by the soldiers of his Royal Highness, when he was made prisoner, as we shall hereafter have occasion to state.

After restitution of the property here mentioned, the sufferings endured by the Waldenses in their passage of the great and little Mont Cenis, surpass all imagination. Having arrived with incredible pain at the latter, they found in the chalets, or cattle-sheds, several peasants armed with halberts and iron-pointed staves, but who immediately took to their heels. Two, however, were taken, one of whom had received a wound on the head. On looking round, the troops found a little bread and wine, with which they made free, and passing onward, most unfortunately lost their way. This they attributed to a malicious design on the part of the guide, or to the dense fog which had come on, added to the fresh snow, with which the whole scene was enveloped a full foot deep. As it was, they had to descend the mountain of Tourliers, in a way that much more resembled a precipice than a path. To crown their misery, night having set in upon them, many, no longer able to support the fatigue and exhaustion by which they were overcome, remained behind, detached from the main body, and separated

from each other among the woods, where they spent a miserable night. The main body, in the mean time, having made good their descent into the Valley of the Jaillon, there found some dry wood, their only comfort, and making a fire, warmed and dried themselves in this wet and half famished condition.

On the following morning, the twenty-fourth day of the month, and eighth of their march, they had the happiness to rejoin their companions at break of day, after which it was resolved to take the direction of Chaumont, above Susa. With this intention, having dispatched some soldiers to reconnoitre, they learned that a great number of peasants had assembled on the mountain, supported by French soldiers from the garrison of Exilles, who were incessantly employed in hurling down fragments of rock, so that the passage of the valley being naturally very confined, and the course of the river Jaillon very rapid, it was evident that this was a place where destruction was unavoidable. Nevertheless, having reinforced the van-guard with one hundred men, they hesitated not an instant to advance with indomitable courage; and, as soon as they found themselves within fifty paces of the enemy, sent forward, as they had hitherto done, a herald to open a treaty for a free passage. This commission, in the present instance, was given to Captain Paul Pellene, of the Villar company, with an escort of soldiers. To these were added two curés from the number of the hostages, thinking that they might facilitate negotiations. But, instead of this, they escaped; and, at their instigation also, the captain was arrested, bound, and fastened by ropes, as well as his soldiers—one only excepted, who, having found the strength of Samson in his locks, by which they had seized him, escaped. Hereupon discharging their musquetry and grenades, and throwing and rolling stones from the top of this advantageous post, the enemy compelled the vanguard to fall back so as to shelter themselves behind the rocks, and at last to defile through a chestnut forest on the right, covering the banks of the river, which some passed by wading across with all their clothes and accoutrements, and others on the trunk of a tree in the midst of briers, but all with very great difficulty It was here that the Sieur Caffarel of Bobi was made prisoner by the dragoons, after receiving a wound on the stomach from a blow, which one of his own people, mistaking him for one of the enemy, had aimed at him; and, indeed, the mistake was the more likely, as he was at present in the uniform of a soldier whom he had killed. Those who had passed the Jaillon, seeing that they were not pursued, retraced their steps, and having effected a junction with their comrades, thought it most advisable to try to regain possession of the heights; as they clearly foresaw, that, unless they did so, they must run imminent risk of being cooped up in a deep gorge, completely surrounded by inaccessible rocks.

In order to regain the heights, it was necessary to climb, or rather to scramble, often on all-fours—employing the hands as much as the feet—with incredible difficulty, of which one cannot better judge than by reflecting on the despair of the hostages, who, being horror-struck at marching in this manner, begged that they might suffer instant death rather than be compelled to endure such unspeakable terror and fatigue. But if, at length, the Waldenses gained their point, it was only in a confusion which cost them very dear; for many of their people remained behind dispersed in the woods, and amongst others, were captains Lucas and Privat, of the foreign companies, of whom nothing has ever since been heard. To the loss of these officers they had also to add that of two able surgeons, one of whom, named John Malanet, having with several others remained concealed in the hollow of a rock, there continued during four days without any other sustenance than water, which he had to fetch in the night-time from a place about a hundred paces off. At length he was taken prisoner, and conducted, along with his companions in misery, to Susa, and thence bound hand and foot, to the prisons of the Senate of Turin, where they all remained, shut up in the dungeons, for nine months. Those who were taken prisoners within this territory were thrown into the prisons of Savoy; and, on the contrary, those who were unfortunately arrested within the French territory, were conducted to Grenoble, and thence to the galleys, where those, on whom death has not yet had pity, remain to this day, although offers of exchange or ransom have been tendered. Among these innocent and unfortunate men, is to be included the Sieur Muston of St. John, Val-Luzern—the other surgeon above-named—and who, by his unshaken constancy and fortitude during so long a martyrdom, deserves to have a share in this history.

This defeat, which weakened their small band, and cost them much property, and many brave men, did not, however, damp the courage of the Waldenses; for they had this comforting conviction on their minds, that it is neither by strength, nor ability, nor the number of men, that God executes his marvellous designs. Cheered up by this reflection, and resolving to reascend the mountain of Touliers, they continued sounding the trumpet for a very long time, in order to give their bewildered companions a signal of the place where they were. But after halting two full hours, it was concluded that, although many of their people were still missing, they must proceed, lest fresh troops should be again drawn together to dispute the passage. Thus resolved, they began their march with so much precipitation, that poor Meinier from Rodoret, who had been wounded by one of his own people, and from exhaustion fallen asleep upon a rock, was abandoned with only the consolation of some victuals

left near him. Availing themselves of present circumstances, two hostages also found means to escape; and, although several muskets were fired after them—one of which took effect and wounded or killed a priest—neither of them was retaken. When they had gained the summit of the Touliers, they observed, notwithstanding a thick fog which prevailed at the time, about two hundred armed men, marching to the beat of drum, and forming two or three divisions. At sight of these, the Waldenses made an intrepid advance, when they received a letter from the commandant, by which they were given to understand that he did not mean to obstruct their march—provided they would take their road a little higher, where the passage was free and open—and even offered in this case to give them provisions. But if, on the contrary, they were resolved to force his position, he demanded eight hours for deliberation on what should be done.

Although the Waldenses were fully aware that they ought not to put too much faith in this officer, who was commandant of the fort of Exilles, still they judged it more expedient to accept a passage where it was open, and offered to them, than to incur the hazard of forcing one which was well guarded; and therefore continued their march towards the right. Very shortly afterwards, however, they perceived that they were softly followed, through favour of night, by the very troops of the station which they had just left. This manœuvre sufficiently apprised the Waldenses that it was a plot to engage them between two fires, as soon as they should express any intention of forcing the bridge over the Dora at Salabertrann. This, it must be owned, would have been an infallible method to exterminate a handful of men, already harassed and dejected by incessant hardship and fatigue. On this suspicion, a message was sent to demand, why these troops acted so contrary to their parole? To which they replied, that they had no intention whatever of violating their word; and then showed signs of retiring, which the Waldenses thinking they did in good earnest, continued their march by long cross-roads and woods, keeping always in very close order, and halting from time to time. As they were now approaching a village about a league from Salabertrann, they inquired of a peasant if they could there have any provisions for money? To this he replied very coolly—"Go on; they will give you all that you desire, and are now preparing a warm supper for you." The last words, pronounced with as much frankness as indifference, did not fail to convey a hint that they contained some mysterious danger that threatened the Waldenses. The latter, nevertheless, without being disconcerted, ordered the peasants of the said village to fetch them wine, which they did; and after a few moments' relaxation, the march was resumed. Being now within

half a league of the bridge, they descried in the depth of the valley as many as thirty-six camp-fires, which proved to demonstration that troops were there stationed. A quarter of an hour thereafter, the vanguard fell into an ambuscade, but which, contented with one volley, hastily retired, leaving five dead.

Taking it now for certain that they must come to blows, prayer was offered up; and, having sent right and left to discover whether there were any more ambuscades, marched close up to the bridge. The enemy, who were intrenched on the opposite side, called out, "Qui vive?" To which the Waldenses very sincerely answered, "Friends, provided they are suffered to pass on." But the former, wishing no friends on these conditions, began to call aloud—"Kill them—kill them!"—and suiting the action to the word, poured in a volley of musketry, which continued a full quarter of an hour, and employed two thousand bullets at each discharge. But, as Arnaud at the very commencement had given the word for all to lie flat on their faces, only one man was wounded in the neck; whereupon, one of the hostages, a gentleman of Savoy, who had grown grey in arms, confessed that he had never seen so terrible a fire take so little effect. But what was still more remarkable was, that Arnaud himself, Captain Mondon of Bobi, a valiant and generous officer—still living at the time this account was written—with two of the exiles, not only confronted, but even repulsed on the spot, two companies which were about to charge the Waldenses in the rear. Finding themselves now exposed between two fires, the latter saw the necessity of risking their all without losing a moment. In this resolution, some began to shout—"Courage! the bridge is gained!" This was not the fact; but the words so animated the hearts of the soldiers, that, throwing themselves with desperation upon it—some with drawn sabres, others with fixed bayonets—they stormed the post, and rushing headlong, attacked and carried the entrenchments at the first charge, and pursued the enemy so closely, as to set fire to their doublets with the shot, and even to seize them by the hair. Never was there known a charge so overpowering. The Waldensian sabre shivered in pieces the swords of the French, and caused terror by the fire which it struck from their musket-barrels, of which the enemy could now make no use, unless to ward off the blows of the victors.

In a word, the victory was so brilliant and complete, that the marquess de Larrey, who had the command, and was dangerously wounded in the hand, exclaimed with the usual French oath, "Est-il possible que je perde le combat et mon honneur;"—Is it possible that I thus lose the battle and my honour! And then, seeing that the fate of the day was irretrievable, added—"Sauve qui peut!" After which, retreating with several of his wounded officers, he was

carried to Briançon; but thinking himself not out of danger even there, he took the road for Embrun in a litter. The conflict had lasted nearly two hours, when the enemy were so completely routed, that many of them, becoming mixed with the Waldenses, and thinking thus to escape, were put to the sword. Besides, whenever the victors, who had for their watchword, "Angrogne," called out "Qui vive?" those of the enemy, wishing to counterfeit the word, answered simply "Grogne!" so that this word alone cost their lives to more than two hundred men. In short, the field of battle was covered with slain. Several of the enemy's companies were reduced to seven or eight men, and these without an officer. All the baggage, generally, and all the military stores, fell into the hands of the victors; and when the moon rose, not an enemy was to be seen. Arnaud, who still passed as Monsieur de la Tour, now called all his little band around him, and having caused thirteen military chests which they found to be broken open, and such of the booty as they could not carry to be thrown into the river, he ordered every one to supply himself with as much ball-cartridge as he required; after which he made them set fire to what remained, which caused such a terrible explosion in the mountains, that it might easily be heard at Briançon.* At the same time he ordered the trumpets to sound; when every man throwing his hat into the air, made it resound with this joyous exclamation, "Thanks be rendered to the Eternal of armies, who hath given us the victory over all our enemies!"—"Graces soient rendues à l'Eternel des armées, qui nous a donné la victoire sur tous nos ennemis!" What! a mere handful of people vanquish two thousand five hundred men, well entrenched—including fifteen companies of regular troops, eleven of militia, with all the peasants who could be brought together?—all these, too, exclusive of the troops already mentioned as hanging upon the rear of the Waldenses? The thing appears so incredible, that, to gain implicit belief, it ought to have been seen; or, rather, it must be conceived that the hand of God not only fought with the Waldenses, but even blinded their enemies. For, had the fact been otherwise, how should it seem possible that the French, so clear-sighted and so skilful in the art of war, would have neglected to destroy the bridge, which was only of wood; since, by so doing, they would have cut short the progress of the Waldenses? Besides, the river was swollen so much at the time, that any attempt to ford it in that state must have been attended with destruction.

If we ought thus justly to be surprised at so glorious a victory, we ought to be no less so at the small loss on the part of the Waldenses, which amounted to only ten or twelve wounded, and fourteen or fifteen killed, one half of whom

* Briançon, distant from Salabertrann about eight or ten hours' walk.

fell by the fire of their own rear-guard. Of the hostages, one curé was in the list of killed; but of thirty-nine, the previous amount of their number, all escaped during the conflict except six, namely, the Chevalier des Rides, M. de la Charbonniere, the two Capuchins taken at Sallenche, a priest, and the monk of the Voirons.

Although, after an action such as this, the victors felt more than ever the necessity for repose—seeing that for three days they had continued to march without intermission, almost without eating, and drinking only water—still, being apprehensive lest the enemy should collect reinforcements, it was thought advisable to get over the ground, and employ the remainder of this glorious night, aided by a favourable moon, in climbing the mountain of Sci, in the direction of Pragelas. This was effected with great difficulty; for the people, overcome with drowsiness and fatigue, were constantly dropping down at every corner of the field; and no doubt many more would have been lost than really were, had not the rear-guard taken special care to rouse and drive before them all those whom they found asleep or lying on the ground. Thus ended this ever-memorable day.

The following morning, being Sunday the twenty-fifth, and ninth of their march, they found themselves at day-break on the top of the said mountain of Sci—now called *Saou*—where they halted for those who had not yet come up. As soon as they arrived, Arnaud assembled the whole remaining force, and having directed their attention to the fact, that from this point they could descry the tops of their native mountains, he exhorted them to bless God, that, after having surmounted, as if by miracle, so many and great difficulties, He already permitted them to behold something of the country for which they longed so much! This he made the subject of a prayer, delivered on the spot, which greatly revived and strengthened every desponding heart. Having offered up this their morning thanksgiving to God, they descended into the Valley of Pragelas; and, after passing the river Clusone, halted opposite the village church of La Traverse, where, in spite of a refusal from those who had once been united with them in the bonds of the same religion, the inhabitants were compelled to furnish them with provisions for money. Here, also, they had the happiness to ascertain that, in the previous action, they had only lost fourteen of their own number, whilst the enemy had left on the field twelve captains, with many other officers, and about six hundred rank and file. It was here confirmed, also, that Larrey had been carried in a litter as far as Embrun; but, with this, they had also the mortifying intelligence that thirty-six of their own men, who had been taken near Jaillon, and eighty others at the foot of Mount Sci, had been marched in chains to Grenoble.

Although to-day was Sunday, no mass was celebrated in all the valley of Pragelas; for the priests, thinking much more of their personal safety than of their duty, had betaken themselves to flight, as well as the Roman Catholics of the place. These the son of the Castellan had formed into a company; and placing himself at its head, captured, as the grand achievement of the day, four Waldensian soldiers who had lost their way in the woods, who, thinking to secure favourable treatment from him, counselled him not to advance farther, unless he had a mind to be cut in pieces. Taking alarm at these words, and in hopes that the four soldiers could protect him from the danger into which he had fallen, he promised them that no mischief should happen to them. But, no sooner was he out of danger, than he marched off these poor men to Grenoble, there to be included among the other prisoners.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, whilst they were preparing to start for the Valley of St. Martin, some dragoons, in the direction of Cestrieres, were observed approaching along the Valley; but the instant that they espied the Waldenses steadily advancing to meet them, they wheeled about and retreated. Thus far unmolested, the Waldenses passed the night in the hamlet of Jussaud, the highest on the Col-du-Pis, where they had to pay very dear for provisions; and these so inadequate to their necessities, that they were obliged to upbraid the inhabitants for their inhumanity, so different to what should have resulted from the ancient bond of union between them.* But the people excused themselves by saying, that were it known that they had assisted them in the smallest matter, it would bring inevitable ruin upon their heads. In this there was some truth; for it soon after came to the ears of the Waldenses that the priest, having come into the church to fetch away the communion service, said to the peasants, that if they did not take all the Waldenses whom they could lay their hands on, they deserved to be burnt in their houses.—Here close the adventures of the ninth day.

On the following day, Monday the twenty-sixth, they set out rather late on account of the rain; and, having reached the bottom of the Col-du-Pis, discovered below Champ Bouchar, at the foot of the pass, some of his Royal Highness's troops regularly drawn out. Hereupon they halted to offer up prayers—which Arnaud pronounced aloud with profound devotion—and then, in order to gain possession of the col above mentioned, formed three detachments, which marched in columns, the two first along the slopes, the third along the valley. The Savoyards, seeing the resolution with which these detachments hastened forward, dispatched an officer to signify their wish to come

* These were formerly members of the Waldensian communion.

to a parley. But, observing that they would not listen to him, the officer took to flight with his entire force, leaving all their baggage behind them, although sufficiently strong in their position to have disputed the entrance. The Waldenses would willingly have given them chase; but as they were prevented doing so by a thick fog, they only fired three shots after them, each of which brought down its man. They then descended to the *alp*, or pasture-lands, of the Col-du-Pis, when, halting near one of the chalets below Seras, where the herdsmen make their cheese, they saw eight of his Royal Highness's guards arrive, besides another who was already inside. Making all haste to the spot, they captured six out of the number, who, after being examined and exhorted to commend themselves to God (which, however, they so little understood, that they asked in Piedmontese how it was to be done) were put to death.* From this place the Waldenses carried off the shepherds, and about six hundred sheep, but of which the greater portion was afterwards restored for a consideration in money. After these transactions, they resumed their march so very late, that they were overtaken by night, and a heavy fall of rain, so that they were obliged to descend by torch-light one of the worst roads imaginable till they came to an unroofed cattle-shed, situated above the Col-Damian, near which they spent the night—not in repose, but in drying their clothes at small fires, which they succeeded in kindling. Thus concluded the tenth day's enterprise.

Next day, Tuesday the twenty-seventh, they reached the Balsille, the nearest village in the Val-St.-Martin. Here they were surprised to find that twenty of their comrades had deserted; and what is most extraordinary in their desertion is, that it was effected at the very time when they had set firm foot in the country which it had cost them such unspeakable labour and anxiety to reach. But, be that as it may; as they had been very apprehensive of meeting an armed force in this village, and found not one individual, they were glad to rest and refresh themselves in the best way they could. For this purpose a few sheep were killed, which some ate with a little bread; others without that luxury, because the people of Pragelas had refused to sell them any. While thus engaged in

* It is impossible to read these passages without pain. Hitherto, those of the Waldenses who had been captured in the *present* struggle, had been spared the pain of capital punishment. They had been pillaged, thrown into dungeons, and sent to the galleys, but they had not been put to the sword. The case, it will be allowed, does not admit of a parallel. The government had prisons for the prisoners; but the Waldenses, the more prisoners they took, if spared, the more shackled they became in their operations. They could not retain them; and if set at liberty, their own lives were thereby exposed to additional jeopardy. One dreadful alternative, therefore, only remained—to shed the blood of the prisoners, in order to provide for their own personal security. This the reader will find more fully explained in the words of this Narrative, pp. 154-5.

their frugal mess, a soldier on the out-look having discovered a body of men advancing by the Col-du-Pis, called "To arms!" The detachment, observing this movement, but mistaking the Waldenses for some of their own people, made signals by means of a handkerchief, that they also were troops in the service of his Royal Highness. They accordingly advanced without hesitation, and being surrounded, were taken and disarmed, and proved to be militia of Cavours, forty-six in number, who had been sent with a sergeant at their head, to guard the Pass of the Col-du-Pis. Having deliberated upon them in a council of war, held in the adjoining meadow, they were exhorted to pray to God, and then, being led two and two to the bridge of the Balsille, were there put to death, and their bodies thrown into the torrent. Two peasants, who had apostatised from the Waldensian faith, being taken at the same time, were despatched in like manner. After this, the troops quitted the Balsille rather late, in order to pass the night at Macel, where they found bread and provisions which the peasants had not had time to conceal under ground.

Next day, Wednesday the twenty-eighth—being the twelfth of their march—the Waldenses, now rapidly advancing to the last point of their career, set out for Prali. Having reached the summit of the intervening ridge, they formed into two divisions, one of which crossing the mountain, directed its march upon Rodoret, whilst the other defiled through the valley and hamlet of Fontaines. The object of this manœuvre was to ascertain whether any soldiers were stationed in the place; but finding only a few Savoyards, these they put to the sword; and learning that the marquess de Parelle, the lieutenant-general in command of the ducal force—stationed to guard the Col-de-Clapier—was at Perrier, those who had advanced by way of Rodoret rejoined their friends at Prali, where they set fire to a chapel, which had been built since their expulsion, three years before. Here, having found to their great satisfaction the old temple of Guigou still serviceable, they took advantage of the circumstance, and within its sacred walls (as already stated in our sketch of Prali) performed the first act of public worship. They removed every thing from the sanctuary that savoured of Romish worship, and sang the seventy-fourth psalm.* Arnaud then mounted on a bench, placed in the door-way—so that he might be heard distinctly by those without, as well as those within, the walls—and, after the hundred and twenty-ninth psalm† had been sung, preached in exposition of the verses. It cannot

* "O God, why hast thou cast us off for ever? why doth thine anger smoke against the sheep of thy pasture? Remember thy congregation which thou hast purchased of old," &c.

† "Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth, may Israel now say...yet have they not prevailed against me. The ploughers ploughed upon my back, they made long their furrows. The Lord is righteous: he hath cut asunder the cords of the wicked," &c.

but strike every one as a most remarkable fact, that this—the first celebration of divine service after their return—was performed in the very temple where Leidet* had expounded the gospel, and from which he was dragged to seal his testimony on the scaffold at S. Michel, near Luzern.

On the following day, August the twenty-ninth, after Arnaud had offered up prayers, they again set out with the intention of passing the Col-Julien, so as to descend into the Valley of Luzern. On arriving near Ferrouillarie, where they met a war-horse straying at large, they rightly concluded that the enemy was at no great distance; and soon after fell in with a peasant, who, on attempting to make his escape, was put to death. After advancing a little farther, they descried a sergeant of the Duke's guard, with a peasant for his guide; who, as soon as he came within hail of the officer in advance, called out, "Are you the marquess de Parelle?" "Yes!" replied the officer, in Piedmontese; whereupon the sergeant coming forward was made prisoner, his guide put to death, and he, in expectation of the same fate, offered to disclose all he knew. He confessed, accordingly, that he had been dispatched into the Val-St.-Martin, to learn the condition of the Waldenses; that he belonged to the enemy's van; that there were two hundred of the royal guards well entrenched, and watching them on the Col-Julien; and that seventeen days had already elapsed since the regiment left Nice on its route for the Valleys—that is, three days before even the exiles themselves had begun their march. At this intelligence, the Waldensian force was divided, as usual, into three battalions; the first holding to the right, the second to the left, and the third, being the principal division, keeping along the centre. Having reached the highest point of the forest, the right division felt much inclined to make a short halt to recover from their fatigue; but, being spied out by one of the enemy's sentinels, they made instant haste to carry the post before the troops should arrive to dispute it. To accomplish this important object, they had not a minute too much; for the enemy having resolved to do the same, pressed in from every point, and only lost the manœuvre by the merest trifle. When they saw that the Waldenses had gained their point, they made a hasty retreat, favoured by a very dense fog, and bawling out in their foolish bravado, "Come on, come on, you devil's imps; we have seized every post, and our force outnumbers three thousand!"—adding, by way of rhodomontade, "Tell Monsieur le Chevalier to take good care of his post!" And at every step which the Waldenses made towards them, the sentinel seemed as if he would have burst his lungs with vociferating, "*Qui vive?—qui vive?*"—"Speak, or I will fire—I will fire!" But not one shot was discharged—such was the

* *See* pages 83, 84 of the present work.

terror with which they were seized. At length, inflamed with the desire of coming to close quarters, the Waldenses took the glorious resolution of attacking these braggarts in the very entrenchments, where they thought themselves so perfectly secure. Seeing that this was really intended, and that they were going to be invested on all sides, the enemy made a few awkward discharges of musketry, for about half an hour; and then abandoned their post with disgrace, leaving behind them all their provisions, ammunition, and baggage, not even excepting the rich uniform of the commandant.

This exploit cost the exiles only one man, Joshua Mandan, of Luzern, a very brave soldier, who expired the following day of his wounds, and was buried at Pausettes, under a rock. The enemy now fled with so much terror and precipitation to the convent of Villar, that they did not even adopt the precaution of giving the alarm, either to those at Serre-le-Cruel, under the Aiguille, or at Bobi. The Col-Julien being thus won, the victors pushed on as far as a place named Les Passarelles de Julien, where they captured and instantly put to death thirty-one of the fugitives, besides three horses, one of which was that of the commandant, with his pistols still in the holsters. After this, they passed the night under the Aiguille, where they were made very uncomfortable by the rain, a circumstance which favoured the escape of the sergeant above mentioned, who, having found means to release his hands from the cords, found also those of escaping, by sliding and rolling down to the base of the mountain.

The following day, Friday the thirtieth, the weather becoming fine, the Waldenses started with the dawn, and spent the whole day in giving chase to the enemy, who, always flying as the former advanced, withdrew at last into the town of Bobi. But, still apprehensive of being again attacked, they continued their retreat much farther, which being observed by the Waldenses, the latter thought proper to indulge in a little relaxation, and for this purpose chose to halt at Sibau, a hamlet consisting of five or six chalets, with cattle-sheds, and within musket-shot of Bobi.

The next day, the last of August, they separated into two bands, one of which ascended the highest part of the Côtes-de-Mendron, and the other proceeded along the flank. The latter was descried at once by some of the enemy's outposts, who, like the others, taking instant flight, gave the Waldenses to understand that they would trust for safety rather to their heels than their swords. To defeat this intention, the Waldenses made a rapid movement in advance; but, being observed, the enemy ventured only one discharge, then fled in the utmost consternation to Bobi, where they were closely pursued by the Waldenses, who entered in triumph, and there slew as many of the fugitives as

they could lay hands on; while the inhabitants of the town, leaving every thing to the conquerors, fled across the bridge without waiting to exchange a single shot. And here it must be admitted, to the great discredit of the Waldenses, that, instead of pursuing the enemy, the greater number amused themselves in ransacking and plundering the town. The other division, which had marched through the woods, observed a more exemplary conduct, and brought in twelve soldiers, or armed peasants, ten of whom were condemned by court-martial, and dispatched. One of the twelve, named John Gras, with his daughter-in-law and his father, was allowed to escape, because a Waldensian captain made intercession for them, saying, that "if they had never done the cause any good, neither had they ever done it any harm." The reader must not be shocked that the Waldenses put thus to death the prisoners who fell into their hands, as they had a powerful state reason for so doing. They had no prisons to confine them; and, in their march, having themselves occasion for all their strength, they could not afford hands to guard them; whilst, to discharge them, would have been to publish their movements, their small amount of strength, and, in short, every circumstance on which the success of their enterprise depended. They learnt to their cost the effect of relaxing from a maxim so imperative; for, by having spared the two individuals above mentioned—Gras and his father—the ill-timed pardon became highly prejudicial to their cause. But the wrong which these two ingrates occasioned, met, nevertheless, with its just reward not long after.

The next day being Sunday, the first of September, and sixteenth of the enterprise, the troops remained in their quarters at Bobi and Sibaud, where M. Montoux, the only colleague of M. Arnaud, placing the door of a house between two rocks, stood upon it, and delivered a very impressive sermon on the words of our blessed Saviour, from the following text of St. Luke's Gospel: "The law and the prophets were until John; since that time, the kingdom of God is preached, and every man presseth into it." After sermon, they all remained together in order to frame certain regulations; the first of which was the oath of fidelity (already alluded to in this work) and which Arnaud read aloud in the formulary here annexed.* As soon as the reading was concluded, every man, stretching forth his hand to heaven, took the oath; after which they

* *Form of the oath.*—"God, by his divine grace, having happily led us back into the heritage of our forefathers, there to re-establish the pure service of our holy religion, by the completion of that enterprise which the Lord of hosts has hitherto conducted in our favour;—We, the pastors, captains, and other officers, swear in the presence of Almighty God, and at the peril of our souls, to observe union and order amongst us; never willingly to disunite nor separate so long as God shall grant us life—not although we should be so miserable as to be reduced to three or four; never to temporize or treat with our enemies of France, nor those of Piedmont, without the participation of our whole council of war; and to put together the booty which we

made a list of the booty, then in possession of the officers and men, appointing four treasurers and two secretaries, the same as in the state of actual war. They also appointed a major, and sub-major, with permission for the soldiers to exchange their companies, provided they could show proper reasons for so doing. They then concluded the day by taking down the bell from the church, and concealing it under a heap of stones, where the enemy found it some time afterwards when they began to fortify Bobi.

Next day, Monday, the second of September, they assembled in the adjoining meadow, and thence, after prayer, set forward to make an attack upon Villar At Pianta they formed two detachments, the largest of which kept along the highway, and the other the heights above the vineyards, so as to make their attack from the side of Rosparo. But here they committed a great oversight by taking the wounded and baggage to La Combe, where they escaped with great difficulty from the enemy, who had repaired thither in the design of carrying them off. Those who guarded the passage no sooner observed the Waldenses, than they fled towards the Combe of Val-Guichard, while those who were in Villar took shelter in the convent. Finding themselves thus masters of the town, the Waldenses set fire to several houses in order to guard against surprise. But the heavy fire of musketry which the enemy kept up from the convent greatly annoying them, Arnaud adopted the expedient of causing large hogsheads and tubs to be rolled into the streets, which served as a breastwork for those who were pressing forward to the convent. Many, with whom this contrivance succeeded, entered the neighbouring houses, from which, by means of loop-holes made in the walls, they directed their shot against those who were firing upon them from the belfry. The loss on the part of the Waldenses amounted to only three men, one of whom was the Sieur Turin, a Swiss, very much regretted, as well for his being personally a gallant soldier, as for his being on all occasions prompt and skilful in drawing up the troops in order of battle. He belonged to the volunteer company, formed on the second of August, and was

have now, or may have, to be applied to the wants of our people, or cases of emergency. And we, soldiers, swear this day before God to obey the orders of all our officers; and vow fidelity to them with all our hearts, even to the last drop of our blood: also, to give up to their care the prisoners and booty, to be disposed of as they shall judge fit. And in order to more perfect regulation, it is forbidden, under heavy penalties, to any officer or soldier to search an enemy, dead, wounded, or a prisoner, during or after battle; but for which office proper persons shall be appointed. The officers are enjoined to take care that the soldiers keep their arms and ammunition in order; and, above all, to chastise severely all who shall profanely swear, or blaspheme. And to render union, which is the soul of our affairs, inviolable among us, we, the officers, swear fidelity to our soldiers, and we soldiers to our officers; solemnly engaging, moreover, to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to rescue, as far as in us lies, our brethren from the thraldom of the cruel Babylon, and with them to re-establish and maintain his kingdom unto death. And by this oath we will abide all our lives."

killed in consequence of having ventured too far from behind a cask, which he rolled before him for the purpose above stated.

Having now learnt from the prisoners that the besieged had no provisions whatever, but rightly judging that, if they persisted in their determination to storm the convent, the effort would cost them many lives, the Waldenses deemed it advisable merely to keep up the blockade till famine should compel the inmates to surrender. This resolution being approved, they adopted every precaution to cut off all supplies; and, in fact, having discovered a convoy of fourteen mules, escorted by a company of soldiers, fifty resolute men flew to the spot, and completely routing the escort, seized the convoy without difficulty. Of the fugitives, however, ten men and a drummer were taken, and the fourteen mules, with their freight of bread and wine, divided among the companies; after which, for their greater security, they posted a corps-de-garde at Rospard, and sentinels at Pertuzel, to watch and intercept any reinforcement that might arrive. The besieged, who very soon perceived that the convoy, which so strengthened the hearts of the besiegers, had very much enfeebled their own—now almost reduced to the last morsel—made a desperate sortie, sword in hand. But here they met with so hot a reception, that they soon found themselves obliged to retreat once more within the convent—a step which they performed with such precipitation, as to drag off by the heels the dead body of their commandant, the Baron de Chouate, whose hat and wig were left in the street.

On the following day, the third of September, the sentinel at Pertuzel fired several shots as signals that a reinforcement was approaching. But as the Waldenses, at the same time, observed that those of the convent had escaped, and were passing the river to take refuge in the woods, they pursued them and killed several, but without any loss on their own side. This pursuit, however, by drawing off their strength, favoured the entrance of the reinforcement under the Marquess de Parelle: for, although those of the Waldenses, still in Villar, had used all possible diligence to reach the bridge of Rosparo, and, when there, had kept up a heavy fire, still they were unable to arrest the enemy's progress. Several of Parelle's companies had already taken possession of the lower end of the valley, so as to surround and shut in those of the Waldenses who were engaged in action at the bridge, and there killed many of the enemy, including an officer of quality. Considering, therefore, the superior number of the enemy—composed of dragoons, the royal guards, and other veteran troops—and finding themselves, besides, divided into two bodies, without the power of effecting a junction—owing to the enemy's having occupied the intermediate ground—the

Waldenses resolved not to proceed farther at so rash a venture; but, desirous to spare their diminutive force, abandoned Villar. The main body then returned to Bobi, and the others, amounting to about eighty men—all having escaped in various directions—met, as if by miracle, at Mount Vandelin, and proceeded to the Alps of Angrogne. As to Arnaud, after thrice giving himself up for lost, and thrice uniting in prayers with the six soldiers who remained with him, he at length rejoined those who had assembled on the mountain. Montoux, his colleague, had a different fate; for, being captured by the peasants of Cruzel, he was sent to the prison of Turin, where he remained in durance till the conclusion of peace with the duke of Savoy.

Next day, the fourth of September, the main body of the Waldenses, who had encamped at a hamlet named Dupuy, on the heights above Bobi, dispatched a reinforcement to Arnaud at his post in the mountains of Angrogne, so that he might be in a condition to give battle to the enemy quartered in that neighbourhood. In the mean time, the remaining force proceeded, with the sick and wounded, to take up a position among the granges of the Serre-le-Cruel.

On the fifth day of the month, being the twentieth of their march, the above-named detachment, now at Infernet, received three men whom Arnaud had sent with intelligence from Angrogne, and a promise that he would join them as soon as he possibly could with safety. At break of day the advanced guard descried two men—a sergeant, accompanied by a peasant, who, on attempting to escape, was shot; but the sergeant, being taken to the camp, confessed, on examination, that he had been dispatched from Perrier, where he left one hundred and fifty men, for whom he came to purchase tobacco. He added, that, at the foot of the adjoining mountain, a quarter of a league from the camp, near a hamlet, there were eleven mules, ten of them laden with tents, and the other with veal, mutton, and other provisions; the whole in charge of only two men. Having furnished this information, the sergeant was put to death; and Arnaud, in person, with six soldiers, proceeded direct to the foot of the mountain. Here they found the mules deserted by their drivers, who had taken flight; and, destroying all, except that with the provisions, they burnt the seventeen bales of tents with which they were laden, and then made a hearty meal of the provisions, of which, in truth, they had great need. When their repast was finished, and while ascending the mountain, they found a load of grenades which the enemy had abandoned; and taking from thence as much powder as they were in want of, they scattered the rest among the rocks. A captain was then dispatched with fifteen men to reconnoitre the enemy's force encamped at the base of the mountain; and observing in his way four soldiers, who were

proceeding right towards the enemy, they were intercepted, and obliged to retreat to the convent of Angrogne. At length, having reconnoitred both sides of the mountain, lest, on account of the dense fog, they might fall into some ambuscade, they began the ascent, and, after two hours' march, found a barrel of wine, which came very opportunely to hand; for a detachment of twenty-nine men, who had been sent to forage in the direction of Angrogne, had returned with only one chestnut loaf, quite insufficient to allay even their own hunger.

Next day, the sixth of the month, and twenty-first of the expedition, their first capture consisted of two armed fugitives, who were interrogated and then put to death. On arriving in the village, they espied two peasants, who escaped almost naked, and might have easily been shot. But the officer in command of the party had given strict orders not to kill any person of this place, but, on the contrary, to bring before him all who could be captured, in order that they might be dealt with according to circumstances; for the Waldenses were extremely apprehensive lest they should unwittingly have shot any of their Protestant brethren, who might still be found in these parts. In fact, it was but an instant after that they met a woman, who, in the previous war, had lent powerful succour to those who had risen in defence of their country and religion; but having been afterwards married to a Savoyard, she had suffered herself to be persuaded to change, or rather to appear to change, her religion. Yet still, looking upon the Waldenses as her brethren, she now gave them twenty-four loaves, weighing four or five pounds each, with a promise to serve them to the utmost of her ability whenever she could do so privately, on account of the rigorous prohibitions recently enforced by the government. She even went so far as to hint, that, if she obtained quarter for her husband, who was one of the two peasants suffered to escape, she would bring him to join them. After being told that she had nothing to fear for her husband, she was suffered to depart.

The men composing this detachment now observing that the enemy had discovered, and were endeavouring to surround them, retired hastily with their bread towards the Vachère Alp. Here they found three of the enemy's soldiers, one of whom, attempting to escape, was stopped short by a musket bullet, which, throwing him prostrate upon the earth, sent his spirit by a single bound into Charon's boat.* The two others were taken and bound, and observed

* This classical pleasantry, so unseasonable, and which would have been so particularly unbecoming in a minister of peace, is another presumptive proof that Arnaud could not have written this journal, (*see* the former note,) which "was drawn up from notes taken by those who had the chief direction of the affairs it relates."—*Rentree*, page 130.

very frankly that they had approached the camp of the Barbets, which, according to them, consisted of only fifty persons; then, as if desirous to please, they confessed that, on the summit of the mountain, they had four sentinels. To these the Waldenses marched directly forward, and called out that they were a detachment from the Marquess de Parelle. Two of the sentinels, on hearing this, came down full sixty paces towards the Waldenses, but then, suddenly suspecting, or observing the *ruse*, escaped by favour of a thick fog. Had they remained firm in so advantageous a position, covered as it was by rocks, they could have easily disputed the passage of this detachment, which, now finding no obstacle, returned to the camp, where they lodged the two prisoners, and where the bread which they had brought with them, added to some wine and rice furnished by others, was distributed. The two prisoners having been interrogated, one of them, a sergeant, was put to death; but, finding that the other was an able surgeon, of whom there was great need for the wounded who suffered greatly, from having only an apothecary, who could not treat them with proper skill, his life was spared on condition that he should do good and faithful service in his art.

After having refreshed themselves with a very scanty meal, they sent another detachment towards Damian in search of provisions. Meeting on their way two men who fled, and would not stop when ordered, they were shot; but finding nothing in the village, the detachment retraced its steps with empty hands and increased hunger. But, on reaching the camp, they had the comfort to enter it in company with another detachment of two hundred men from Bobi, who had come to reinforce M. Arnaud. The latter, desirous of returning thanks to God on the instant for this happy event, lifted up his voice in prayer in the midst of them; but this duty he was compelled to abridge, for the enemy were observed making exertions to render themselves masters of a position above the mountain of La Vachère. Deeming it advisable, therefore, not to allow them such an advantage, they sent forward a detachment, which acted with so much promptitude and decision, that it not only carried the post in the very teeth of the enemy, who were within fifty paces of them, but slew also no less than a hundred of their men, without incurring any loss whatever; and compelling them to seek their safety by throwing themselves under cover of the rocks. The same day, the Waldenses received a detachment which had set out several days before, and during the last two had not tasted food. Some bread was given to each man—a morsel about the size of a walnut, for they had it not to give. After this, with hearts overflowing with zeal to God, who gave them power to act with such fortitude, they flew to take part in a sharp

engagement at Mont Cervin, which lasted seven hours. Here they lost only three men, namely, James Robert, Michael Gardion, John Rostaing, and the Sieur Bailli, who was left wounded by the way. The enemy had many killed; among others, six officers, one of whom was M. Dutry, but the exact number of soldiers who fell in the action—which only terminated in consequence of a thick mist coming on—was not ascertained. The Waldenses, having no ammunition to spare, did not wish to fire, as the enemy did, but when they could see their object. Besides, having nothing to eat, nor even to drink, unless by fetching it through the enemy's fire, from a distance of five hundred paces, and fearing also, that, eventually, they must be forced to give in, they deemed it most expedient to retire—especially while the fog continued to favour their retreat. This they performed with so much expedition and good order, that the enemy—who, probably, amounted to six hundred—remained quite unconscious of their retreat, till the Waldenses were a league distant in a little hamlet among the rocks, named Turina. Here their only banquet was raw cabbages, as they were afraid to kindle a fire for fear of being discovered by the enemy, who, not daring to advance farther, had encamped within a quarter of a league of them. Thus terminated the twenty-first day's enterprise.

Next morning, September the seventh, they retreated in the direction of Perrier, but by places so difficult, and so intersected by frightful precipices, that one false step was sufficient to cause destruction. Here, notwithstanding all their precautions to save the sumpter mule above mentioned, they could not prevent its falling over a precipice, where it was lost. They passed through different hamlets on their way, but could find nothing to eat, except what grew upon the trees. Having reached Fayet, situated on a small eminence about a musket-shot from Perrier, they found that the one hundred and fifty men, as reported, were there. The inhabitants seeing the Waldenses advance, sought safety in flight, and abandoned the soldiers, who, after the second volley discharged at them, took refuge in the convent. A portion of the Waldensian detachment had a mind to storm the place, but an opposite opinion prevailed, on consideration that they were now much weakened by long fasting, that the bridge was broken down, and that it would be a step of extreme rashness to risk the lives of so many people in an attack upon troops entrenched in a convent well fortified with bastions, and which, independently of its advantageous situation, was protected by a height, named la Croix de l'Escasse. Seeing, in fine, that nothing more could be done, they ascended to Le Crouzet, where, in order to appease the keen gnawings of hunger, and recover a little strength, they prepared some cabbage broth, mixed with pease and leeks, without salt, fat,

or any seasoning whatever; but which they ate, nevertheless, with good appetite, and then dispatched eight men to Prali to ascertain if the enemy was there, and to make search for provisions.

The two following days were passed in the manner here described:—One of the eight scouts above mentioned, having reported that the Waldenses might advance to Prali without danger, they went thither accordingly on the eighth of September. Here, being hard pressed by hunger, they fell to grinding corn with all diligence, baked bread, and, seeing the occasion very favourable for recovering from the effects of fatigue and fasting, thought proper to remain there two days, while they sent parties to forage in the villages around, and bring away whatever wheat still remained in the open fields. After this, they formed two detachments—two companies taking the road to Bobi—with one of which, that of Michael Bertin, Arnaud, after having administered the sacrament to those of the Val-St.-Martin, set out to perform the same duty to those in the Valley of Luzern. But as he much feared that the wounded, who might still be found at Bobi, must be in need of a good surgeon, he took along with him the above-mentioned prisoner, whose life had been spared in consideration of his professional service. Being anxious, also, respecting some of the wounded whom they had left in the Val-Pragelas, they sent three men to make inquiries after them, who brought away five individuals of the country who had volunteered to join the Waldenses, and also a soldier of Lower Dauphiny, who had been there left wounded. This party drove off, on their return, one hundred and eighty sheep, all of which, except eleven which belonged to Dr. Perron, were the property of John Passegonet, consul of the commonalty of Pragelas, who had revolted against the Waldenses in the last persecution. Perron, who had also turned against them and become a rigid persecutor, now sent a small sum of money to redeem the spoil—but, for him, all was lost. It was but just, indeed, that these two traitors should make retribution in one way or other for their perfidy; for they had both acted as guides to the French troops, consisting of two hundred dragoons and four hundred infantry, who had arrived the previous morning near the field of Bouchas, where Arnaud, only the day before, had offered up an affecting prayer before entering the Valley of Luzern; and where, had the French arrived only two hours sooner, they must have entrapped the Waldenses. But, although so well guided, and in sufficient strength to have proceeded boldly in quest of their enemies, these troops durst not advance a step further, and contented themselves by showing their valour in plundering the village of Jaussaud, in the Val-Pragelas; alleging as an excuse for this outrage, that the Waldenses, on entering the Valley, had there spent the night. In extenuation of this offence, the inhabitants eagerly

pleaded their inability to resist such guests, and their having no choice but to submit: but nothing could stop the pillage. The evil-minded consul, also, took pleasure in thus aggravating their distress, and discovering three Waldensian soldiers, who, after being wounded in the action at Salabertrann, had here concealed themselves among the bushes, he delivered them up to the French, who, on making a more strict search, discovered twelve more in their lurking-places. These ill-fated victims were sent off to Briançon, and thence, having partially recovered of their wounds, to Grenoble. But God did not suffer the perfidious consul, who from a brother had changed to a persecutor, to remain long unpunished—for, on the same day in which he became a trafficker in human blood, he fell from the top of a staircase to the bottom, by which he had well nigh broken his neck, and was in truth so seriously hurt, as to acknowledge that, if his fall was not quite like that of Saul, it was, nevertheless, a reproof from heaven, and ought at least to serve him as a solemn warning.

On the tenth of September, a detachment of Waldenses, who had been sent to the Balsille to bring away some arms which had been taken from the enemy and concealed there, observed, on their return, a great smoke spreading over the valley. On ascending a height to ascertain the cause, they discovered that the enemy was burning all the villages about Perrier, and, as this was a symptom of his retreat, eighty men were ordered to watch his movements. But such was the severity of the weather that most of them, unable to brave its inclemency, were compelled either to halt by the way, or return to the camp. Of the more resolute, however, fifteen succeeded in reaching Perrier, where they found that the enemy had broken up his camp, and left only a guard, which, declining to measure ground with their formidable visitors, took to flight. Thus, entering Perrier as victors, our little band was astonished at the cowardice of those who could desert a post so strongly fortified; but they found that the hostile occupants had taken good care to burn every thing in the neighbourhood. After their example, and to the eternal disgrace of those who had suffered fifteen men to take possession of such a post, the victors set fire to the church, the convent, and then to the houses; after which, seeing that it was already late, they returned to their quarters at Prali and Rodorct.

The following day, Wednesday, the twenty-sixth of the enterprise, they formed another detachment, which proceeded to the bridge of Pomaret, or Macel, where the enemy had a *corps-de-garde*. Twelve Waldensian soldiers, who had halted at the bridge of Raut, a little above Macel, marched up to the fort in order to take some peasants whom they caught sight of: of these they killed one, and, taking prisoner another well known as an apostate, descended

to the bridge of Macel. Here, observing the said *corps-de-garde*, they made signals for the others to advance, and being answered by fifteen—for the rest were in the vineyards—they marched straight forward to the station. But the soldiers, instantly taking to their heels, left the post to the victors, who killed four of them—including the apostate—and took two men, two women, and three children, prisoners. This detachment was well inclined to advance; but the two prisoners, having informed them that French troops were constantly on the march towards Pragelas, with orders to attack the Waldenses, it was judged advisable to return with all speed to Prali, where, in case of an attack, the main body would require all its strength. As the two prisoners, when first discovered, had called out that it was their wish to surrender—this, joined to the consideration that they were only deluded brethren, and had never been persecutors, spared their lives, but on this condition, that one of them should join the troop, which he gladly accepted; and that the other, on being liberated, should make himself useful to the cause in the best way he could. In the mean time, four men were sent forward to Pragelas, to ascertain whether the report respecting the enemy's advance was correct, after which the detachment returned for the night to Prali and Rodoret.

Next day, the four spies returned from Pragelas with a confirmation that the king's troops, on their march from Cazal and Pignerol, had ascended the Val-Pragelas; but, after having encamped three days at the bridge of Salabertrann, with a force of eight thousand, had suddenly broken up and retired from this point on hearing a report that Cazal was invested by the Spaniards. This cheering intelligence was scarcely made known to the Waldenses, when two expresses arrived from their friends in the Val-Luzern, entreating their immediate co-operation against the enemy, who, with a strong body of horse and infantry, had driven back one of their detachments, and taken possession of Bobi. On receipt of this alarming dispatch, a council of war decided on ordering a detachment to proceed in the direction of Angrogne, and compel the enemy to evacuate Bobi. Eighty men were accordingly dispatched on this service, and passed the early part of the night on the mountain of Lazara.

Starting four hours before dawn, they continued their march by moonlight, and at sunrise came within sight of Pignerol, near the convent of Angrogne. Here they halted, and sent forward two scouts, who reported that none of the enemy were in sight; but, at the same time, the captain espied seven or eight peasants entering a grange which belonged to him. They now offered up their morning prayers; and then, under the apprehension that they formed part of an ambuscade, sent thirty men in pursuit of the peasants. Favoured by a thick

morning fog, they gained close upon them without being perceived; but two others who lay concealed above them, gave the alarm, and thus enabled the whole to escape. They were closely pursued, however, and three of them killed, as well as two women* who were among those who fled. By some, the pursuit was continued to the very walls of the convent, where a few shots were fired without effect. They then withdrew to join their comrades, who, in the interval, had captured a man and woman, who informed them that three hundred men had arrived the preceding day at the convent, and that a body of cavalry was now stationed at St. Germain. This intelligence decided them not to proceed further; and having put the prisoners to death, they sent to the others an invitation to join them. On their way, they fell in with a mule and two asses, which they killed, and took prisoners two young women, who, since the last persecution, had changed their religion. Having rejoined their friends, they discovered a peasant in a small hamlet somewhat above them, to which they advanced, after stripping the leaves from their hats so as to pass for troops of Savoy. Having reached the spot, the peasant and his three sons—two of whom were as tall as the father, and the third of the age of fifteen—were made prisoners, and put to death; after which they proceeded to the granges of the Pra-del-Tor, and there took up their quarters for the night.

The following day, the two young women were set at liberty; when the detachment, according to its instructions, proceeded to join those in the Val-Luzern, who lay encamped above Bobi. On their march towards this point, they were met by four soldiers, who came with instructions on their part to return to Angrogne, and, if possible, burn all the villages. This being resolved upon, measures were instantly taken for its execution; when, suddenly, they observed on the mountain a body of at least five hundred of the enemy. They now made a bold struggle to be the first to gain the summit; but the enemy observing their design, and having the advantage in point of distance, succeeded in the manœuvre; while the Waldenses, wheeling to the left, took possession of a post hard by, in spite of a heavy fire poured in upon them. Here the battle continued during a full hour, and would have lasted much longer, and been attended with much greater loss, had not a fog, rain, and the approach of

* This, and similar facts, have been usually suppressed by the translators of the *Rentrée*, whilst the atrocities committed on the other hand have been detailed without reserve. It is our duty, however, as historians, "Nothing to extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." It was only the strong principle of self-preservation which impelled them to such acts. Besides, as Arnaud has himself observed, it "was never proposed to defend every act of the Waldenses; for, however venerable and ancient their name, they were not exempted from the common frailty of men;" and felt that, if justified in their attempt to recover the possessions from which they had been so barbarously expelled, they were justified in employing every means at their disposal. The word was, "Slay, or be slain;" and one prisoner suffered to escape, would have "returned with a legion."

night, compelled the enemy to retreat with some loss. The Waldenses then retired to the huts of Infernet, where, finding no firewood, they were compelled to unroof the sheds for fuel; and having stationed three men on the outlook, and to ascertain in what direction the troops had gone, they learnt that they had retraced their steps.

Next day, being the thirtieth of their enterprise, the detachment was still unable to join their friends of Luzern, but effected a union with the main body at Villesèche, in the Val-St.-Martin, where they had taken their station for the sake of the vintage. But the people of Val-Pragelas, who possessed considerable vineyards there, having sent to treat with them, received permission to gather the grapes on payment of a hundred crowns, which they brought accordingly. The Waldenses now formed two detachments—the first of which, composed of one hundred and sixteen men, advanced to reconnoitre an outpost near St. Germain, and give chase to the *corps-de-garde* formed by the peasants at Girbaud, so as to prevent being annoyed while engaged in making wine and gathering chestnuts. Here they arrived at an early hour; and, having caught sight of them, made towards the spot, while they were amusing themselves in shooting at a target. One of the number having that very instant fired and hit the mark, was exceedingly elated by his success; and little thinking who were his listeners, exclaimed, "Ah! what a fine shot that would have been, had a Vaudois been there!" He had hardly spoken the sentence when the detachment rushed down upon them. But so precipitate was their flight, followed by all the peasants of the neighbouring villages, that, happily for them, they passed the bridge of Pinache, and then broke it down, in apprehension of the pursuit being continued. This, however, was quite unnecessary; for the detachment had no design to violate the territory of France, which, whether from sheer feint, or some impenetrable cause, appeared to have no intention of molesting the Waldenses. On their return from this expedition, the detachment set fire to several houses in the hamlets through which they passed, where they took prisoners two Piedmontese women. Returning to Villesèche, along the upper ridge of the vineyards belonging to Val-Pragelas, they found a supply of wine in a cabin, with which they refreshed themselves; and as their two female prisoners appeared to fancy the liquor, they had the pleasure of seeing with what aversion they drank these unpalatable toasts—the healths of "William the Third!" the "Elector of Brandenburgh," the "Duke of Schönberg," and "Prosperity to the Protestant States of Germany."

The other detachment, which had descended on the side of Perouse, had taken prisoners a considerable number of men, women, and children, of whom

all who declared themselves subjects of France, were released. But their principal capture was that of two renegades, who had served as guides to the Marquess de Parelle. These were taken to the station-house at Perouse, where a gibbet being erected, one of the traitors was compelled to execute the other, and was then put to death by way of recompense. This being the fair day, and a great concourse of people in the town, it was at first concluded, with infinite pleasure to the spectators, that it was the Marquess de Parelle who had ordered the execution of some *barbets*. But as soon as the truth became known, the joy on the occasion was instantly converted into distress and terror; and all the merchants, and those who had come to attend the fair, fled to the country in every direction.

On the sixteenth, leaving Pragelas, and marching all night, Parelle passed the Col-de-la-Buffu, and set fire to Villesèche, which the Waldenses had abandoned the evening preceding, in order to gain two hours' start on their way to the Col, where they felt it their duty to attack him. But while they were concerting measures for surprising him at this point, where it was easy to have secured the victory, a message arrived from another small detachment, to say, that, if the others would join them, they would attack the marquess without fail. This advice, though none of the best, was adopted; but, while endeavouring to effect the junction proposed, they discovered that the enemy had passed the river Clusone, retired into the Val-Perouse, and was encamped at Pomaret, from which he dispatched several companies to fortify themselves at Rioclaret, and on the summit of La Zarra, or Scëa. Here, on observing that the Waldenses (who, for several days past had been masters of the Val-St.-Martin) were now busily engaged in thrashing the corn which they had gathered from the fields, so as to be able to form a granary at Rodoret, they sent forward some peasants to burn all the wheat in the vicinity of Rioclaret and Fayet, and used every effort to harass and interrupt them in an operation so prejudicial to their own views. But, as the Waldenses had taken the precaution to establish a flying camp, formed of volunteers, the enemy was completely foiled in his manœuvres.

In the neighbourhood of Pomaret frequent skirmishes took place, in one of which, whilst a Waldensian, named Jean Bonnet, was struggling with a soldier whom he had brought to the ground, another came up, and making a stroke at the latter, had the misfortune to wound his comrade. But the flying camp, we must observe, was so vigilant and effective in its operations, that it captured some valuable convoys, so that every thing now went on prosperously with the Waldenses, who had laid in a plentiful store of wheat, wine, apples, walnuts, and

chestnuts, and were living, comparatively, in luxury. But, at the same time, they were much mortified by the treachery of Turel, captain of one of the six auxiliary companies, who, without any cause of dissatisfaction—unless it were an idea that the affairs of the Waldenses were become desperate, or that he felt himself no longer in a capacity to bear up under such continual fatigue—laid his plans for desertion with so much skill, that not the least suspicion of his intention existed. He started under pretence of going with a detachment to the Balsille, giving it out that he would proceed thence into the Val-Pragelas, there to collect information, to encourage traffic, and open those means of intercourse of which they stood so much in need. His scheme being highly applauded, he set out with the best wishes of his comrades. Shortly after, however, information was received that the knave had deserted along with the serjeant, his brother, a corporal, a cousin, and two soldiers of his company. But if he abandoned the Waldenses merely from a dread of death—which could not have been otherwise than glorious in such a cause—he soon after found one of the most ignominious and terrible that could be inflicted. For, having been arrested at Embrun, he was taken to Grenoble, and there perished on a scaffold, or rather was broken alive on the wheel, with the last overwhelming mortification of seeing himself the most pitiable of all the wretched companions around him—twelve of whom were hanged on his right, and six on his left. Many others, according to the lots they had drawn, were condemned to the galleys, or enrolled in the king's service.

Here closes the journal of thirty-one days,* which had now elapsed since the exiles first set foot in Savoy, and during which they had encountered every description of difficulty and privation, but for which they were now recompensed

* To the preceding route, as described in the *Rentrée*, we append the following notes kindly furnished by Mr. Brockedon, who, in the course of last summer, succeeded in tracing, step by step, the route of the Waldenses from the lake of Geneva to their own Valleys.

Page 136, line 11.—"This," says Mr. Brockedon, "is an error. St. Nicolas de Verose is a beautiful village, on the mountain side above Bionnay, in the Val-Montjoy, and far down the valley, below where the Vaudois descended. The difficult Pass is that of the Portetta, above the chalets of Barme, at the foot of the Bon-homme. It is most correctly described in the narrative, but mis-named."

Versoy (p. 137, line 21).—"Here they followed the banks of the Versoy—not Isère. They did not get into the Val-Isère until just before they reached Scez (Sey). The Versoy flows into the Isère between St. Maurice and Scez."

Page 139.—"'Arrived at Villar Rougy.' Here is an error: Villar Rougy is situated on the left bank of the Isère, opposite St. Foi, and lower down rather than *up* the valley. The villages meant were probably La Tuille, or Bonère, both church villages."

Page 140, line 2.—"The mention of Tigne here, and Eutigne in the preceding paragraph, I cannot reconcile. The order of the villages is—St. Foi, La Tuille, Bonère, with a little plain. Tigne, in a plain, the chief town; Laval, the highest church village at the foot of the Iserar."

Page 142, 4th line from the bottom.—"They descended by the Col-de-Clairée, the view here given, to the Valley of Jaillon, and when driven to reascend the Clairée, passed by the Col-de-Touille to Salabertrann."

by finding that they had at last a firm footing in that country from which they had been expelled with such glaring inhumanity and injustice.*

They had still before them, however, a winter of unparalleled suffering. Their operations in the Valley of Luzern, their defence of the Balsille during three attacks from the combined forces of France and Piedmont, furnish such a mass of evidence in their favour, and present such a list of ennobling virtues, that few readers can peruse the narrative without having this conviction forced upon his mind, that "no men could have done and suffered the things which they did and suffered, unless God had been with them."†

We have already, however, in presenting to our readers this simple narrative, exceeded the limits assigned to a work in which the historical department is only employed in subservience to the picturesque. We hasten, therefore, to a new field; but, before quitting these Valleys, we conclude with a brief summary of the Waldenses from the "times of trial," to which our last pages have

* With respect to Bourgeois, who, as before stated, was to have taken command of the Waldenses in their expedition to the Valleys, a very few words will suffice. After hearing of the partial success of the enterprise, he collected and headed a body of adventurers, about a thousand strong—but of which only a small portion were exiles—and entered the Savoy territory with the intention of following in the traces of the previous expedition. The plan entirely failed. At the end of a week after disembarkation, general confusion was followed by entire abandonment of the enterprise. They then hurried back to the lake of Geneva, where, had the government not granted them boats to transport them across, they must all have fallen victims to the vengeance of the Savoyards. The duke's anger was so much incensed against his allies of Bern for their supposed assistance in the invasion of his territory, that, in order to appease him, the governor had Bourgeois tried on a charge of rebellion, and having found him guilty, he was beheaded on the gates of Nyon.

† Our attention, to use the concluding words of the Narrative, has been directed to events scarcely to be imagined: but as the Waldenses did at the time, so must every reflecting reader now, attribute them to the overruling providence of God. Was the victory of Salabertrand less than miraculous, where eight hundred men—most of whom had never before handled a musket—routed more than three times their own amount of regular troops, and killed six hundred, with a loss on their own side of only fifteen? Who, but God, and God only, could have inspired a handful of destitute men with the determination of recovering their native Valleys, sword in hand, in defiance of their own prince, in opposition to the king of France—then the terror of Europe—and under the direction of Arnaud, a man of peace, ignorant of arms or of war, who, after escaping the pursuit of those who sought to deliver him to the flames at Constance, conducted his flock by the most perilous route, through the most appalling dangers, and at last replanted them in their inheritance? And was it not Divine Providence which, contrary to the ordinary course of nature, so preserved the grain upon the earth that the Waldenses gathered the harvest in the depth of winter instead of the height of summer? Thus, their Canaan, as if rejoiced to receive back her children, presented them with a supernatural gift. Is it conceivable that, without Divine aid, three hundred and sixty-seven Waldenses, confined in the rock of the Balsille for six months, existing on vegetables, water, and a scanty allowance of bread, and lodging, like corpses in holes under ground, should repulse and drive into disgraceful flight ten thousand French, and twelve thousand Piedmontese? When, at last, enraged at the desperate opposition of a mere handful of men, the French brought executioners, and mules laden with ropes, to offer up the Waldenses on gibbets as a sacrifice of thanksgiving—to whom were they indebted for their escape, but to God? This conclusion only can be drawn: in all their battles the Omnipotent delivered them, gave them victory, supported them when faint-hearted, supplied them with necessaries when destitute; and finally inspired their prince to reinstate them in their heritage, that they might restore true devotion in the churches. . . . Thanks, then, to the King of kings, who, in selecting the Waldenses as the instruments of such wonders, appears to have sanctioned their religion as that in which he would be served, honoured, and obeyed, by all the redeemed.—*La Rentrée.*

been devoted, down to the present day. To the reader who would study more fully the picture which their defence of the Balsille has transmitted to us, we cordially recommend the well-known work by Acland.*

At last, the declaration of war against France was confirmed—news which spread joy among the remaining Waldenses; for the herald that proclaimed war with France, proclaimed freedom to the Waldenses. The duke of Savoy, who had experienced in the late campaign the invincible spirit of his Waldensian subjects, was now anxious to secure their services, and plant the frontier with men whom no bribe could seduce, no privations discourage, and no force subdue.

Among the first tokens of restoration to their prince's favour, was the return of four captives from the prisons of Turin in exchange for M. De Vignaux. From this time their prospects became every day more cheering; for intelligence reached them that the duke had given his assurance, not only of liberty of conscience, but of permission for their pastors to preach even at Turin. After several exploits, in which they gave ample proof of the loyalty which this happy change in their favour had excited, a circumstance occurred which elicited from the sovereign himself a frank and full declaration of their rights. A party of Waldenses having captured a French courier with despatches, Baron Palavicino, commander of the duke's troops, directed that they should be presented by Arnaud, Odin, and Friquet, to his royal highness, who, after receiving them in the most gracious manner, addressed them in these memorable words:—"You have only one God and one prince; serve them faithfully. Hitherto we have been foes, henceforth let us be friends. To strangers alone our misfortunes are to be attributed; but if, as is your duty, you expose your lives for me, I in like manner will expose mine for you; and while I have a morsel of bread, you shall have your share."† The energy of these expressions was, of course, greatly increased by the irritation against France which the duke so keenly felt at the time; and the desire of binding to his interests the intrepid leader whom he now addressed, but who, after serving the occasion, was at length to take his place among—

"The broken tools which tyrants cast away."

The conduct of the Waldenses in the war which now ensued between France

* From the statements of those who had the best opportunities of acquiring correct information, it would appear that the force brought against the Balsille in the last attack, amounted to twelve thousand troops of the line, and fourteen hundred peasants.

† Vous n'avez qu'un Dieu et qu'un prince à servir; servez Dieu et votre prince en toute conscience. D'autres ont été la cause de vos malheurs. Mais, si vous faites votre devoir, je ferai le mien; et aussi longtems que j'aurai un morceau de pain, vous en aurez votre part.

and the Confederates, elicited the highest approbation from those in command, while Prince Eugene himself took occasion to make honourable mention of them in his dispatches. By the impartial testimony of accredited writers, they are acknowledged as having contributed very essentially to several important victories in Piedmont, which finally compelled the French to evacuate the territory. To the striking mark of confidence with which, in his adversity, their sovereign honoured his Protestant subjects, we have already alluded.*

About two years before his abdication in 1728, this prince, who had experienced and expressed the highest opinion of the fidelity of his Waldensian subjects, directed the governor of Pignerol to administer to them the oath of allegiance, with a promise on his part of security and religious toleration in their Valleys. But, at the same time an order was issued to restrict their country to certain limits, and to banish all those who had not been born within the new frontier. These amounted to a very considerable number; for the Waldenses, after the recovery of their Valleys, had been joined by many foreign Protestants, who, at the invitation of their prince, were now settled in the Valleys. But, having no farther occasion for their swords, his royal highness forgot how powerfully they had wielded them in his service, and the edict was carried into effect. Driven from the habitations which they had so well earned, these unhappy wanderers set out in search of a new country in the territory of Wirtemberg, where their descendants still exist, though in very reduced numbers and impoverished circumstances. It was on this occasion—and not, as inadvertently stated in a former page,†—that an order on the commissariat for bread was wrested from them on Mont Cenis by government couriers, who were dispatched after them for that purpose.

During the reign of Napoleon, as already observed, the Waldenses enjoyed all the political rights and liberties of their fellow-subjects; but with the restoration at the close of the war, the sun of their prosperity was darkened, the strong line of demarcation was again drawn between Catholic and Protestant, and those civil restrictions which now weigh so heavily upon them, sanctioned and reestablished by royal authority.‡ To this, however, we have already

* It is much to be regretted that the silver tankard which the Duke left as a token of having chosen Rora for his refuge, and the family of a Waldensian peasant as the guardians of their sovereign's life, has been lost.—See *Dr. Gilly's Wald. Researches.*

† *See* Note at the bottom of page 109, and Preface to "La Rentrée."

‡ For a particular account of the present political condition of the Waldenses, the reader is referred to Dr. Gilly's admirable work—"Waldensian Researches." This author, so highly distinguished for his learning and philanthropy, is one of the best and ablest advocates that Providence ever raised up in behalf of a suffering people. By his example, others have been stimulated to a hearty cooperation in the same cause: and two of the most devoted benefactors of the Waldenses were first prompted to the good work by a perusal

adverted in the early part of the work, and shall not detain the reader by a mere repetition of facts. But as an able and zealous advocate of the Waldenses has justly observed, "it is matter of regret, if not of censure, that the Protestant powers who insisted on this restoration for the benefit of the sovereign, should have insisted on nothing for the benefit of his people. When great powers take upon themselves to dispose of nations, they make themselves trustees for the interests of those disposed of. Shamefully indeed, in this instance, was that trust discharged."

Fair land, on which the lamp of heaven hath shone
With that bright lustre, which the hallowed Dove,
Descending from the Son's eternal throne,
Shed with the tidings of the Father's love!—
Land, where Religion sanctifies the grove,
Smiles o'er the vale, and triumphs on the hill,
Lifting the sufferer to the realms above;—
Thy lowliest home, thy mountain's meanest rill,
The soul with themes for deep reflection fill.

'Tis here the pastor's voice, the Word of God,
In sweet companionship, at every hearth,
Lighten and cheer the pilgrim on his road:
'Tis here the martyr's dust, the patriot's worth,
Have hallowed every rood of native earth;
Inspired—what their pure faith alone inspires—
A strength which, like yon Alps, when storms rush forth,
Defies the blast, as their immortal sires
Defied of yore the inquisitorial fires.—*MS.*

VALLEYS OF DAUPHINY.

We now take leave of Piedmont, and crossing the Mont-Genèvre, enter upon that portion of Dauphiny, which, from having been the scene of Felix Neff's regenerating labours in the cause of true religion, has been emphatically named the Pays de Neff, or Valleys of Queyras and Freissinières. Of these, Val-Queyras communicates directly with the Waldenses of Piedmont, by the

of his works. Dr. Gilly has just returned from the Valleys, where he was invited to assist at the opening of the new college at La Tour, already mentioned, which, having risen mainly under his own fostering hand, will form his noblest monument.

Col-de-la-Croix, and extends from the base of Monte Viso on the south, to Mont Dauphin on the north. It comprises the whole course of the river Guil, with the lateral glens which follow the course of the mountain torrents, and forms the eastern quarter of the section of Arvieux.* The western quarter of the section consists of the Valley of Freissinières,† and its hamlets, Chancellas, Pallon, Violins, Minsas, and Dormeilleuse, or Dormilhouse, which occupy the banks of the Biaise, a tributary torrent of the Durance, and of the commune of Champsaur, separated from Freissinières by a mountain and glacier. But, between the valleys of Piedmont, already described, and those of Queyras and Freissinières, there is this difference; the former, says Dr. Gilly, are for the most part smiling with verdure and foliage, the latter are dark and sterile. In each, alp rises above alp; and piles of rock, appalling in aspect, block up many of the defiles, and forbid any further advance to the boldest adventurer. The Piedmontese Valleys, on the other hand, form a garden, with deserts, as it were, in view: some of them, indeed, are barren and repulsive, but these are exceptions. On the contrary, in the alpine retreats of the French Protestants, fertility is the exception, and barrenness the common aspect. There, the tottering cliffs, the sombre and frowning rocks, which, from their fatiguing continuity, look like a mournful veil which is never to be raised; and the tremendous abysses, and the comfortless cottages, and the ever-present dangers from avalanches, and thick mists, and clouds—proclaim that this is a land which man never would have chosen, even for his hiding-place, unless from the direst necessity.

To arrive at these Valleys, we proceed by the great military road through Fenestrelles, Sestrieres and Cesanne, over Mont Genèvre, the Mons Janus of antiquity, and that part of the Cottian Alps which, from time immemorial, has been a channel of communication between France and Italy. It is now the great thoroughfare betwixt Piedmont and Dauphiny, and, in its admirably constructed route, adds another trophy to the reign of Napoleon. Though less elevated than the passes of Mont Cenis and the Simplon, it is managed with the same skill, and forms, in every respect, a fitting companion for these

* The Protestant families dwell principally in the commune of Arvieux, and its hamlets La Chalp and Brunichard; and in the commune of Molines, and its hamlets San Veran, Pierre Grosse, and Fousillarde. They have a church at Arvieux, one at St. Veran, and another at Fousillarde, as will be seen.

† In the Val-Freissinières, there are two Protestant churches, one at Violins, another at Dormeilleuse, and, in the commune of Champsaur, a third at St. Laurent. Besides these two principal groups of Protestant villages, there are two outlying branches of the section, that of Vars—eight miles south of Guillestre, or twenty from Arvieux—and that of La Grave, beyond Briançon, and twenty one miles north of Guillestre (Guil-extra) or *thirty-three miles* from the minister's residence!—*See* Dr. Gilly's "Extent of Neff's Parish.

unparalleled undertakings. The highest part of the route is only about six thousand feet, English measure—a considerable advantage, when compared with the other great passes of the Alps;—to which may be added, the additional recommendation of being protected in some measure from the violence of the north wind. This magnificent route was commenced in the year 1802, under the immediate direction of Ladoucette, prefect of the High Alps. Eighteen communes around Briançon, joined by the soldiers of the garrison, set actively to work; and to them is owing the rapid completion of an enterprise which has added one more lasting monument to that extraordinary era. In order to perpetuate the opening of the new route, which the government named the great thoroughfare between Italy and Spain—"Route d'Espagne en Italie"—the authorities of the department caused a lofty obelisk to be erected on the frontier line between Piedmont and France. Under the first stone was deposited a leaden box, the material of which had lain buried during fourteen centuries in the plain of Mons Seleucus; and in this were enclosed the various documents relating to the commencement, completion, and opening of the route. To give to this ceremony all possible *éclat*, a brilliant fête was celebrated on the occasion, and a medal* struck in commemoration of the event. The obelisk is twenty mètres in height, in a severe style, and skilfully executed. At its base it was intended to have united the waters of the Durance, and the Dora Riparia, both of which have their sources near the same spot on the Genèvre; the latter directing its course to the Po, and the former to the Rhone. In allusion to this circumstance, the opposite characters and destination of these two rivers are well expressed in the following lines:—

"Adieu, donc, ma sœur la Durance;
Nous nous séparons sur ce mont; (Genèvre.)
Toi, tu vas ravager la France,
Je vais féconder le Piémont."

When the Austro-Sardinian army crossed the Genèvre† in 1815, they were at pains to destroy all the inscriptions on this obelisk, which had been composed by the institute of France, and cut at Turin on slabs of black marble from

* The medallion on one side bore the head of Napoleon, encircled with these words: "*A Napoléon Bonaparte, l'empereur et le héros des Français*;" and on the reverse, "*Le Mont-Genèvre ouvert* 22 *germ. an.* VII." (i.e. 12th April, 1804); surrounded by "*J. C. F. Ladoucette, Préfet, au nom du département des Hautes Alpes.*"

† On the retreat of the French army from Italy, five hundred of the latter repulsed three thousand Sardinian troops on the plain of Mont Genèvre. In 1814, when the great routes by Mont Cenis and the Simplon were cut off by the allied army, the French government kept up its intercourse with Italy by this route exclusively; and, in the following year, Grenier marched into France by the Genèvre, with an army of forty thousand men.—For a full description of Mont Genèvre, *see* BROCKEDON'S classical work, "PASSES OF THE ALPS;" to which will shortly be added, "The MINOR PASSES."

Como. On the side of the mountain, a fountain was also erected of the same material as the obelisk, with an abundant supply of the finest water; but here, too, the inscription has been effaced by some zealous legitimist, lest "some thirsty traveller," as Mr. Brockeden observes, "should bless the name of Napoleon."

The ascent of Mont Genèvre from Cesanne continues for about three miles, and then terminates in a small plain on the summit, where the *bourg* is situated. Here the dauphin, Humbert II.,* who took the title of Prince of Briançon, built the first hospice; but this having long fallen into ruin, permission was granted under the late empire, for constructing a monastery of Trappists, which, unfortunately, was abandoned in consequence of political changes. It still continued to be served, however, by individuals belonging to various monastic orders; and, in 1831, was once more confided to the management of Abbé Blanc, the present director, whose duty is to receive every traveller who arrives, and afford such relief as the circumstances of his guest may require. The building is in very tolerable condition, and affords humble but extensive accommodation for the reception of travellers. Although exceedingly cold in winter, this bourg is inhabited throughout the year.

Briançon, according to Pliny, was founded by a colony of Greeks who had been expelled from their settlements near the lake of Como; while others have attributed its foundation to Brennus. It was from the earliest date a fortified place; and as such is noticed by Ammianus Marcellinus, under the name of Virgantia Castellum, the station of a Roman garrison.† Various relics of that remote period have been discovered—such as bas-reliefs, and medals of the Roman emperors. It was in this fortress that St. Ambrose had halted when the death of the emperor Valens, whom he was on his way to baptize at Vienne in Dauphiny, was announced to him. It appears, that Brigantium‡ was an exception to the general destruction which marked the route of barbarian armies, as no mention is made of its having suffered in any of their irruptions. On the fall of the Roman empire, the natural strength of its position, and its formidable ramparts, were still sufficient to maintain its independence; and it was only with its own free consent that this alpine republic submitted to the

* All the ancient documents respecting Mont Genèvre were unfortunately destroyed in 1708, when the village was burnt by Victor Amadeus, in his expedition against Briançon.

† The Castle of Briançon is thus described in the *Liber Compendii Antiquorum*, A.D. 1339. "Built on a very lofty mountain, with a vast donjon tower, the whole one hundred and twenty fathoms in length, fortified with twenty walls. In the centre of the great keep, is a square tower, twelve fathoms in height, twenty-four in circuit, and three in thickness; being, moreover, surrounded by the Durance and the mountain."

‡ *Brigantium Vicum*, Strabo. *Brigantion*, Ptolemy. *Brigantio*, Atticus.

Dauphins. Its standard formerly bore the device—"Petite ville, grand renom."—Small in size, but great in renown.

At the close of the sixteenth century, Briançon was partly burnt in the religious war of that period. It suffered by two similar disasters in the following century; in which, as we have stated, all the civil and military documents relating to the history of the Cottian Alps were lost. In the present day, the town is protected by seven forts, with which it communicates by means of a bridge, constructed in 1730—a very bold undertaking. The arch, forming a span of one hundred and twenty feet, is thrown from one precipice to the other; and, far below, the foaming waters of the Durance are seen flashing up through the dark ravine, at a depth of one hundred and sixty-eight feet.

BRIANÇON is the chief fortress of the French Alps, and the key to Piedmont. Until the forts were built in 1722, the Embrun gate, which was then demolished, had still preserved this ancient inscription: "Corneliæ Saloninæ Augustæ Conjugi"—in honour, probably, of the wife of Gallienus, mother of Saloninus. Many other relics and inscriptions have been found—all corroborating the antiquity of the place, and its occupation by the troops of Rome—which are now in the museum at Gap. Briançon has had the honour to produce many persons who have reached high distinction in various departments of the state, but whom the limits of the present work will not suffer us to particularize.* The population at present amounts to about three thousand; the streets are straight, slightly inclining to the river, and enlivened with fountains. Most of the houses are built in the modern taste. The chief architectural object is the church.

On leaving Briançon, we follow the course of the Durance, and proceed to Freissinière. The Durance, of which so frightful a picture† has been drawn

* Voltaire, in his history of Louis XV., has recorded the magnanimous and devoted conduct of M. D'Audiffret, lieutenant of the fortress of Briançon, who, after the defeat at Exilles in 1747, sold his plate to assist the hospitals in furnishing relief to the necessities of the wounded. His wife, no less devoted to the sacred cause of humanity than her husband—although in hourly expectation of becoming a mother—forgot all personal cares and anxieties, and with her own hands dressed the soldiers' wounds, and died, we lament to add, in the discharge of her pious office.

† "Jamque Tricastinis intendit fluibus agmen;
Jam faciles campos, jam rura Vocuntia carpit.
Turbidus hic truncis, saxisque DRUENTIA lætum
Ductoris vexavit iter: namque Alpibus ortus
Avulsas ornos, et adesi fragmina montis
Cum sonitu volvens, fertur latrantibus undis
Ac vada translato mutat fallacia cursu,
Non perditi fidus, patulis non puppibus æquus:
Et tunc, imbre recens fuso, correpta sub armis,
Corpora multa virûm spumanti vertice torquens
Immersit fundo laceris deformia membris."

Sil. Ital. lib. iii. v. 466.

in the passage of Hannibal, divides the territory of Briançon into equal parts, takes its rise on the *col* of the Genèvre, and is supposed to derive its name Dru-ance from the abundance of its waters. Much has been effected in modern times to check the inundations to which this torrent gave rise. By the genius and unremitting labour of public spirited individuals, and the sanction of government, a vast quantity of useful land has been reclaimed from its devastations. Embankments have been raised, canals dug, the channel deepened, and innumerable methods employed to confine the torrent, which, from having been for ages the most dreadful scourge of these valleys, has been comparatively tamed down to the purposes of irrigation, making "the green herb to spring," where it formerly deposited masses of gravel and débris.

Of all these regions, says De Thou, Val Freissiniere is the most repulsive and wild. Its soil is sterile and unproductive, and its inhabitants most lamentably poor. They are clothed in sheep-skins, and have no linen in use, either for their garments or their beds. They sleep in the same clothes which they wear during the day. Of the seven villages which they inhabit, the houses are built of rough stone, with flat roofs, and cemented with mud. In these hovels the people and their cattle live together; and, when they apprehend an attack from their enemies, they often take refuge in caves, in one corner of which they lie concealed themselves, and secure their cattle in the other. They subsist chiefly on milk and venison, and pass their days in tending their cattle. They are skilful marksmen, and seldom miss either the chamois or the bear. Happy in these their scanty resources, they are all equally poor; but they have no mendicants among them, and, contented among themselves, very seldom form either friendships or connexions with others. In all this state of squalid misery and uncouth appearance, it is surprising that these people are far from being uncultivated in their morals. They almost all understand Latin, and are able to express themselves very legibly in writing. They understand, also, as much of French as enables them to read their Bibles in that language, and to sing psalms; nor would you easily find a boy among them who, if he were questioned as to the religious opinions which they hold in common with the Waldenses, would not be able to give from memory a reasonable account of them. They pay taxes most scrupulously; and the duty of doing this forms an article of their confession of faith. If they are prevented by civil wars from making payment, they lay apart the proper sum, and, on the return of peace, take care to settle with the king's tax-gatherers.

Such is the account given of this people by the Catholic historian De Thou* in

* Thuani Historia, lib. xxvii.

the sixteenth century, and such was their condition in the nineteenth, when Felix Neff took up his abode amongst them, and devoted his life to their moral and social advancement. The same author's description of the local position of the inhabitants is laid down with equal precision. "As we proceed," says he, "towards the east from Embrun,* capital of the maritime Alps, and have travelled about five leagues, the Valley of Queyras branches off towards the right, and that of Freissinières (Vallis Fraxinaria) towards the left. Between these two, the ruins of the ancient town of Rama† are still conspicuous. From thence, on the other side of the mountain ridge, a narrow pass is hewn out of the rock by dint of human labour, and opens a way across some difficult and rugged country, which is still called by the natives, *Hannibal's Road.* In the direction towards Briançon, there is another valley opening to the left, called Louise, from Louis XII., who gave it his own name in a moment of compunction for the injuries which he had so cruelly inflicted upon it, instead of the contumelious appellation of Val-Pute, which it had received in contempt for the religion of its inhabitants."‡

In this alpine wilderness, so feelingly depicted by Dr. Gilly in his memoir of Felix Neff, dwell those primitive Christians, miraculously preserved through innumerable persecutions, and justly considered as the lineal and unmixed descendants of the first converts to the true faith. To Val-Louise, the valley just mentioned, we briefly revert on our way to Freissinières, with which the work in hand is more expressly connected. Val-Louise, or Valley of Gyronde, so called from the torrent Gy, was the theatre of one of the most revolting massacres ever recorded in history, and which is corroborated in all its worst features by the concurrent testimony of both Catholic and Protestant writers. "When the king's lieutenant," says Perrin,§ "arrived with his troops in this Valley, none of the inhabitants were to be found; for they had all retired into the caverns on the high mountains, carrying with them their little ones, and all the provisions they could transport thither for the support of life. Having discovered their retreat, the lieutenant ordered a great quantity of wood to be piled up at the mouth of the entrance to these caverns, and set on fire, in order to burn or smoke them out. During the appalling scene which followed, some of the unhappy victims, in attempting to escape from the flames, were thrust through with the

* That is, in the direction opposite to that by which we are now conducting the reader.

† Rama était un lieu de passage et de rélai au compte du gouvernement romain. . . . St.-Palude d'Embrun y consacra une église dans le sixième siècle. Au douzième, la Durance emportait une telle partie du territoire de Rame que presque tous les habitants s'en éloignèrent. Enfin dans le treizième, cette rivière ruina entièrement la bourgade, où il ne reste plus que les débris de la paroisse et le vieux château des dauphins.—*Ladoucette*, p. 350.

‡ Thuan. Hist. lib. xxvii. GILLY'S "Neff," p. 84. § Lib. i. c. 3, and GILLY, p. 90. Hautes Alpes, 40.

sword; others threw themselves headlong on the rocks below; and many were smothered. After this awful scene had closed, and when search was made in the caverns, four hundred infants were found stifled in the arms of their dead mothers! It is fully believed that three thousand persons were thus sacrificed by their inhuman persecutors. In a word, the whole community was exterminated; so that, from that time forward, the valley was peopled with new inhabitants, among whom none of the primitive race ever established themselves." To the preceding account, we annex the following, from a late Catholic writer of acknowledged veracity.* "In 1487," says he, "a great number of religious dissenters lay concealed, with provisions sufficient for two years, in the spacious cavern of Alle-froide, or Pelvoux, a mountain in Val-Pute, which the snows and precipices by which it is surrounded appeared to render inaccessible. Here, however, they were discovered; and four hundred soldiers were lowered by means of ropes to the mouth of the cave, where their work of murder began. The wretched victims were either stifled with smoke in the recesses of the cave, murdered without distinction of age or sex, or, throwing themselves headlong in despair, perished at the foot of the rocks. The place of the massacre is still, in memory of the horrid deed, called "La Baume des Vaudois;" and the rock itself, "Chapelue," because the hats of the victims were there left hanging to its projecting shrubs. Traces of other habitations, resorted to under similar circumstances, are still observable. "Jetons un voile épais," says our author, "sur cet excès de barbarie; rappelons plutôt que Louis XII, ayant dit des Vaudois—*ils sont meilleurs chrétiens que nous*—fit repeupler ce canton, auquel la *reconnaissance publique* donna le nom de Val-Louise."†

After passing through La Roche, and crossing the Durance by a long timber bridge, the ascent to the Val-Freissinières begins. A steep acclivity rises so abruptly from the river, that, at first sight, there is no appearance of any practicable mode of advancing; but the eye presently discerns a shepherd's path, which creeps up the mountain in an oblique direction. This leads over some rugged ground to a defile, through which a rocky torrent rushes with the noise of thunder. On each side of these wild waters, which roar and fling their spray about in clouds, there are groups of cottages, and an alpine bridge, with a cascade above it. These, with the back-ground of rocks, form as complete a picture of mountain life as the imagination can require. This is Pallon—the village to be noticed hereafter—and the torrent called the Rimasse‡ (Biaisse) is

* Ladoucette, late Prefect of the High Alps.

† This Valley has the honour of being the birth-place of Peter de Bruys, so well known in Waldensian history.

‡ *See* Gilly's "Neff" for the full description.

the guide to the valley. The next village, at the distance of a league, is Freissinières; and about another league farther up is Violins; two miles farther is Minsas; and then comes the toilsome, rough, and clambering route of three miles to Dormilhouse. Between the two villages first named, "there is a lovely fertile vale, enclosed on each side by steep mountains, and producing several kinds of grain and fruit-trees. But this cheerful prospect soon changes. After passing through Minsas, the face of the country is perfectly savage and appalling. Blocks of stone, detached from the overhanging rocks, strew the ground, and threaten to impede all further progress. The signs of productiveness are fewer and fewer. Here and there some thin patches of rye, or oats, bespeak the poor resources of the inhabitants who have been driven up into this desert; and the occasional track of the wolf, and the heavy flap of the vulture's wing overhead, tell who are its proper natives."*

The Valley of Freissinières begins at the *col* of the same name, and joins the Valley of the Durance at a considerable elevation above the ancient town of Rama, already mentioned. While the latter town existed, the Durance washed the base of the mountains opposite, as various circumstances still serve to prove. The valley consists of a sandy clay mixed with calcareous substance; a combination which, in some parts, favours the ordinary productions of an alpine climate. It begins in a plain, continues for some time a gradual declivity, and then rapidly descends. The chief village is Freissinières, a place anciently frequented by the Saracens, and near which gold has been found.

The village of DORMILHOUSE, second to the former, and founded originally by the Lombards, is literally perched upon a rock, full two hundred *mètres* in perpendicular height. The only way to this sanctuary is by a narrow footpath, winding along frightful precipices, which the traveller contemplates with feelings of surprise and astonishment. About the middle of the mountain, a river precipitates itself with thundering noise over the traveller's head, who is only preserved from being drenched, by passing within the arch described by the water as it bounds from the rock, twelve hundred feet above him. This the reader will perfectly comprehend by reference to the annexed engraving. The body of water, which falls like a curtain between the spectator's eye and the

* It was through these chilling scenes that Neff made his pastoral visitation on the last day of January, in the very depth of its dreary winter. But, amidst the freezing blasts which met him, and the frowning aspect of external nature, "he had that within him which warmed his heart and animated his spirits as he penetrated through the pathless snows of the defile, and crossed the raw gusty summit that lay in his way. His was a labour of love; he was on his way to preach that Word, of which the ancient fathers of Dormeilleuse had been the depositaries for ages, when France rejected it; and to trim the lamp which had here been left burning, when the rest of the land was overwhelmed in darkness."—*Gilly, Memoirs of Neff*, p. 134.

light, presents the appearance of a vast cloud saturated with rain, through which the dazzling hues of the rainbow are seen dancing before his eyes. Across the snowy sheet of water which covers the mountain's side, he looks in vain for the road which he had pursued. He only sees the river plunging down into an abyss, scooped out by the force of its own fall, then boiling along covered with foam, and vanishing among the rocks.

At length the dreary precincts of Dormilhouse open, and we catch a glimpse of those rude habitations with which so many painful, relieved by some pleasing, recollections are associated. In this alpine solitude—so apparently exempted from all those violent passions which agitate and afflict the external world—about two hundred inhabitants, most of whom are entire strangers to every other country, spend their days in peace. The river, which forms the magnificent cascade just noticed, waters their little fields;* and, in a small plain, covered during seven months of the year with snow, supplies the occasional luxury of a dish of trout. The only crops which ripen in this frozen region, are rye, and a little wheat, both of inferior quality, and almost unfit for use. Their gardens, void of every species of fruit-tree, yield a few kitchen roots and vegetables; and a little hemp for the coarse and homely articles of domestic use. Pine-trees, the remnants of primeval forests, are the only trees which afford them shade during the heat of summer, supply fuel during the long dreary winters in which they are shut up in their valleys, and timber for their rude habitations. Along the flanks of the mountains, the tops of which are covered with eternal snow, they feed their numerous flocks, living on flesh and the produce of the dairy, and manufacturing from the wool a coarse cloth, which serves for apparel. In this primitive village, the use of keys and bolts is unknown. The manners of the inhabitants savour of another age; and all property rests securely under the safeguard of upright principle.†

* The following extract from the French work of M. Ladoucette, shows how much was accomplished by Neff, to soften the natural sterility of the place, and improve their condition, as well as to ameliorate and expand the minds and intellects of the people. This testimony in favour of the excellent pastor is particularly valuable, as coming from one who did not at all participate in his religious sentiments. "En 1823," says the prefect, "on n'était plus en usage d'arroser la prairie de Dormilhouse dont les anciens canaux avaient été comblés par les ravins et les avalanches; quelques particuliers s'opposaient à leur rétablissement. Neff convoque les habitans, se met à leur tête; les uns creusent à plus d'une toise, au travers des lits rocailleux des plusieurs torrens; les autres élevent des digues de huit pieds de hauteur; en deux ou trois jours des canaux abondans viennent fertiliser la prairie. La mine ouvre un passage à travers le roc granitique; on construit de profonds aqueducs; l'eau accourt et alimente trois fontaines publiques. *Il est doux*," concludes this impartial writer, "*il est doux de parler de la succès de cet homme modeste dont le nom doit vivre à jamais dans la Vallée reconnaissante.*" For a more full account of this, the reader is again referred to "Gilly's Memoir," chap. xi.

† Hist. d'Italie, tome iv. Fantin Désodoards. Topographie des Hautes Alpes. Paris, 1834.

The rock on which Dormilhouse stands is almost inaccessible even in the finest months of the year. There is but one approach to it, and that is always difficult, from the steepness of the ascent, and the slippery nature of the path in its narrowest part, where, as stated, it is continually watered by a cascade. In winter it must be doubly hazardous, because it then leaves an accumulation of ice.* Of all the habitable spots, perhaps, in Europe, this wretched village is the most repulsive. Here Nature is stern and terrible, without offering any boon but that of personal security from the fury of the oppressor to invite man to make it his resting-place. When the sun shines brightest, the side of the mountain opposite to Dormilhouse, and on the same level, is covered with snow; and the traveller, in search of new scenes to gratify his taste for the sublime or the beautiful, finds nothing to repay him for his pilgrimage, but the satisfaction of planting his foot on that soil which has been hallowed as the asylum of Christians, "of whom the world was not worthy." The spot which they and their descendants have chosen for their last stronghold is, indeed, a very citadel of strength.† But the eye wanders in vain for any point of fascination. The village is not built on the summit or on the shelf of the rock. It is not like Forsyth's description of Cortona—"A picture hung upon a wall." It does not stand forth in bold relief, and fling defiance upon the intruder as he approaches. It is not even seen till the upper pass is cleared, and then it disappoints expectation by its mean disclosure of a few poor huts, detached from each other, without any one building as an object of attraction, or any strongly marked feature to give a character to the scene. Neither is there any view which it commands to make up for this defect in itself; all is cold, forlorn, cheerless. Thus the eye has no enjoyment in gazing on the dark waste; but the imagination roves with holy transport over wilds which have sheltered the brave and the good from the storm of man's oppression—a thousand times more to be dreaded than that of the elements. Hence the irresistible spell thrown over the mind; for it is a place of fearful and singular interest. But still, great must have been the love which filled the pastor's bosom, to make him prefer this worse than wilderness—this concentration of man's wretchedness —to all the other hamlets of his parish.‡ He turned from the inviting Arvieux,

* Yet, along this perilous road, Neff thus describes a party of his flock descending from Dormilhouse at midnight:—"At ten o'clock," says he, "most of my hearers retired; those who had come from the greatest distance having brought wisps of straw with them, which they lighted to guide them through the snow. Some stopped till midnight; we then took a slight repast, and two of them, who had three-quarters of a league to return home, set out with pine-torches, indifferent to the ice and snow which lay on their path!" What a picture!

† *Gilly*, Mem. Felix Neff. ‡ *Ibid.* ch. vi.

and the affectionate hospitality of St. Veran, and the magnificent grandeur of Vars, to make his chief residence in the bleak and gloomy Dormilhouse, because there his services appeared to be most required; because there he had every thing to teach, even to the planting of a potato.* But his whole life was a sacrifice: he lived for nothing else than to be useful to his fellow-creatures, and to be a labourer in the service of his Redeemer.† A few extracts from Neff's journal will exhibit the pastor's own sketch of the place:—"Dormilhouse is celebrated for the resistance which its inhabitants, for more than six hundred years, have opposed to the church of Rome. They are of the unmixed race of the ancient Waldenses of Dauphiny, a distinct branch of the primitive church of Gaul, and never bowed a knee before an idol, even when all the Protestants of Val-Queyras dissembled their faith. The ruins of the walls and forts still remain, which they built to protect them against surprise. They owe their preservation in part to the nature of their country, which is almost inaccessible, being defended by a natural fortification of glaciers and wild rocks. The population of the village consists of forty families, all Protestants." "The aspect of this desert," continues Neff, "both terrible and sublime, which served as the asylum of truth when almost all the world lay in darkness—the recollection of the faithful martyrs of old—the deep caverns into which they retired to read the Bible in secret, and to worship the Father of Light in spirit and in truth—every thing tends to elevate my soul, and to inspire it with sentiments difficult to describe."...."It is some years since Henry Laget paid them some visits; and when, in his last address, he told them that 'they would see his face no more,' 'it seemed,' said they—using one of those beautiful figures of speech with which their dialect abounds—'it seemed as if a gust of wind had extinguished the torch which was to light us in our passage by night across the precipice!'"

On the morning of Tuesday, February 3, Neff preached in the church of Dormilhouse. Owing to the magnificent cascades, before mentioned, the mountain side at this season was a sheet of ice, with which all the rocks also were tapestried. "In the morning before sermon," he continues, "I took some young men with me, and we cut steps in the ice with our hatchets, to render the passage less dangerous, so that our friends from the lower hamlets might mount to Dormilhouse with less fear of accident. There was a large congre-

* "Neff voulut propager la culture des pommes-de-terre; et pour joindre l'exemple au précepte il en avait dans son jardin d'Arvieux. Il allait dans les champs de Freissinières montrer sa méthode, qui plusieurs ont adopté, et qui, chaque année, s'étend comme n'étant pas bornée à la trop courte carrière de l'excellent pasteur, qui mettait toujours au premier rang les prédications, les visites et les travaux de son ministère."—*Ladoucette.*

† *Gilly*, Mem. Neff, chap. vi. p. 138.

gation. In the afternoon I catechised in a stable, or cattle-shed. Several people from below remained all night, and therefore I took the opportunity of pursuing my instructions in the evening; and the next day was spent in like manner." Thursday morning was devoted to similar exercises of devotion and instruction; and then he descended towards the lower valley, with about a dozen of his elder catechumens, who persisted in accompanying him to Minsas, that they might be present at the lecture there.

We shall close this picture with the following extracts, which show, on the testimony of Neff himself, the horrors of a winter in Dormilhouse. "Thanks to the generosity of my friends," he writes, "our little school—(*see* the engraving)—is now floored and glazed. The benches and seats are finished; and while all the other schools in this country are held in damp, dark stables, where the scholars are stifled with smoke, and interrupted by the babble of people and the noise of the cattle, and are obliged to be constantly quarrelling with the kids and fowls in defence of their copy-books, or shifting their position to avoid the drippings from the roof, we have here a comfortable and well-warmed apartment. I am again," he continues, "conducting a school* for the education of those whose business it will be to educate others, and who now consist of about twenty young men from the different villages. We are buried in snow more than four feet deep. At this moment a terrible hurricane is raging, which dashes the snow about in clouds. We can hardly put a foot out of door, and I know not when my letter will reach you. . . . The avalanches threaten us on all sides, and have been falling thick, especially about Dormilhouse. One Sunday evening, our students, and many of the inhabitants, were returning home after the sermon at Violins, when they very narrowly escaped an avalanche. It rolled down into a very narrow defile, and fell between two groups of people. Had this taken place one moment sooner or later, it must have swept one of the parties into the abyss below, and have thus destroyed the flower of the youth of this region.† But the Eternal, who rules over the waves of the sea, commands also the waves of ice and snow, and protects his children in the midst of peril. The villages," he adds, "are every where menaced with impending danger. On several occasions lately, I have seen even our calm and daring Alpines express their anxiety on this head. In fact, there are very few

* "Neff ouvrit et dirigea lui-même une école, où il donnait quatorze ou *quinze-heures* de leçons par jour, de la mauvaise saison, sur la lecture, l'écriture, l'arithmétique, la géographie, le chant sacré, et aux plus avancés, sur la géométrie et la physique."—*Ladoucette*, p. 349.

† Neff's Letters.—Previously to this, Neff had himself narrowly escaped. To avoid the danger of an avalanche, he traversed a *débris* of rock, where his foot slipped, and he sprained his knee so badly, that the effects were long felt.

habitations in these parts which are not liable to be swept away; for there is not a spot in this narrow corner of the Valley which can be considered absolutely safe. But, terrible as their situation is, to it they owe their religion, and, perhaps, their physical existence. Had their country been more secure and accessible, they would have been exterminated, like the inhabitants of Val-Louise." We now retrace our steps to the Guil.

Pallon was in ancient times a *mandement*, comprehending the parishes of Freissinières, Chancellas, and La Roche, the co-seigneurs of which resided in a tower, built on an uninhabitable part of the mountain. It is situated on the Biaisse, the stream which traverses the Val-Freissinières. From the village, the traveller may ascend to the plain where Mareschal Catinat pitched his camp, and where the rocks still preserve the distinctive names given on that occasion to the different fortifications thrown up; such as "Cité Ville-vieille," "La Citadelle," "Le Château," "L'Eguille," etc. On this plain an army of ten or twelve thousand men might pitch their camp without difficulty. The bridge of Pallon is very romantic, and the rocks behind form a tremendous back-ground. "Pallon," says Neff, "is more fertile than the rest of the valley, and even produces wine. The consequence is, that there is less piety here." "Here," he adds, "are some young women who have a good ear, and love music. It is always an advantage to a minister to find such aid; and experience has taught me that we may hope for some degree of success when we have this help." This is in perfect accordance with the generally received opinion; and in every age religion has been cultivated by vocal and instrumental harmony.

Chancellas is situated between two mountains, and masked by some rising ground, along which its territory extends, and whence it derives its name. It has a lake called *Lac Troublé*, from the muddiness of its water. The soil produces only a little rye, barley, oats, and vines of inferior quality. While passing along the road, the new village church produces an agreeable effect, surrounded with meadows and orchards. Reotier, planted upon a lofty rock, with a rapid descent to the Durance, yields nearly the same productions.*

La Roche, so called from the naked rocks against which the village is built, is but a limited commune, partly occupied by a lake, which furnishes some fish, chiefly carp. At this village, government has reconstructed the bridge

* "Chancellas," says Dr. Gilly, "is a lovely village at the entrance of the Val-Freissinières, where the mountains form a splendid panorama, whose vine-clad sides stretch on one side down to the Durance, and where the little hamlets, divided by ravines and torrents, are seen rising out of forests of tall larch-trees. This village was often the scene of triumph to Neff and his converts; and the priests of that parish had the mortification to see many of their flock fall away from them, and become proselytes to the powerful reasoning of the Swiss preacher.

over the Durance. The only thing, however, likely to interest the stranger, is the wild serrated chain of rocks, rising like tapering obelisks defined in the dark blue sky, and again reflected in the lake beneath. It is altogether a striking scene.

Mont Dauphin and the Col de Vars* in the distance form magnificent features in the landscape. This Valley commences at the confluence of the Durance and the Guil, and presents a succession of grand and imposing scenery. The fortifications of Mont Dauphin were begun by the celebrated Vauban, in 1694. The fortress covers a lofty rock at the junction of the two rivers, commands four Valleys, and on the Italian side is considered as one of the keys to France. The barracks will accommodate about ten battalions. It was only in 1753 that Mont Dauphin was raised to the rank of a town, and united with the parish of Eygliers. It is entirely comprised within the walls of the fortress, with a population of about four hundred individuals. This district is peculiarly rich in walnut-trees of immense size, more particularly one superb specimen which attracts the special notice of the traveller as he ascends to the citadel. The plateau of the fort was in former times called Mille-Vents, as expressive of the *thousand* winds to which it was exposed.

Whoever he be, says Ladoucette, who has a mind to witness a storm in all its fury and terror, should take his station at Mont Dauphin, and see the lightning, as it bursts its cloudy barrier, striking the rocks; hear the thunder rolling away in a succession of echoes,—the winds blustering and roaring, as if they would sweep before them the rocks and firm-built walls of the citadel,—see the deluge of rain converting the streets into canals, covering the esplanade and parade ground, and thence rushing down to swell the united torrents of the Durance and the Guil. It is at such a moment as this that those rivers appear in all their attributes of terror and destruction—bearing along with them the roofs of cottages, uprooted trees, covering their banks with the spoil, and filling the valley with the thunder of their course.

The Valley of the Guil, or Val-Queyras, contains a population of about eight thousand. It is traversed by the public road winding along the banks of the impetuous Guil, which takes its rise near the famous subterranean passage† between Mont Crisso on the north, and Mont Viso on the south, where the Po originates. But, like the Dora and the Durance, the Guil and the Po perform the most opposite functions—the first ravaging, the latter fertilizing, the countries through which they flow. Owing to its great descent—in many places a succession

* The furthest out-post, to the south, of Neff's vast parish. † See in a former part of this work, p. 96.

of rapids—the Guil cannot be rendered of any service to the country, unless as a mere channel through which timber may be floated down to the Valley.

In the centre of the valley or pass of the Guil, the river appears struggling on in the gloom of a continued gulf, flanked by walls of tremendous rocks, and fringed with wild pines clinging to the dripping crevices of the rocks. On quitting the hamlet of Veyer, which looks like an oasis in this Thebäide, the gorge commences; the traveller passes under a rock which raises its threatening canopy between him and the light. From this rock the fragments which are continually falling, but particularly after rain, render the pass imminently dangerous. In the whole range of Alpine scenery, rich as it is in the wonders of nature, there is nothing, says Dr. Gilly, more terribly sublime than the pass of the Guil. A traveller would be amply repaid in visiting this region for the sole purpose of exploring a defile, which, in fact, is one of the keys to France, on the Italian frontier, and is therefore guarded at one end by the strong works of Mont Dauphin, and at the other by the fortress of Château-Queyras, whose guns sweep the pass. For several miles the waters of the Guil occupy the whole breadth of the defile, which is more like a chasm, or a vast rent in the mountain, than a ravine; and the path, which in some places will not admit of more than two to walk side by side, is hewn out of the rocks. These rise to such a giddy height, that the soaring pinnacles which crown them look like the fine points of carved masonry on the summit of a cathedral. Meantime, the projecting masses that overhang the wayfarer's head are more stupendous and more menacing than the imagination can conceive. Many of these seem to be hanging by you know not what, and to be ready to fall at the least concussion.

> "Quos super atra silex jam jam lapsura, cadentique
> Imminet assimilis."

But perhaps these blocks have been so suspended for centuries, and may so continue for centuries to come. Be that as it may, enormous fragments are frequently rolling down; and as the wind roars through the gloomy defile, and threatens to sweep you into the torrent below, you wonder what it is that holds together the terrible suspensions, and prevents your being crushed by their fall. Much has been related of the peril of traversing a mountain path with a precipice yawning beneath your feet; but, in fact, there is no danger equal to a journey through a defile like this, when you are at the bottom of the alpine gulf, with hundreds of feet of crumbling rock above your head. Yet, terribly magnificent as this pass is, and though at other times it must have made a powerful impression on Neff's mind, his journal does not contain a word either of its grandeur

or its terrors. He forced his way through it in the middle of January, when it is notoriously unsafe to attempt the passage. Travellers lose their lives here almost every year; but Neff's anxiety to enter upon his pastoral duty was the strongest feeling that moved him, and, in the pass of the Guil, he thought of nothing but the field of usefulness which was now before him.*

Of this pass, the accompanying drawings will convey the best and clearest idea; for, in such localities, it is only the talented artist who can bring the scene into actual view. The points selected by Mr. Bartlett are strongly characteristic of the pass, which he describes as "terribly grand;" rocks shattered into pinnacles, menacing the traveller with their *débris*, which is incessantly rolling down the slopes—gigantic pines blackening the sunless course of the torrent, sullenly roaring through the depths of the defile—the path insecure and precipitous—utter solitude—all conspiring to appal the traveller, and "send forth a sleepy horror through his blood!" At a wooden bridge—the view opposite—where the narrow path descends into the dismal gorge, the scene is peculiarly savage, and even sublime.

On issuing out of the depths of this defile, the frowning battlements of Château-Queyras—built on a lofty projecting cliff on the edge of the torrent, and backed by the barrier wall of alps, which towers like a bulwark of ice between the dominions of France and the king of Sardinia—present a picture of the most striking magnificence. Every thing combines to give an interest to the scene. In the far distance are the snowy peaks of Mont Viso, of dazzling white; and, in the fore-ground, the rustic aqueducts, composed in the simplest manner of wooden troughs, supported on lofty scaffolding, and crossing and recrossing the narrow valley, which form a striking contrast between the durability of the works of God's hands, the everlasting mountains, and the perishable devices of men.

About a mile and a half from Château-Queyras, a rough road on the left conducts to Arvieux;† and here a different prospect opens to the traveller. The signs of cultivation and of man's presence increase; some pretty vales and snug looking cottages please the eye. Here, also, is the Protestant church; but the minister's residence, with that of the majority of his flock, is higher up the Valley; for, in this glen, as in all the others where the remains of the

* Memoir of Neff.

† The natives of Arvieux are almost all Roman Catholics; those of La Chalp and Brunichard are for the most part Protestants. There were eighteen families in the latter, and eight in the former, who waited on Neff's ministry: and two families in a small hamlet between Arvieux and Château-Queyras were converted from the Romish to the Protestant faith, by the force of his reasoning and the consistency of his holy life.—*Gilly.*

primitive Christians still exist—as in the Val-Freissinières, and in the commune of Molines, Grosse Pierre, and Fousillarde—they are invariably found to have crept up to the furthest habitable part of it. The pastoral dwelling occupied by Neff, is at La Chalp, a small hamlet beyond; but, following the custom of those who directed him thither, he calls it Arvieux in his journals. It is a low building, without any thing to distinguish it but its white front—such, at least, says Dr. Gilly, it was when I saw it; but there was an air of cheerfulness in its situation, facing the south, and standing in a warm sunny spot, which contrasted strongly with the dismal hovels of Dormilhouse, where he afterwards spent most of the winter months.

It was on Friday the 16th of January, 1824, continues his able biographer, that Neff established himself at La Chalp as the pastor of the section of Arvieux. On the Monday following, we find him a second time within four days encountering the fearful pass of the Guil, and on the evening of the same day looking after his little flock at Vars, twenty miles from Arvieux! He remained at Vars on the Tuesday and part of Wednesday, organizing little associations for mutual instruction during his absence. On Thursday and Friday in the same week he was again at his post at Arvieux, La Chalp, and Brunichard, catechising the children, and making himself acquainted with his people. On Saturday, in spite of a fall of snow and a storm of wind which swept the Valley, he directed his steps towards St. Veran, that he might take the earliest opportunity of administering the public Sunday service in the church, which was situated in the farthest western boundary of his parish, twelve miles from his head quarters.

Neff's successor in the pastoral office of Arvieux, or rather La Chalp, is M. Ehrmann, an excellent and zealous pastor, of whom we subjoin a few particulars, communicated by Mr. Bartlett, who had very lately the pleasure of spending some time under his hospitable roof. Meeting him on the way to Arvieux, an acquaintance commenced, and the good man invited his English guest to share in the hospitalities of his humble cottage, which, from its having been the residence of the pious Neff, presents to the pilgrim all the sanctifying attractions of a shrine.—"We went up stairs into his best room, where he introduced me to his wife and mother. Every thing betokened narrow circumstances, but my host was very contented and cheerful. Running to the stove, he put the finishing hand to the preparations for dinner; his wife assisted without ceremony, and we were speedily seated at a plain frugal repast. In his conversation, I found the worthy pastor open-hearted, sincere, and religious, without a shade of affectation; and what pleased me much, not in the least

embarrassed in thus exhibiting to a stranger the poverty of his dwelling, which was soon lost sight of in the heartiness of his welcome. The spare and homely furniture of the room was strongly contrasted with the number of books and papers—the intellectual furniture with which it was stored.

"After dinner, he invited me to accompany him to the afternoon meeting at Brunichard, the highest hamlet in the Valley. About half an hour's walk brought us to the straggling miserable hovels of which this little nest of primitive Christians is composed. One of these we entered; and, on opening the door, a close fœtid odour almost stifled me. It seemed as if we were plunging into Cimmerian darkness, and I involuntarily shrunk back. "Never mind—a little further—a few steps"—said my reverend conductor; and, taking me by the arm, we proceeded, my feet sinking at every step into a sub-stratum of accumulated manure and litter. Here the tinkling of bells and the breathing of cattle soon explained the character of the habitation; and presently my eyes becoming more accustomed to the light, I fairly discovered the stalls and mangers occupied by the cattle. At the extremity, a Rembrandt-like picture presented itself; the half light struggled through a narrow smoke-blackened aperture upon the squalid inhabitants of this hovel, grouped in a circle, and occupied in spinning. Their beds, like berths in a ship's cabin, were ranged on either side; and I was surprised to observe that the ornamental details were very tolerably carved. As soon as we became mutually visible, the pastor, who observed the surprise of the inmates on seeing a stranger, explained to them the object of my visit, and proposed that we should all meet in a neighbouring cottage, to which we presently adjourned. Here the scene was one too remarkable ever to be forgotten."

"The cottage chosen for the meeting, or *réunion* as it is called, presented nearly the same features as the others, but was rather lighter. The pastor advanced towards the window; Mr. Bartlett and some of the eldest men occupied a few seats of honour, on broken stools, around him: the peasants entered in groups, the men ranging themselves on one side, and the females on the other, the latter bringing in their hands their distaffs, which they continued to ply till the commencement of the service, while the cattle, as in the other cottage, occupied the back ground of this striking picture of alpine life and primitive worship." "I glanced my eye," says Mr. Bartlett, "along the double file, but could discover little of the 'human face divine;' the majority were squalid in dress, vacant in look, and dejected in spirit. One or two of the youngest seemed still to possess a little of the cheerfulness of youth, as yet unquenched by the hardness of their condition; but, as a race, they appeared very inferior to the Waldenses of Piedmont."

All being now in their places, the pastor gave out a hymn, and with his own voice pitched the tune. To the most indifferent spectator there would have been something touching in hearing the praise of God ascending from the depths of this alpine wilderness. It was solemn—and that solemnity was increased by associations, the shadows of former days. There was little melody; but, in the tremulous voices of the aged, blending with the clearer and softer notes of their offspring, there was something beyond the power of ordinary music. "Their life of labour and privation—their youth, with its gleams of joy and love, hopes and fears—their obscure graves—their immortality—all seemed to find a voice and expression, and to blend into something of undefined melancholy—and yet not joyless, like their condition. The hymn being concluded, the pastor selected a portion of Scripture, and gave it to one of the elders to read. He next offered up an extemporary prayer, and then addressed his hearers in a short forcible exhortation. I have heard and read many such, but never listened to a more evangelical, and at the same time practical, address. The style was simple and familiar, and, at the conclusion, extremely touching. This little gathering together of God's people departed slowly, again to resume that life of toil and industry which is only interrupted by the intervals of prayer and of needful rest."

Mr. Bartlett went into several cottages with the pastor, who inquired affectionately into the little concerns and troubles of the inmates, and advised and comforted each as need might be. In all this he had a peculiar and happy manner—referring every thing in their earthly lot to the dispensations of an all-wise and over-ruling Providence, and ever inculcating by his conversation and manner the principles which he was called to preach. In the evening, several of these primitive villagers dropped in at the pastor's fireside, and finding that his guest was an English traveller come to visit their country, were particular in their inquiries. The memory of Neff and his labours of love is here embalmed in faithful hearts; "and as I lay down to sleep," says our traveller, "in the humble chamber once occupied by that faithful servant of the gospel, I felt as if he still spoke in its solitude."

"The following morning, the pastor made preparation to start for St. Veran, where he was to preach, and I gladly embraced the opportunity thus offered to accompany him. His equipments for the journey were these:—over his every-day suit, he wore a *blouse*—similar to that worn by farm-servants among us—with a large bag slung over his shoulder, containing his sacerdotal apparel, and a supply of New Testaments and religious tracts. Seeing that I had a small bundle to carry, he immediately took hold of it, and, in spite of my

arguments that each should bear his own burden, dropt it into his sack, slung the whole over his shoulder, and after taking an affectionate leave of his wife and mother, turned round, and away we went. The day was cloudy, attended with occasional showers, with intervals of sunshine; but my worthy guide and companion being hale and cheerful, his conversation shortened the way. We talked much, as will be readily supposed, of Felix Neff, whose life and labours are so closely associated with every feature in these alpine recesses. Neff, robust as he was on his first arrival in the field of labour, fell, at last, a victim to excessive fatigue of mind and body. 'But such,' said my friend, 'is not my plan; I endeavour to economize my strength without neglecting my duty, and trust that I have yet many years of pleasing and useful labour before me.' What this worthy man calls 'economizing his strength,' would, nevertheless, exhaust that of many others, even in the prime of life and health. His zeal is indefatigable, and that zeal is accompanied with unremitting activity. When we came in sight of Château-Queyras,* the pastor directed my particular attention to a large tree growing near the road side. 'Respecting this tree,' said he, 'we have a popular tradition in the country, that, during the persecution of the Protestants it would never flourish; but at the commencement of their freedom would put forth its buds." This prediction is apparently realized; for the tree is certainly on the eve of being crowned with leafy honours.—In explanation it may be observed, that the government of Louis Philippe is much more favourable to religious freedom than that of Charles X.; and we sincerely trust that every succeeding reign will evince new traits of the same ennobling spirit of toleration. May the breath of persecution never again blast the tree of Château-Queyras, but may it put forth its leaves in its season, and the free and the virtuous rejoice and be glad under its shadow!"

Leaving the Valley of the Guil, they commenced ascending the lateral Valley of St. Veran. A short way before arriving at Molines,† Ehrmann pointed out a huge fragment of primeval rock, with the name of Neff attached to it, in consequence of its having been generally used by him as a short resting-station during those laborious journeys through his vast mountainous parish, which he could only perform on foot. After passing the village of Molines, they entered another, the next to St. Veran, and were cordially received in the house of a

* One of the finest views of Château-Queyras is obtained at the extremity of the town, in the direction of Abries.

† The commune of Molines consists of several hamlets, in the midst of which the church and presbytery stand isolated in the plain, watered by the river. On the south, crowning a mountain, is seen the chapel of St. Simon, famous as a place of pilgrimage. Near this remarkably limpid fountain takes its rise in the *tufo* rock. The valley is rich in meadow and pasture lands. The inhabitants are chiefly Protestants.

family well known to the pastor. Here, although the house was of the same construction as the others, it was much lighter and better swept; and several handsome cows in the back ground showed that the proprietor was a man of substance. His family were evidently more civilized than their neighbours. His son, the Adonis of this wilderness, and a well-informed youth, circumstances considered, was anxious to obtain information — especially on subjects connected with Scripture. On this subject Mr. Bartlett talked with him of his travels in Syria and the Holy Land, with which he appeared much gratified.

" The tone of conversation," says the former, " between the pastor and this family gained my hearty admiration—so cordial and unaffected, and so well calculated to serve the noblest end—namely, that of strengthening each other in the faith, enforcing by familiar admonition the public lessons of his ministry, well timed, affectionately delivered, and cordially received. How different is this, thought I, to the stiff and distant formality with which the intercourse between pastor and people is kept up in our own country, where the pastoral visit is too often an irksome duty to the one, and unwelcome to the other!

" We tasted different cheeses, the produce of the family dairy, with the hard rye-bread of the country—the only bread which crowns the harvest of these Valleys. This was our frugal collation after very considerable fatigue, but which temperance and mountain air rendered more delicious than the banquet of three courses to an epicure of the Palais-royal."

They now started for St. Veran,* and in their way passed through a forest of dark pines, still lonely, and which, in the depth of winter, owing to the troops of wolves by which it is infested, is as dangerous as it is dreary. One December evening, just before entering St. Veran, and close to a small shrine near the path, a young man was attacked by several of these ferocious animals, which had been hovering round him for some time. Such a rencounter was by no means likely to terminate in his favour; but he was resolved not to fall an unresisting victim, and kept as strict an outlook as he could. The hungry prowlers approached nearer and nearer, till he distinctly saw their glaring eyes, white tusks, and bristling collars—the sure prelude of an attack. It was impossible for him to advance, and equally so to retreat; for they had now formed a hedge round him, but still paused, as if from a sort of irresolution which of the troop should make the first spring. It was a moment of suspense that might have appalled the

* St. Veran derives its name from a pious bishop of antiquity, who held the see of Cavaillon. Agreeably to the history of the diocese of Embrun, this holy man had driven away from the fountain of Vaucluse a terrible dragon, which had become the terror of the country; but having afterwards died on the mountain of Queyras, the saint caused a chapel to be erected on the spot.—*See* also Topog. des Hautes Alpes, p. 62.

stoutest heart. He shouted with all his strength, but it was "a far cry to his friends;" and his alpine staff was the only weapon he had to repulse them. For a minute or two he managed to keep the ferocious savages at bay—but his strength was fast failing—he had suffered severe lacerations, and must shortly have been torn to pieces, had not a party from the village rushed to his rescue. They reached him just in time to save his life; but such was the effect of this terrible conflict upon his mind, that it deprived him of reason, and he was taken home in a state of frantic terror, from which, it is said, he has never wholly recovered. In winter, when the inhabitants are much exposed to similar attacks, it is customary to place offal at the doors of the houses, to serve as a bait to the wolves, and then to fire upon them from the windows.

Although not absolutely so dreary as Dormilhouse, St. Veran is nevertheless far from being a cheerful abode; even Milton himself could hardly have conjured up an "allegro" from the scenery and images in this neighbourhood. Mr. B. was located in Neff's room, in the little *auberge* which the pastor insisted on giving up to him. Next day, service was performed in the small chapel, to the great comfort and edification of this primitive flock, to whom the cordial exhortations of their worthy pastor are like the precious oil, soothing their irritations, and strengthening them for the trials of life. "On Monday," concludes Mr. Bartlett, "we returned down the valley together; but at Villevieille I was compelled to bid him farewell with a feeling of sincere regret. He was a conscientious pains-taking minister, if ever there was one, 'zealous in season and out of season,' affectionate, laborious, practical, and I may add, in a less important sense, a hardy mountaineer and cheerful companion."

St. Veran is the highest, and also the most pious village in the Val-Queyras; in fact, it is said to be the most elevated * in Europe; and it is a provincial saying, in relation to the Mountain of St. Veran, that it is the highest spot at which bread is eaten. There are about twenty-three Protestant families here. The men are intelligent, well read in Scripture, and very anxious to converse on spiritual subjects. They are the descendants of those men † who used to put their own lives in jeopardy by receiving the fugitive Waldensian pastors, when they were obliged to fly from persecution in their own valleys, and when a day's journey by the pass of Monte Viso, or the Col-de-la-Croix, brought them to this remote village. It is so secluded, so fenced in by rock and mountain barriers,

* "La piu alta ou l'i mendgent Pan."—*Mem. Neff*, p. 124. "S. Véran, qui se trouve a 2,094 mètres au-dessus du niveau de la mer, est peut-être la commune la plus élevée de l'Europe; les mélèzes, dit-on, n'y donnerènt aucune signe de végetation, en 1696."—*Ladoucette*.

† *Gilly, Mem. Neff*. p. 127.

that up to this hour there is not a road approaching it, over which a wheel has ever passed. Thus situated, on the very outskirts of human society, and at a distance from its vices, refinements, and luxuries, its natives rarely quit their own haunts to settle elsewhere, and strangers have no attraction to guide them to a corner, where none of the comforts, and very few of the conveniences of life, have yet been introduced. Till Dr. Gilly's visit, only one Englishman had found his way to St. Veran;* and when the former entered it, in company with Mrs. Gilly, the sight of a female, dressed entirely in linen, was a phenomenon so new to those simple peasants, whose garments are never any thing but woollen, that Pizarro and his mail-clad companions were not greater objects of curiosity to the Peruvians than they were to these mountaineers. "The women gathered round them, and examined first one part of Mrs. Gilly's dress, and then another, with an inquisitiveness and admiration which were sufficiently amusing. There were no symptoms of actual want among the inhabitants, but every thing indicates that the necessaries of life are far from abundant either in St. Veran or the contiguous hamlets of Pierre Grosse and Fousillarde; and that great abstinence at times, and moderation always, are required to discipline them against the long winters, and the scanty supply of food, which result from the climate and soil of a region much better adapted to the habits of the bird of prey, and the wild beast, than of man. But St. Veran is a garden, a scene of delights, when compared with Dormilhouse. Here the houses are built like log-houses, of rough pine-trees, laid one above the other, and composed of several stories, which have a singularly pleasing look, not unlike the chalets of Switzerland, but loftier and much more picturesque. On the ground-floor the family dwell; unthreshed corn and hay occupy the first story, and the second is given up to grain and to stores of bread-cakes and cheeses, ranged on frame-work suspended from the roof. But at Dormilhouse,† the huts are wretched constructions of stone and mud, from which fresh air, comfort, and cleanliness, seem to be utterly excluded. Cleanliness, indeed, is not a virtue which distinguishes any of the people in these mountains; and with such a nice sense of moral perception, and with such strict attention to the duties of religion, it is astonishing that they have not yet learned

* St. Veran, it may be observed *en passant*, is the birth-place of Jacques Aymar, the first who pretended to discover wells, minerals, treasures, &c., by means of "Jacob's divining rod or wand," made of a forked branch of green hazel, and which led to so much discussion in the seventeenth, and even in the eighteenth century. Aymar affirmed, that by this marvellous wand he could also detect criminals; and that in 1692, he pursued an assassin forty-five leagues by land, and thirty by sea, to make the experiment!—*See* HAUTES ALPES.

† With respect to this more general orthography—Dormilhouse, instead of Dormeilleuse—Ladoucette makes the following observation, (p. 504:)—"*Dormilhouse* nous rappelle l'Allemand *hauss* et l'Anglais *house* (maison); peut-être cette étymologie s'appliquerait-elle à Chanousse, Bramousse, Chivousse, Touillouse, la Freyssinouze, &c."

to practise those ablutions in their persons and habitations, which are as necessary to health as to comfort. The same inattention, in this respect, prevails even among the better provided,—for they are all peasants alike, tillers of the earth, and small proprietors,—the best of whom puts his hand to the spade and hoe with the same alacrity as the poorest. Money is necessarily very scarce among a people who can seldom raise more corn than will meet their own demands. The few cattle that they rear are driven far before they can be sold, and the return in coin will barely pay the taxes, and purchase those indispensable household articles, and implements of husbandry, of which they stand in need." Oftentimes even the ordinary resources, scanty as they are, fail them; and for this reason the poor native is frequently obliged, like the swallow, to migrate * during the long winter, to leave his barren rocks in search of subsistence, where the climate is more favourable to the wants of human nature, in the same manner as the Savoyards resort to France, and the Tyrolese to Italy.

We must now close our brief and imperfect sketch with a few general observations on the scenery of other localities with which the life and labours of Felix Neff are still further identified. Our remarks, however, can only be desultory; but it is satisfactory to know that Dr. Gilly's "Memoirs of Neff" are in the hands of every reader who feels an interest in the subject, and will amply supply every deficiency or omission which the picturesque character of the present work may occasion. St. Laurent, Champsaur, Orcieres, Vars, La Grave,—each separated from the others, and all from the pastor's residence, by a distance of many leagues,—are all witnesses of that indefatigable zeal and activity which so eminently distinguished Neff in the discharge of his pastoral duties, the arduous nature of which can only be imagined by those who have been on the spot. The difficulties he had to overcome, the personal dangers he had to encounter, and the exhaustion which naturally resulted from his long and fatiguing journeys from one extremity of his parish to the other, were matter of astonishment to

* "Les traditions nous apprennent deux faits intéressans du moyen-âge sur les cantons du Queyraz et du Dévoluy. Les barbares avaient extérminé les habitans du premier, où les bergers de Provence menaient librement paître leurs troupeaux en été. Trois d'entre eux s'y fixèrent et se partagèrent la vallée où ils élevèrent une sorte de monument près d'Aiguilles, pour leur servir de séparation et de limites; ils dressèrent des conventions qui peuvent être regardées comme sages. L'hiver les enfans allèrent revoir le berceau paternel, et leurs descendans, par des émigrations régulières cherchèrent à améliorer leur sort. Le nombre des voyageurs (de Hautes Alpes) est plutôt en raison de leurs besoins que de la rigueur des hivers. En 1807-8 il s'éleva à 4,319." Each of whom, on an average, is calculated to bring home with him about 212 francs, as the gain of the various callings in which they have been employed. The facts are interesting, and will be found in *Ladoucette*, pp. 436—438. With respect to Dévoluy, above named, it is so wild and sterile, that the late juge de paix, during a residence of forty years, had only *once* heard the note of the nightingale. In orphan families, the sons habitually resign their whole patrimony to their sisters, in order that they may obtain husbands, and then set out themselves to seek fortune in other parts.—*Hautes Alps.*

the robust natives, and to himself became the proximate cause of that spiritual blank which is now so keenly felt and deplored. He only lived in order to elevate the hearts and minds of his hearers to the great Source of Life; and with his dying breath confirmed the sublime lessons he had taught. The effect of his preaching and exhortation was every where manifest. The ignorant were illumined by his clear and faithful exposition of the Scriptures; the mourners were comforted; the lukewarm were roused to reflection; and even levity and indifference won over to the truth. Even at Champsaur, where at first the people were particularly addicted to worldly pursuits and pleasures, he effected a striking reformation.* Although the Protestants are here but a small proportion, their example has a most salutary effect upon the rest of the population. "Ah," said one, who had heard Neff for the first time, "if this man came often among us, it would be long ere our innkeepers got rich." In his intercourse with his Roman-catholic brethren, Neff never spoke disrespectfully of them or their religion: on the contrary, he was forward to place even their errors in the best light; "and when they themselves were inclined to give reins to their displeasure," says Dr. Gilly, "his meekness took the sting out of their indignation."† Various instances occur in his life to show how much he was respected, even by those from whose numbers he was making frequent converts.

To the village of Pallon we have already adverted a few pages back, but again refer to it for the sake of the following extract which gives it so much additional interest. "It was at Pallon," says Captain Cotton, "I first met with Neff, who, full of spirits at my arrival, proposed climbing to the caverns, which, in former times, as we have stated, were used both as places of refuge and of worship. Among others visited by us under the guidance of a native, was one still called the *glesia* or *église*, from which the prayers of the people, obliged to retire out of the reach of their oppressors, had often ascended to the throne of mercy. It is now but a small place, owing to a slide of the rock, and opens on the crest of a frightful

* On his visit to this hamlet, he observes: "I found the zeal of the people increased, and their manners improved. Worldly as they are, and proud of their riches, their strength, their beauty, they are not insensible to the voice of the Gospel. Dancing has disappeared; gaming and drunkenness, which had passed into a proverb among them, have sensibly diminished; and one seldom hears any of those sanguinary quarrels once so frequent in this valley."

† "While Neff was in France, he accidentally found himself in the company of a Roman-catholic cure who did not know him. Their route lay towards the same place; and, as they journeyed together, their conversation took a religious turn. Our pastor, with his usual good sense and right feeling, spoke fervently on the faith and duties of a minister of the gospel, but he did not drop in a single word which could offend the prejudices or rouse the suspicions of his companion, who was gradually moved to take a deep interest in the new views of a spiritual life which were opened before him. They came to a Roman-catholic church, and the curé invited his unknown counsellor to enter the sanctuary and implore God's blessing on their conversation. Neff readily complied; they breathed their silent prayers together before the altar, and parted, without the curé being aware of any difference in their religious opinions."—Gilly's *Memoir of Neff.* Appendix.

precipice. The guide fearlessly entered it, although the rugged rock afforded scarce a handbreadth to hold it by, and we ourselves squeezed through another opening. I do not know," continues this writer, " that I ever felt the power of association more strongly than when Neff and another who accompanied us chanted Te Deum in that wild temple in which the guide appeared the representative of the persecuted race.—Guillestre, which so often occurs in descriptions of this district, was a barony of the empire, giving title of Prince to the archbishop of Embrun."*

We shall now recapitulate a few of those localities, through which we have just passed, with reference to the manners and peculiar customs of the inhabitants, as still observed at births, marriages, and deaths. Most of these, however, are confined to the Roman-catholic population. At the baptismal rites, all the relations and intimate friends within reach, are expected to attend by invitation. In coming out of the church, the cortège makes a circuit of the different streets and lanes of the village. The godfather and godmother, each with a certain air of mystery, present gifts to the *accouchée*, sometimes in money, sometimes in articles for personal or domestic use. On first coming out of the church, the godfather takes care to scatter a handful of money among the poor, and the children there waiting; but, should he be more parsimonious in this act than his circumstances may appear to warrant, he is followed by a crowd of young imps, who fail not to vent their wit and raillery at his expense.—When a young man is in love and wishes to be married, a friend of the young woman's family is made choice of, and with him he proceeds to her parents to enter into negociations. In the valley of Champsaur, this visit generally takes place on a Saturday. If well received, the lover and his friend return on the same day of the week following, and prolong the visit till a late hour. The lovers have then an opportunity of saying and listening to the ' pleasantest things in the world;' while the parents and the mutual friend are busily engaged in talking over and arranging the future prospects of the happy couple. They are then served with *bouillie* for supper ; and, according to the greater or lesser quantity of grated cheese, *fromage raspé*, which the young lady mixes with the plate of soup, presented by her own hand to the lover, she marks the degree of influence he has gained over her heart. In cases of this nature grated cheese is considered in these mountains as a love-philter. If the suit is declined, the girl slips into the pocket of her admirer a few grains of oats;

* In 1500 it was raised to the rank of city, and twenty-three years later was besieged by the Huguenots. In 1692 it was taken by the duke of Savoy, after six days siege, the garrison having been compelled to surrender by want of provisions. It is the birth-place of General Albert, a distinguished officer under Napoleon, who died a few years ago, and of whom many gallant doings and clever sayings are recorded.

hence the phrase, "Avoir reçu l'avoine," signifies to have met with a decided refusal. But should the infatuated youth still persist in his addresses, the hard-hearted wench signifies her last emphatic rejection by turning all the black embers on the hearth toward his side of the fire—the meaning of which he cannot possibly mistake, and it saves a vast deal of argument on both sides. Again, when a young woman is to be married out of her native village, the young men take up arms, pass several days at the inn, and compel the bridegroom to defray all expenses. When the bride and bridegroom, on their way home, have to pass through several villages, the young people are all out of doors to receive them; a table is spread, and on this are liqueurs and confectionary, of which they must both partake. At times, however, the matrimonial progress through the villages has been interrupted by sanguinary quarrels among the young men, who have been known to carry off the bride, and thereby compel the bridegroom to pay a large ransom. But our limits do not permit us to enlarge on these marriage adventures.

With respect to the burial of the dead, previously to 1789 it was the custom at Briançon to inter persons of distinction in a large vault under the church, and in tombs which were called *vases*. There the dead were shuffled into their coffins, even before the vital warmth had subsided. This revolting practice was happily put a stop to by M. Ladoucette, the préfet in 1806. When the dead are laid out in shrouds, it is no longer the custom to place in their hands a prayer-book, as still adhered to in the Gers; but at Chantemerle, and several other places, they dispense with coffins, and throw the bodies at once into the fosse. At La Grave, where the earth cannot be opened during the long winter, their dead bodies are suspended in the garrets, or from the roof of the house, till the spring, when a grave can be dug for their reception. In the valley of Arvieux, the scene of final separation—when the frozen corpse thus preserved is to be borne from its temporary to its final asylum—is often painful and afflicting; for here the widow never quits the beloved relics of her husband, without tenderly embracing and bathing it with her tears. After the ceremony of interment, all the friends and neighbours return to the house and sit down to a feast—much in the same manner as the Highlanders were wont to celebrate their funeral rites. In Val-Queyras, they use on these occasions rice, wheaten bread called *ponkpo*, but no animal food. This, however, varies according to the different communes. In some places a large leathern case of wine is carried to the grave, and the ceremony terminated in the house of the defunct, by a true bacchanalian fête, in which mourning is succeeded by mirth, and mirth by temporary madness.*

* In Argentière, all those who have attended a funeral usually find tables spread around the grave; that intended for the curé and the family of the deceased, is even placed across the grave. In this situation they

Of the dark superstitions which, even in the present day, distort the intellect and actuate the hearts and lives of the people, we might cite almost numberless instances; but we hasten to relieve the sombre picture by one of those ennobling traits of character which so often distinguish the peasants of the High Alps. Two mountaineers of the Genèvre, finding a poor soldier extended on the snow in a dying state, carried him with all speed to the hospice. The worthy monks lavished upon the almost expiring victim every possible care; and after a little time had their reward—the highest reward that could recompense such humane and pious minds—that of seeing him open his eyes and return to life and consciousness. Delighted with the success of their charitable efforts, they pressed some money upon the two peasants, in testimony of their satisfaction. But "No," said one of them, "no, my reverend father, keep that for the relief of those who so frequently depend for life on your sympathy. For us to accept money would spoil the pleasure we now feel in having performed our duty." Another anecdote, more intimately connected with the present work, evinces the spirit of mutual forbearance manifested on points of religion. "I have often been deeply affected," says the venerable ex-préfet of this department, "on learning that on the eve of national fêtes, it was solemnly resolved to extinguish all old prejudices and party animosities, and I have generally found that these resolutions were religiously adhered to." In a country peopled almost exclusively by shepherds and agriculturists, whose manners are naturally mild and pacific, the necessity of peace and mutual forbearance is imperiously felt. This spirit of toleration, particularly under the liberal government of Napoleon, has been often manifested in those communes, where the population is composed of Catholics and Protestants. The latter, it is well known, venerate at Orcieres and Vars the memory of the ancient curés, and abstain from all attempts at proselytism. "On one solitary occasion only, the good mutual intelligence which subsisted among the mixed inhabitants of Arvieux, was on the point of being seriously interrupted. An ill-directed zeal on the part of the Catholics had induced them to erect a cross in the hamlet of Brunichard —the inhabitants of which, as already observed, are Protestants—and to destroy the walls of the little temple." No sooner was this made known, than with that noble spirit which distinguished his administration, Ladoucette flew to the spot; the ferment instantly subsided; those most active in the demolition, offered to rebuild the walls; the Protestants extended to them the hand of friendship and forgiveness, and from feelings of delicacy offered to defray the expense. Since that time they have lived together as friends.

dine! and when the repast is over, the nearest relation rising up, proposes the health of their beloved friend, the defunct, at which every one repeats, "à la santé du pauvre mort," and drains his glass to the unearthly toast.—For numerous other customs and peculiarities, see *Mœurs des Hautes Alpes*.

BAN DE LA ROCHE,

OR, "PAYS D'OBERLIN," ALSACE.

Le pasteur ... ce ministre relégué dans la poussière, et l'obscurité des compagnes; voilà l'homme de DIEU qui les éclaire,et l'homme d'état qui les calme. Simple comme eux, pauvre avec eux, parce que son nécessaire devient leur patrimoine, il les élève au-dessus de l'empire du temps, pour ne leur laisser ni le désir de ses trompeuses promesses, ni les regrets de ses fragiles félicités. ... A sa voix d'autres cieux, d'autres trésors s'ouvrent pour eux : à sa voix ils courent en foule aux pieds de ce DIEU qui compte leurs larmes, ce DIEU leur éternel héritage, qui doit les venger de cette exhérédation civile à laquelle une Providence qu'on leur apprend à bénir, les a devoués. ... Dociles à la voix paternelle qui les rassemble, qui les ranime, ils tolèrent, ils portent, ils oublient tout. .... La nature, l'amitié, les ressources de l'art, le ministre de la religion seul remplace tout.—*L'Abbé De Boismont.*

HAVING now completed our brief survey of the mountains of Dauphiny, we proceed by a natural transition to those of the Vosges.* With the first, the labours of Neff are indelibly associated; with the latter, those of the patriarch Oberlin have been long and forcibly identified—so much so as to communicate to these respective districts the characteristic appellation of the Pays-d'Oberlin, and the Pays-de-Neff. By all who have made themselves acquainted with the lives of these two great benefactors of their race, it must be evident that Oberlin was the great model which Neff proposed for imitation, when he first undertook his pastoral duties among the dreary solitudes of Dauphiny. In his temporal as well as spiritual exertions, the pastor of the Ban de la Roche was emulated in Dormilhouse and Arvieux; where Neff showed himself in all things well disposed to follow in that track which Oberlin had so happily opened up, and pursued for half a century with unprecedented success.

The Ban de la Roche consists of two parishes, Rothau and Waldbach, and forms part of the western branch of the Haut-Champ, a lofty isolated range of mountains, separated from the eastern side of the chain of the Vosges by a deep and long valley. Both parishes extend along the flank of the Haut Champ, the first at an elevation of thirteen hundred, and the latter at eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. The canton embraces a territory of about nine thousand French acres, almost the half of which is covered with wood, and the rest divided into plough and pasture lands. The climate and temperature vary according to the elevation and exposure of each particular district. The elevation of Rothau gives it a climate corresponding with that of Geneva, and part of the Jura, and is called the warm region. Waldbach, being considerably higher,

* History of the Vosges. Memoir of Oberlin. Visit to Waldbach.

enjoys what may be called a temperate climate, and answers to the thermometer of Warsaw and Wilna. The fogs, rain, and snow commence in September, and it is generally not till the months of May or June, when the wind blows from the south, that the latter begins to melt. Here the sudden melting of the snow is attended with the same disastrous effects which so often carry destruction into the valleys of Switzerland. The cultivated soil, which amounts to perhaps seventeen hundred acres, producing rye, oats, and potatoes, is alluvial, formed by the débris washed down from the rocks and accumulated in the valleys below. The produce of this little canton, as well as the time of harvest, varies according to the elevation of the several communes; and even in these there are three degrees of fertility, arising from the particular elevation in respect of each. The low grounds, the sides, and the summit have each their particular season and products; but from the highest so unprofitable is the cultivation, that "the wife can carry home in her apron all the hay her husband has mown in a long morning." In the reign of Louis XV., the whole of this country was in a state of nature, and almost inaccessible. Fourscore families could hardly subsist on its scanty and precarious produce. Not only destitute of all the comforts of life, but hungry and almost naked, their misery and ignorance can hardly be conceived. No humanizing influence had yet manifested itself in this desolate region, and the spirit of the inhabitants was as obscure and cheerless as their soil. At length, the light of religion began to dissipate this moral darkness; it roused the natives from their intellectual torpor, and by instructing their minds, and employing their hands, infused a new existence into the place and people. This happy transformation was accomplished under the pastoral care of M. Stouber, who was appointed to the church of Waldbach. In his hands the work of civilisation continued to prosper till the year 1767, when it devolved upon his successor, M. Oberlin, to whom, under Providence, the country is indebted for all that can elevate man to happiness and independence. Instead of the fourscore families which formerly constituted its half-famished population, the district now contains more than seven times that number, all of whom live humbly but happily by the exertions of agriculture and manufacture, uniting intelligence with industry, and piety with pleasure.*

Descended from a learned family of Strasburg, and educated at the university of that city, so justly celebrated as one of the great continental seats of learning, M. Oberlin brought to the Ban de la Roche extensive practical knowledge, with an ardent desire to devote all his attainments in science, in philosophy, and in religion, to the temporal and spiritual happiness of his parishioners. At the first

* "Ban de la Roche and its Benefactor."—Wilks. "Memoirs of Oberlin."

glance which he threw over the mountains, destined to be the scene of his ministerial labours, he perceived their necessities, and the difficulties which opposed their removal. His flock were alike destitute of the means of mental and social intercourse; they spoke a rude *patois*, the medium of no information; they had neither roads to traverse their villages, nor to approach their canton; and their prejudices were as inveterate as their ignorance. Few of the people could read; they had a poor and scanty soil; neither implements nor tools; no manure, no knowledge of the management of land, or the nature of plants; and added to this, a feudality more fatal than sterile soil and inauspicious climate, fettered, compressed, and irritated their spirits. A law-suit had continued for more than eighty years between the feudal proprietors and the people, for the right of the forests which covered the greater part of the mountains. And while the morals of the wood-cutters were corrupted, and habits of chicanery and contention induced, their industry was discouraged by the uncertain tenure of their small possessions. But Oberlin, confiding in the power and mercy of that Being whom he served, was determined to grapple with all these evils, and he has triumphed.* "Friend of the plough and of human happiness," says a French nobleman, "quit for a moment the banks of the Seine,—ascend with me one of the steepest mountains of the Vosges,—with me behold the Ban de la Roche, and I venture to assure you of an ample recompense for your fatigue... During more than half a century, I have been acquainted with the invaluable services rendered to this canton by M. Jean Frederic Oberlin. Such a benefactor of the human race merits the gratitude and veneration of all good men; and most happy am I to present to you an opportunity of acknowledging, in the person of M. Oberlin—not a single act, but a whole life consecrated to the diffusion of the purest knowledge, and the blessings of agriculture, among the inhabitants of a wild and savage country. What may not one enlightened man achieve for the happiness of a whole people! How delightful to France to know that she possesses in her bosom so rare an instance of goodness! How consoling to benevolence that this is not the dream of philosophy, but reality and fact, to which imagination itself can add no embellishment!"†

At the period when Oberlin entered upon his Herculean task—though greatly facilitated by the pious labours, the industry, zeal and judgment of his predecessor, Stouber—there was not one school-house in the five communes of his parish. A miserable hut, with one little room ready to fall down, was the only accommodation which the place afforded; and even this, as well as the masters, was

* Such, in part, is the lucid description communicated by Mr. Wilks, in his "Ban de la Roche."

† M. le Comte de Neuf Château, in his address to "The Royal Agricultural Society of Paris."

hired at the lowest tender, to crowd in all the youth of the village. We shall not follow this excellent man in his unremitting exertions to remedy this great radical evil; but in this, as in every thing else to which he set his hand, he succeeded; and there is now a school-house in every village, with able instructors and diligent pupils. In conjunction with his wife, he formed also governesses for each commune, engaged large rooms for them, and paid their salaries out of his own very limited means. Every Sunday, the children of each village, by rotation, assembled in the church, sang with soft and inspiring melody the hymns they had learnt; recited religious lessons which they had committed to memory; presented to their pastor, whom they loved as a common father, coloured drawings, and other devices illustrative of their studies, and received from him suitable exhortations, accompanied either by approbation or reproof. Exertions so novel, and so successful, induced his benevolent friends at Strasburg to increase their contributions. A library was formed for the use of the children; a collection of indigenous plants was arranged; an electrical machine and mathematical instruments were procured: education was at once dignified and facilitated; and the whole organized, under the pastor's own direction, with a particular adaptation to *moral* uses, formed altogether a beautiful and perfect system. The circular range of his plans united in securing for the children an education founded in *religion*, and which gave them a taste for the pastoral and agricultural life to which they were destined. All this, however, did not satisfy the pastor's zeal and benevolence; and, still further to promote the temporal welfare of his flock, he established an Agricultural Society, composed of the best informed members of his own congregation, and joined by the neighbouring pastors and some of his friends. To facilitate the progress of agriculture, his first object was to construct, repair, and widen the roads. In a country where rocks hanging on the steep sides of a chain of mountains, and torrents pouring from their summits, are incessantly causing land-slips, the making and preservation of roads require the most fatiguing exertions, and an expense far beyond the resources of the poor and isolated. To this slavish employment, therefore, M. Oberlin gave a new character, by putting his own hand to the work, and selecting for himself and his faithful valet the most difficult and dangerous spots.* For the convenience of his poor parishioners, who were in want of every agricultural implement, and without the means to purchase, he opened a warehouse, sold every article at, or even under prime cost, and gave the purchasers credit till their

* The pastor, who on the Sabbath pointed out to them "the narrow way that leads to life," exhorted them "not to be weary in well-doing," and reminded them of "the rest that remaineth for the people of God,"—was seen on the Monday, with a pickaxe on his shoulder, marching at the head of two hundred of his flock, with an energy that braved danger and despised fatigue. *See* the author above quoted. *See* work above cited.

payments came round. He opened, at vast labour and personal hazard, a communication with the great road to Strasburg, by which means the productions of the Ban de la Roche found a market, and those commodities were imported on which the industry of the mountaineers was to be exerted. He next, by apprenticing at his own expense youths of suitable talents in the adjacent towns, introduced trades into the parish, which had previously neither wheelwrights, masons, smiths nor glaziers. The domestic architecture underwent, in like manner, a speedy improvement; so that the cottages now present a neat and cheerful appearance, and, in their internal arrangements, evince every attention to comfort and cleanliness. Until Oberlin settled in Waldbach, the wild apple was the only fruit known in the valley. To remedy this defect, he commenced horticulture in his own garden, and being successful, his parishioners followed his example; a taste for planting was diffused, and the art of grafting, which he taught the people himself, generally practised. The improvement of the breed of cattle, the increase and management of manure, the cultivation of natural and artificial grasses, the growth of potatoes, the raising of flax, were all successively introduced, and prospered under the direction of this extraordinary man.

During the Revolution, which plunged the kingdom into misery and distress, Oberlin, like the rest of the clergy, was deprived of his scanty income. Soon after its commencement, an attempt was made by the heads of the parish to raise an equivalent; but although they went from house to house, the collection, during two successive years, amounted only to about fifteen hundred francs, which constituted nearly his whole revenue during that time; for he received no fees. "My people," he used to say, "are born, baptized, married, and buried, free of expense—so far, at least, as their pastor is concerned." During the "reign of terror," which followed, the Ban de la Roche alone seemed to be an asylum of peace in the midst of war and carnage. When every kind of worship was interdicted throughout France; when almost all the clergy of Alsace, men of learning, talents, and property, were thrown into prison, Oberlin was suffered to continue his pious labours without molestation. His house became the retreat of numerous individuals,—some of high rank, others of very different political and religious creeds to his own,* whom terror had driven from their homes. In favour of these, although at his own personal risk, he exercised the most christian hospitality.†

* "I once," says a gentleman who was then residing at Waldbach, "saw a chief agent of the Revolution in Oberlin's house; and in that atmosphere he seemed to have lost his sanguinary disposition, and to have exchanged the fierceness of the tiger for the gentleness of the lamb."—*Memoirs of Oberlin.*

† To explain this apparent inconsistency between his trivial emolument, the support of his large family, and the hospitality thus exercised, we may observe, that the children of several foreigners of distinction having been committed to his charge, he devoted a great portion of the money, received for their education, to the purposes above named

It would be a delightful task to follow this good man step by step, to point out the successive labours in which he engaged, and in which he triumphed; but as this would be a deviation from the plan of our present work, and would far exceed our limits, we must close our sketch with a few miscellaneous observations.—On perusing the annals of the Ban de la Roche, in which its excellent pastor traces every circumstance of its rise and progress, we are forcibly reminded of those ancient states, which, under the wisdom and example of their legislators and magistrates, became the admiration of surrounding nations. But the remarkable difference between these and the Ban de la Roche, is, that the former rose progressively; whereas the latter emerged from a semi-barbarous state into that of prosperity and refinement within the brief space of half a century, under one single incumbency—under the inspiring energies of Oberlin himself. It is this unprecedented fact, which, in the survey of the Ban de la Roche, fills the stranger with amazement, and leads him to the natural conclusion that Oberlin was supported in all his difficulties, strengthened in all his undertakings, by the visible hand of Providence. He had, metaphorically, that "faith which can remove mountains"—such perfect confidence in the Divine aid—such entire command over the minds of his parishioners, that, to him, nothing was impracticable which promised to advance the glory of God and the welfare of his fellow-men. To this, Protestant and Catholic* have united in bearing testimony. But the wonderful change he effected was not in the face of the country—in the variety and abundance of its produce; it was in the religious and intellectual life infused into the hearts of the people.† He found them immersed in want and ignorance, and his labours were incessant till he had raised them to that moral elevation and intellectual refinement,‡ which are their characteristic

* "In a word—ever attentive to the happiness of his flock in this world, and in that which is to come, Oberlin is universally beloved by the colony of which he is the friend and the father."—Gregoire, ancien Evêque de Blois—an eminent but liberal Roman Catholic.

† "The pleasure," says M. le Grand, "of living in the midst of this little colony, whose manners are softened, and whose minds are enlightened by the instructions which they receive from their earliest infancy, compensates for every privation attending a residence in this mountainous seclusion from the rest of the world." The ribbon manufactory at Foudai—one of the illustrations to this Work—belongs to the excellent individual above named, who was an intimate friend of Oberlin, and a zealous cooperator in every measure calculated to promote the industry of the Ban de la Roche. His establishment here has been attended with the best results. The welfare of the community has been the ruling object of this family, and their philanthropic exertions are gratefully appreciated.

‡ The poor and secluded population of the Ban de la Roche enjoy security, comforts, and advantages, of which thousands who inhabit large and populous cities are entirely destitute. Surrounded by institutions *created and directed by him alone*, not one of his pastoral duties was neglected. His zeal and activity were unlimited. To visit the sick, to console the dying, he would climb the steepest mountains, and take his way through pathless snows; and after the arduous duties of the day, the night was often spent in travelling to Strasbourg, that no day might be lost to the interests of his beloved parish!—*Memoir.*

features at this moment. One of the most important of all Oberlin's achievements, was the part he took in settling the long-protracted litigation, already alluded to, between the inhabitants and their feudal superiors. These obstinate opponents were brought to concede through his friend, M. de Lezay, prefect of the Lower Rhine; a satisfactory arrangement was accomplished, and a final termination put to fourscore years of animosity and discord. At the desire of the prefect, the mayors of the different towns, composing the deputation, presented to M. Oberlin the pen with which M. de Lezay had signed the solemn treaty, and begged him to suspend it in his study as a trophy of habitual beneficence and christian charity. To this Oberlin modestly acceded, observing, that the day on which that pen had been used was one of the happiest of his life. The pen is still in its place, opposite the cross of the Legion of Honour presented to him by Louis XVIII., and these, along with the prize-medal voted to Oberlin by the Agricultural Society of Paris, are the gratifying testimonials of his public services and private virtues. The personal anecdotes are all in character with his works—works which evince that lively faith of which they were the fruit, and of which every hour of his life afforded some practical illustration. His usual motto was " Tout au Sauveur!"—all for Christ; the advancement of whose kingdom was his delight, and the great moving spring of all his earthly labours. " Oh," said he to his parishioners—" oh, puissiez-vous oublier mon nom, et ne retenir que celui de Jésus-Christ que je vous ai annoncé!"

In his personal appearance, Oberlin was above the middle size, athletic in his youth, of prepossessing manners and address, and fascinating those around him by the charms of his conversation, the originality of his mind, and the occasional sparklings of a chastened wit. All his faculties, however, were brought to bear upon one point—the spiritual improvement of all with whom he met or associated. Even at the age of fourscore, he was still prepossessing—still vigorous in mind and spirit—delighting in his parish—full of fervent charity. " I never," says an English lady—who was some time a visitor in his family—" I never knew so well what the *grace* of courtesy was till I saw this remarkable man."

At length the period of his earthly labours approached.—On Sunday, the 8th of May, 1826, he was attacked with shiverings and faintings, which indicated the approach of dissolution. During the intervals of consciousness, the ruling passion of his life was strongly manifested in the fervent language of piety and affectionate resignation with which he addressed those who surrounded his bed. He lingered during the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday; and on Thursday forenoon, about eleven o'clock, entered upon his immortal inheritance, at the mature age of eighty-six.

We need not enlarge upon the sorrow which filled every heart, when the death-bell conveyed the tidings through the distant villages. The expression of grief was strong and universal; it was the mourning of one great family for their common father and friend, who, for sixty years, had watched over their spiritual interests, and now preceded them in that journey for which he had so faithfully prepared their steps. His funeral was attended by a vast concourse of sincere mourners, among whom were several Roman Catholic priests, dressed in their canonicals, who took their seats among the members of the consistory, and evidently participated in the general grief. His tomb, in the churchyard of Foudai,* is now a place of daily pilgrimage. But if we ask for the "public monument" of this excellent man, our answer is, that the whole BAN DE LA ROCHE is his monument; and to the stranger who visits that enlightened spot we need only say, "*Audi!—Circumspice!*"—Hear his character from the lips of the people; see his labours on every object around.

> "Such praise be his, in whose lamented end
> A province mourns a father and a friend . . .
> He found our soil by labour unsubdued,
> Even as our fathers left it, stern and rude . . .
> He tamed the torrent—fertilized the sand—
> And joined a province to its parent land;
> Recurrent Famine from her holds he chased,
> And left a garden, what he found a waste."

We now return to take a short review of our subject, with a brief notice of such of the engravings as could not be conveniently introduced while relating the enterprise in which the Waldenses engaged for the recovery of their Valleys.

In following the steps of Arnaud and his intrepid associates, we have made it our object to dwell rather on the *events* of their march, than to indulge in *local description*. The particular scenes through which they passed—some of which are only named in the *Rentrée*—are all more or less interesting, not merely as the striking features of Savoyard landscape, but as exhibiting those particular localities through which the exiles effected a passage, or where they made a temporary halt. The march, as already stated, commenced on the Savoy border of the

* The View here given of FOUDAI, (p. 205,) exhibits the *line of road at which Oberlin laboured with his own hands*, (p. 203,) and of which the State has since availed itself, in order to complete the post-road from Strasbourg to Epinal.—Since the opening of these Valleys by the means here mentioned, cotton manufactories have arisen at SCHIRMECK—(the View of which is given at p. 203)—Rothau, and various other hamlets: and the Ban de la Roche now teems with an active, moral, and industrious population.—1837.

lake of Geneva, between the small towns of Ivoire and Nernier; and the first of the illustrations here to be noticed, is that of Viû and the Môle. Near this village the exiles halted at the close of the first day, and having partaken of some refreshments, again set out by moonlight to St. Joire.* But this being more fully stated in the original *Rentrée*, we shall quote, under each head, the passages in question, altering only in a few particulars their now obsolete orthography.

St. Joire—where the Waldenses were so hospitably entertained,† in consequence of the letter before mentioned—is a beautiful situation, finely secluded amongst a congeries of alpine summits, with a picturesque château, flanked with turrets, in the fore-ground, and overlooking the village church and valley.

The Pont de la Crêt, overhung by gigantic masses of granite, with glacier-crested Alps filling up the back-ground, is a scene of which it is difficult, or even impossible, to convey any adequate description in words. The best way to estimate its component features, is to observe the proportion they bear to the arch—the only vestige of art by which man has endeavoured to surmount the savage barrier here interposed between the regions of life and death. The arch, though spanning the torrent at a great height, and built with such strength and solidity as to withstand the combined shock of winds and cataracts, dwindles into a mere speck under the shadow of those stupendous blocks which Nature, in some convulsive agony, has hurled from their original bed on the adjoining cliffs. The natural inhabitants of this dismal gorge may be readily discovered by observing the group in the fore-ground, where the alpine vulture—like an instrument of the old Inquisition—is torturing an ill-fated chamois that has fallen into his inexorable talons. The manner in which this scourge of the herd, the *lämmergheyer*, pursues and captures his victims, we have already described in "Switzerland Illustrated." The two opposite extremes of fierceness and timidity cannot be better exemplified than in the instinct and habits of these two denizens of the High Alps; the chamois, conscious of its own weakness, seeks protection by herding with the flock; the other, solitary and rapacious,

* "A l'entrée de la nuit, on s'arrêta près de Viû, villette du Faucigny, d'où on se fit apporter du pain, et du vin en payant; et un des gentilhommes ne pouvant plus marcher, on le renvoya. Après avoir ainsi fait halte, pour donner le temps aux habitans de Viû où s'était addressée la lettre (ante, page 128) de se retirer, au cas qu'ils fussent sur les armes; on y entra, entre nuit et jour, et y ayant refraichi, on en partit deux heures après au clair de la lune. Mais après une demie heure de marche, le temps s'étant obscurci, on fit écrire aux ôtages une autre billet pour le bourg de St. Joire, où l'on devait bientôt passer."—*Rentrée*, p. 52, 53.

† . . . "Le bourg de St. Joire, où l'on devait bientôt passer; en effet on y arriva demie heure après, sans opposition; au contraire, tout le monde sortait en foule pour voir nos Vaudois, et même les magistrats firent mettre un tonneau de vin dans le milieu de la rue, à discrétion des soldats; quelques-uns en burent, et quelques autres n'en voulurent seulement pas gouter, de peur qu'il ne fût empoisonné. Après qu'on eut passé quelques planches, on arriva à une petite montée où l'on fit halte en rase campagne."—*Opus citat.* 53.

and relying on his own strength, singles out his victim, follows it from precipice to precipice, till, becoming blind with terror, it is hurled into the chasm, and the vulture descends to the quiet possession of his capture.

St. Foi, in the Val-Isère, presents a scene exclusively alpine. On the right, a deep ravine, flanked by granite precipices, forms the channel of the Isère; and, seen between this and the village spire, a cluster of snowy pyramids rises up in bold relief in the back-ground, conferring an air of grandeur and desolation on the whole scene. St. Foi is another "oasis in the desert," where spring, summer, and autumn, pass away in rapid succession, and a dreary winter prevails with little interruption. The snare which was here laid for the Waldenses was happily defeated by that caution, vigilance, and penetration, which so eminently qualified Arnaud for the command of this enterprise. The particulars previously adverted to—(page 130)—we subjoin in the words of the Narrative.*

Nothing can be more wild and alpine in character than the scenery which encloses the river Isère. The specimen here selected as an illustration of the route, is situated near the hamlet of Tignes; and it would be difficult to point out a scene where the fury of contending elements and their desolating effects are thrown into more striking combination. This is most probably the point alluded to as the frightful gorge† through which Arnaud and his companions had to force their way. Further up the Valley, at a place named Laval, Arnaud and Montoux, after having passed eight days without sleep, and almost without meat or drink, enjoyed the luxury of a supper, and three hours of undisturbed repose. Tignes, it will be remembered, is the village where the messengers had been imprisoned and plundered of their money when reconnoitring this frontier

* . . . "Le temps étant venu de faire halte, on se réposa près d'un petit bourg nommé Sainte Foi, qui n'était point abandonné. Ainsi, en payant, on en tira du pain, du vin, et de la viande sans qu'il y arrivât le moindre désordre, ce que les officiers previnrent en mettant partout de bonnes gardes. On fut même surpris en cet endroit *de la manière obligeante* dont on y fut reçu, car plusieurs messieurs, avec quantité de peuples, vinrent au-devant de nos Vaudois, et les abordant fort civilement, marquaient de la joie de les voir, louaient leur dessein de chercher à rentrer dans leur patrie, et enfin les prianent de passer la nuit chez eux, qu'ils voulaient faire cuire du pain, faire tuer des bêtes, et donner du vin pour refraichir les troupes. Toutes ces belles paroles engageantes insensiblement nos gens, qui peut-être auraient bien pû, à leur malheur, se laisser persuader, si M. Arnaud, qui était alors de l'arrière-garde, s'aperçevant qu'on ne marchait pas, ne se fût avancé pour en savoir la raison. Les officiers lui ayant fait récit des offres honnêtes que les messieurs de la ville faisaient, il n'y fit aucune attention; et ayant pour maxime de se défier toujours des caresses affectées de l'ennemi, il fit marcher non-seulement les troupes, mais, avec elles, messieurs les flatteurs, comme des gens qui, sans doute, *avaient en vue de les perdre au milieu de tous les biens qu'ils leur promettaient.*"—*Rentrée*, p. 76, 77.

† "Ce vallon était entrecoupé de pas fort faciles à garder; car en ôtant les poutres qui étaient sur la petite riviere (torrent) qui l'arrosait, il aurait été impossible à nos gens de forcer le passage. . . .En sortant de cet *affreux vallon* . . . . on vint ensuite a *Eutigne* (Tignes), village situé dans une petite plaine entourée de montagnes. On n'y trouva personne, les habitans s'étant sauvés sur le haut des montagnes, où ils se faisaient voir armés. On fit un détachement qui leur donna la chasse, cependant un Français qui était demeuré derrière fut blessé. Sur le soir on alla camper près d'un village nommé Laval," &c.

in the previous year,* and which the Waldenses now compelled the inhabitants to refund. The *View* we have already given at p. 113 of this work.

The Val-Isère,† so frequently mentioned in this work, and known also under the name of Combe de Savoie, presents throughout its whole extent a succession of magnificent scenery. The road to Italy, by way of the Tarentaise and the Little St. Bernard, is carried along the right bank of the Isère, from its opening at Montmelian to the very walls of Conflans, where it enters the *arrondissement* of Moutiers. The villages that follow in succession, are Arbin, and St. Jean de la Porte—the latter renowned for its wines, which are considered the best in the Valley; for, although the summits of the mountains are covered with eternal snow, their bases, opening to the south and west, are often enriched with vineyards; so that the scene, as in every other part of the Savoy Alps, presents in one picture the two extremes of fertility and desolation.

The Valley of the Jaillon is one of the most remarkable in Piedmont; and, in surmounting the difficulties which here opposed their march, Arnaud and his companions achieved what appears, to men in their circumstances, little short of a miracle. Nothing but the most indomitable courage, cherished and upheld by an unshaken confidence in the Divine protection, could ever have led a band of famished and half-armed men to incur such dangers, and encounter such difficulties, as the savage nature of the pass and the combined strength of the enemy here presented. But these have been already noticed in a former portion of the work, and we need only enrich the statement by an extract from the original, namely, the "most memorable" of the Thirty Days' March.‡

* "Jeudi, 7bre. 22, on traversa le bourg de Tigne, où on fit rendre l'argent que nous avons ci-dessus dit avoir été pris aux deux hommes que nos Vaudois avaient envoyé par avance pour épier le pays."—*Sixième Journée*, p. 79. With respect to the topographical division of the villages in this route of march, the reader is referred to Mr. Brockedon's Notes, page 167 of this work.

† Of Bonne Val, through which Arnaud continued his march, little is said beyond the quotation annexed:—"Ils descendirent courageusement la dite montagne de Maurienne, et traversant le territoire du même nom, ils passèrent dans un petit village appellé *Bonne Val*, où le Curé s'empressa fort à faire boire les officiers, et quoiqu'un paysant qui ne voulait point marcher y eût été bien battu, on obtint pourtant tout ce que l'on demanda."—*Rentrée, Sixième Journée.*

‡ . . . "On apprit qu'il y avait sur le haut de la montagne un grand nombre de paysans et des soldats français de la garnison *d'Exilles*, lesquels roulaient sans cesse de grands quartiers de rochers, de sorte que le passage du Vallon, étant déjà naturellement fort étroit, et le *Jaillon* fort rapide, on vit bien que c'était un endroit à périr. Cependant ayant renforcé l'avant-garde de cent hommes, on ne laissait pas d'avancer avec un courage intrépide; et quand on se vit à cinquante pas de l'ennemi, on envoya comme on l'a ci-devant pratiqué, pour traiter du passage."—*Rentrée*, p. 89. [The result of this disastrous day has been already given in its proper place, p. 143. But, adds the same author,] "Cette déroute, qui affaiblissait ce petit troupeau, et qui lui couta beaucoup de butin et de braves gens, n'affaiblit pourtant point le cœur de nos Vaudois; car, consolés de savoir que c'est ni par la force, ni par l'addresse, ni par le nombre des hommes, que DIEU exécute ses merveilleux desseins, ils se rassurèrent, et ayant pris la résolution de remonter la montagne de Tourlier *(Touille)* on sonna fort long-temps de la trompette, pour donner aux égarés un signal de l'endroit où l'on était."—*Ibid.* p. 92.

The Col de Touille—the *Tourlier* of the *Rentrée*—commands the whole outline of those mountains towards which the Waldenses were here struggling on through an accumulation of perils and difficulties. But the cheering sensation which sprang up in their hearts, when the bulwarks of their native Valleys first burst upon their sight, may be more easily imagined than described. From this point they could individualize the very peaks under whose shadow they had spent their infancy and youth; in whose caves their fathers had found shelter in the days of persecution; in whose forests and vine-covered slopes they had tasted the consolations of religion—united in the sweet interchange of domestic affections, and for the recovery of which they were now exposing themselves to every danger, hardship, and privation, which could afflict the body or depress the mind.

> But now, with that blest landscape in their view,
> No fears could daunt them, and no foes subdue.
> A voice still whispered in their ear—Advance!
> Lo, Heaven restores you your inheritance!
> Beneath yon mountains, where the sun goes down,
> Your sires have bled, and martyrs won their crown;
> But henceforth, at their hearths, and on their tomb,
> Peace shall preside—the olive-branch shall bloom;
> And they who now lay watch to shed your blood,
> Shall own at last one Cause—one Brotherhood!

APPENDIX.

As examples of the christian spirit of loyalty with which the Waldenses regard their legitimate Sovereign, and of the grateful manner in which they treasure up the remembrance of every mark of the royal favour, we quote the following passages from the Catechism now taught in their schools, and which, on that account, is the best of all authority; for they are not a people who would have their children instructed in what they themselves did not firmly believe and feel. We take the original, so that it may be read as it is taught.

" Nos anciens historiens ayant été persecutés eux-mêmes, leurs récits respirent et inspirent la haine contre les persécuteurs. Aujourd'hui, le souvenir des mêmes faits (persecutions) doit rendre plus sensibles la différence des époques, et porter les Vaudois, non-seulement à se féliciter et à bénir DIEU de changement des choses, mais aussi à *être plus dévoués encore à* LEUR ROI, *et à ne voir dans ses autres sujets Catholiques Romains, que des frères qui les aiment et qu'ils doivent aimer.*" Pref. vii. " Si nos PRINCES nous ont traités mal, *ce mal ne venait pas d'eux, mais d'une cause majeure qui les entraînait forcément, et à laquelle il leur eût été impossible de résister.*" viii. " Si les Vaudois du

Piémont ont été exposés à des persécutions, *ce n'a été que par la réaction d'une influence étrangère.*" 23. " Chaque fois que nos SOUVERAINS, les DUCS de Savoie, daignèrent écouter les apologies que leurs sujets Vaudois leur présentèrent à la suite de quelque Edit défavorable l'on vit toujours, ou que *la religion des Ducs avait été surprise, ou que des raisons politiques les avaient contraints, malgré eux, de maltraiter ce peuple notoirement soumis aux lois, fidèle, brave, moral, et dont l'unique tort était de persévérer dans la Foi Evangélique, dont il avait hérité de ses pères.*" Pp. 23, 24.

" Vers l'an 1534, on les poursuivit de nouveau comme hérétiques." . . . " Heureusement, le DUC CHARLES III, *qui ne se prêtait qu'avec répugnance à ces violences finit par les arrêter.*". . . ." Il compta avec raison sur la bravoure et la fidélité de ses sujets Vaudois, pour s'opposer au Monarque Français, (François I,) leur ennemi déclaré." 26-7.

" EMANUEL-PHILIBERT, ainsi que la Duchesse (sœur de Henri II de France) fut *d'abord très favorable aux Vaudois.*" 28. " *Dès que le* DUC *apprit l'affreuse nouvelle des massacres de la Saint-Barthélemy, il en eut horreur ; et ne vit plus dans les Réformés, que d'innocentes victimes de la haine et de l'ambition ! Il défendit à Castrocaro toute violence envers ses sujets* VAUDOIS, *et permit même à ceux de recevoir et d'accueillir leurs malheureux frères de France persécutés.*" 31-2.

" CHARLES-EMANUEL I reconnût la valeur et la fidélité de ses sujets Vaudois ; et pour recompenser leurs utiles services, il confirma leurs anciens priviléges." 32. " Puis VICTOR-AMÉDÉE I, son fils, quoique obsédé successivement par les ennemis des Vaudois, *ne laissa pas de renouveler les priviléges des habitans des Vallées :* CHARLES-EMANUEL II imita même son père et son aïeul, par des édits que son équité naturelle lui inspirait." 34.

" 1686. Louis XIV en chassant les protestants de son royaume, *invita* le DUC VICTOR-AMÉDÉE II à ' l'imiter envers ses sujets des Vallées.' L'ascendant du Monarque Français était si prononcé, qu'*inviter* le duc, c'était lui *ordonner.* La cour de Turin fit comprendre (aux représentation des L. Cant. Evang. de la Suisse), que ' *le mal était sans remède, et qu'on ne faisait en Piémont qu'obéir aux ordres de Versailles.*'" 37.

" 1694. LE DUC VICTOR-AMÉDÉE incorpora les Vaudois (exilés) dans ses propres troupes, *les assurant de sa bienveillance et de sa protection:* par son Édit il déclara franchement *ne les avoir persécutés, que parce qu'il y avait été forcé par une Puissance étrangère.*" 41. (See *ante*, p. 169, the original words). . ." Comme les Français assiégeaient même sa capitale, LE DUC VICTOR-AMÉDÉE II retira pendant quelque temps chez les Vaudois, qui lui servirent, en quelque sort, de gardes du corps : il put donc voir de ses propres yeux combien ils lui étaient devoués, et étaient prêts à verser leur sang pour son service." 44. (See this incident fully related, p. 51.)

" 1730. *La Cour de France* réclamait l'expulsion des Protestans Français, qui s'étaient refugiés dans les Vallées, *et le Pape Clement XII* menaçait de révoquer un concordat avantageux à la cour de Turin ' si elle ne sevissait contre les relaps et les renégats :' en sorte que *pour satisfaire aux deux Puissances* le ROI VICTOR-AMÉDÉE II *promulga l'Edit qui occasionna de nouveaux bannissemens.*" 48. [It is in this manner that these truly loyal subjects inculcate the firm belief that their sovereigns have never persecuted them, unless from some unavoidable necessity.]

" De 1792 à 1798. S. A. R. Le Duc d'Aoste (depuis le Roi, Victor-Emanuel) habita

quelque temps parmi les Vaudois, et fut même *charge par S. M. Victor-Amédée II, son Père, 'de leur témoigner publiquement sa satisfaction et sa royale bienveillance.'* " 50. [This fact is a sufficient answer to those who have charged the Waldenses with encouraging revolutionary principles.]

" Les évènements arrivés en Piémont en 1821, et la tranquillité dont jouira les Vallées, attestent la *moralité et la fidelité du caractère des Vaudois.* L'asile sûr que trouva parmi eux un ministre d'état, dans ces circonstances critiques, et *l'amour que leur portait S. M. feu* VICTOR-EMANUEL, sont des témoignages flatteurs qui n'auront pas peu contribué à incliner le Roi Charles-Felix à leur être aussi favorable." 52. Our limits prevent us from enlarging on this subject; and we have only to add, that the kindness of his present Majesty, CHARLES ALBERT,* has exceeded that of all his predecessors. And this we trust is the sure omen of happier days for the WALDENSES.

THE CONFESSION OF FAITH.

CONFESSION DE FOI DES ÉGLISES VAUDOISES DU PIÉMONT, PUBLIÉE AVEC LEUR MANIFESTE, EN 1655.

NOUS CROYONS,

I. Qu'il y a un seul DIEU, qui est une Essence spirituelle, éternelle, infinie, toute sage, toute miséricordieuse, et toute juste; en un mot, toute parfaite; et qu'il y a Trois Personnes en cette seule et simple Essence, le PÈRE, le FILS, et le SAINT-ESPRIT.

II. Que ce DIEU s'est manifesté aux hommes par ses œuvres, tant de la Création que de la Providence, et par sa Parole révélée au commencement par oracles en diverses sortes, puis rédigée par écrit dans les Livres qu'on appelle l'Écriture-Sainte.

III. Qu'il faut recevoir, comme nous recevons, cette Sainte Écriture pour Divine et Canonique, c'est-à-dire pour règle de notre foi et de notre vie, et qu'elle est contenue pleinement dans les livres de l'Ancien et du Nouveau Testament: que dans l'Ancien Testament doivent être compris seulement les livres que DIEU a commis à l'Eglise Judaïque, et qu'elle a toujours approuvés ou reconnus pour divins, assavoir: les cinq Livres de Moïse, Josué, les Juges, Ruth, le I. et II. de Samuel, le I. et II. des Rois, le I. et II. des Croniques ou Paralipomènes, le I. d'Esdras, Néhémie, Esther, Job, les Psaumes, les Proverbes de Salomon, l'Ecclésiaste, le Cantique des Cantiques, les quatre grands Prophètes, et les douze petits; et dans le Nouveau Testament, les quatre Evangiles, les Actes des Apôtres, les quatorze Épîtres de Saint Paul, une de Saint Jaques, deux de Saint Pierre, trois de Saint Jean, une de Saint Jude, et l'Apocalypse.

IV. Que nous reconnoisons la divinité de ces Livres sacrés, non-seulement par le

* A very recent and most pleasing trait of royal beneficence was evinced by the King in behalf of a Waldensian officer, who died in garrison at Aorte. In this case, his majesty, with a magnanimous disregard of ancient precedent, not only granted to the deceased soldier the privilege of a grave among his Protestant kindred, but settled a pension upon his disconsolate widow.

témoignage de l'Église, mais principalement par l'éternelle et indubitable vérité de la doctrine qui y est contenue ; par l'excellence, la sublimité et la majesté toute divine qui y paroit ; et par l'opération du Saint-Esprit, qui nous fait recevoir avec déférence le témoignage que l'Église nous en rend, qui ouvre nous yeux pour découvrir les rayons de lumière céleste qui éclatent dans l'Écriture, et rectifie notre goût pour discerner cette viande par la saveur divine qu'elle a.

V. Que Dieu a fait toutes choses de rien, par sa Volonté toute libre, et par la puissance de sa Parole.

VI. Qu'il les conduit et gouverne toutes par sa Providence, ordonnant et adressant tout ce qui arrive au monde, sans qu'il soit pourtant ni auteur ni cause du mal que les créatures font, ou que la coulpe lui en puisse ou doive en aucune façon être imputée.

VII. Que les Anges ayant été créés purs et saints, il y en a qui sont tombés dans une corruption et perdition irréparable, mais que les autres ont persévéré par un effet de la bonté Divine qui les a soutenus et confirmés.

VIII. Que l'homme qui avoit été créé pur et saint, à l'image de Dieu, s'est privé, par sa faute, de cet état bienheureux, donnant ses assentiments aux discours captieux du Démon.

IX. Que l'homme a perdu, par sa transgression, la justice et la saintété qu'il avoit reçues, encourant, avec l'indignation de Dieu, la mort et la captivité sous la puissance de celui qui a l'empire de la mort, assavoir le Daible ; à ce point que son franc arbitre est devenu serf et esclave du péché, tellement que de nature tous les hommes, et Juifs et Gentils, sont enfans d'ire (ou de colère), tous morts en leurs fautes et péchés, et par conséquent incapables d'pvoir un bon mouvement pour le salut, ni même former aucune bonne pensée sans la Grâce ; toutes leurs imaginations et pensées n'étant que mal en tout temps.

X. Que toute la postérité d'Adam est coupable en lui de sa désobéissance, infectée de corruption, et tombée dans la même calamité, jusqu'aux petits enfans dès le ventre de leur mère, d'où vient le nom de péché originel.

XI. Que Dieu retire de cette corruption et condamnation les personnes qu'il a élues par sa miséricorde en son Fils Jésus-Christ, y laissant les autres par un droit irréprochable de sa liberté et justice.

XII. Que Jésus-Christ ayant été ordonné de Dieu, en son décret éternel, pour être le seul Sauveur et l'unique Chef de son Corps qui est l'Église, il l'a rachetée par son propre sang dans l'accomplissement des temps, et lui offre et communique tous ses bénéfices par l'Évangile.

XIII. Qu'il y a deux natures en Jésus-Christ, la divine et l'humaine, vraiment en une même personne, sans confusion, sans division, sans séparation, sans changement ; chaque nature gardant ses propriétés distinctes, et que Jésus-Christ est vrai Dieu et vrai homme, tout ensemble.

XIV. Que Dieu a tant aimé le monde qu'il a donné son Fils pour nous sauver par son obéissance très-parfaite, nommément par celle qu'il a montrée en souffrant la mort maudite de la croix, et par les victoires qu'il a remportées sur le Diable, le péché, et la mort.

XV. Que Jésus-Christ ayant fait l'entière expiation de nos péchés par son sacrifice

très-parfait, une fois offert en la croix, il ne peut ni ne doit être réitéré sous quelque prétexte que ce soit.

XVI. Que le Seigneur Jésus nous ayant pleinement réconciliés à DIEU par le sang de la croix, c'est par son seul mérite et non par nos œuvres que nous sommes absous et justifiés devant lui.

XVII. Que nous avons union avec Jésus-Christ, et communion à ses bénéfices par la foi qui s'appuie sur les promesses de vie qui nous sont faites en son Évangile.

XVIII. Que cette foi vient de l'opération gracieuse et efficace du Saint-Esprit qui éclaire nos âmes, et les porte à s'appuyer sur la miséricorde de DIEU, pour s'appliquer le mérite de Jésus-Christ.

XIX. Que Jésus-Christ est notre vrai et unique Médiateur, non-seulement de rédemption, mais aussi d'intercession, et que, par ses mérites et sa médiation, nous avons accès au Père, pour l'invoquer avec la sainte confiance d'être exaucés, sans qu'il soit besoin d'avoir recours à aucun autre Intercesseur que lui.

XX. Que comme DIEU nous promet la régénération en Jésus-Christ, ceux qui sont unis à lui par une vive foi doivent s'adonner et s'adonnent en effet aux bonnes œuvres.

XXI. Que les bonnes œuvres sont si nécessaires aux fidèles qu'ils ne peuvent parvenir au Royaume des Cieux sans les faire, étant vrai que DIEU les a préparées afin que nous y cheminions : qu'ainsi nous devons fuir les vices, et nous adonner aux vertus Chrétiennes, employant les jeûnes et tous les autres moyens qui peuvent nous servir à une chose si sainte.

XXII. Que bien nos œuvres ne puissent pas mériter, notre Seigneur ne laisse pas de les récompenser de la vie éternelle, par une continuation miséricordieuse de sa grâce, et en vertu de la constance immuable des promesses qu'il nous en fait.

XXIII. Que ceux qui possèdent la vie éternelle ensuite de leur foi et de leurs bonnes œuvres, doivent être considérés comme saints et glorifiés, loués par leurs vertus, imités dans toutes les belles actions de leur vie ; mais non adorés ni invoqués, puisqu'on ne peut prier qu'un seul DIEU par Jésus-Christ.

XXIV. Que DIEU s'est recueilli une Église dans le monde pour le salut des hommes, qu'elle n'a qu'un seul chef et fondement qui est Jésus-Christ.

XXV. Que cette Eglise est la compagnie des Fidèles, qui ayant été élus de DIEU avant la fondation du monde, et appelés par une sainte vocation, s'unissent pour suivre la parole de DIEU, croyant ce qu'il nous y enseigne, et vivant en sa crainte.

XXVI. Que cette Église ne peut défaillir ou être anéantie, mais qu'elle doit être perpétuelle.

XXVII. Que tous s'y doivent ranger, et se tenir dans sa communion.

XXVIII. Que DIEU ne nous y instruit pas seulement par sa Parole, mais que de plus il a institué des sacremens pour les joindre à cette Parole, comme des moyens pour nous unir à Jésus-Christ, et pour communiquer à ses bénéfices ; et qu'il n'y en a que deux communs à tous les membres de l'Eglise sous le Nouveau Testament, assavoir le Baptême et la Saint-Cène.

XXIX. Qu'il a institué celui du Baptême pour un témoignage de notre adoption, et que nous y sommes lavés de nos péchés au sang de Jésus-Christ et renouvelés en sainteté de vie.

XXX. Qu'il a institué celui de la Sainte-Cène ou Eucharistie, pour la nourriture de notre âme, afin que, par une vraie et vive foi, par la vertu incompréhensible du Saint-Esprit, mangeant effectivement sa chair, et buvant son sang, et nous unissant très-étroitement et inséparablement à Christ, en lui et par lui nous ayons la vie spirituelle et éternelle.

XXXI. Qu'il est nécessaire que l'Eglise ait des pasteurs jugés bien instruits et de bonne vie par ceux qui en ont le droit, tant pour prêcher la Parole de DIEU que pour administrer les sacremens, et veiller sur le Troupeau de Jésus-Christ, suivant les règles d'une bonne et sainte discipline, conjointement avec les Anciens et les Diacres, selon la pratique de l'Eglise Ancienne.

XXXII. Que DIEU a établi les rois et les magistrats pour la conduite des peuples, et que les peuples leur doivent être sujets et obéissans en vertu de cet ordre, non-seulement pour l'ire, mais pour la conscience, en toutes les choses qui sont conformes à la Parole de DIEU, qui est le Roi des rois et le Seigneur des seigneurs.

XXXIII. Enfin, qu'il faut recevoir le Symbole des Apôtres, l'Oraison Dominicale et le Décalogue, comme pièces fondamentales, de notre croyance et de nos dévotions.

Et pour plus ample déclaration de notre croyance, nous réitérons ici la protestation que nous fîmes imprimer l'an 1603, assavoir que nous consentons à la sainte doctrine avec toutes les Eglises Reformées de France, d'Angleterre, des Pays-Bas, d'Allemagne, de Suisse, de Bohême, de Pologne, de Hongrie, et autres, ainsi qu'elle est exprimée en leur confession d'Augsbourg, selon la déclaration qu'en a donnée l'Auteur. Et promettons d'y persévérer, DIEU aidant, inviolablement en la vie et en la mort, étant prêts de sceller cette vérité éternelle de DIEU de notre propre sang, comme l'ont fait nos prédécesseurs, depuis le temps des Apôtres, particulièrement en ces derniers siècles.— Et pourtant nous prions bien humblement toutes les Églises Evangéliques et Protestantes de nous tenir, nonobstant notre pauvreté et petitesse, pour vrais membres du corps mystique de JÉSUS-CHRIST, souffrant pour son saint nom; et de nous continuer l'assistance de leurs prières envers DIEU, et tous les autres bons offices de leur charité comme nous les avons déjà abondamment expérimentés, dont nous les remercions avec toute l'humilité qui nous est possible, et supplions de tout notre cœur le Seigneur qu'il en soit lui-même le Rémunérateur, versant sur elles les plus précieuses bénédictions de sa grâce et de sa gloire, et en cette vie et en celle qui est à venir. Amen.

THE END.

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